BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

MARCH
1935

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COMPLETE HOME and FASHION Sections

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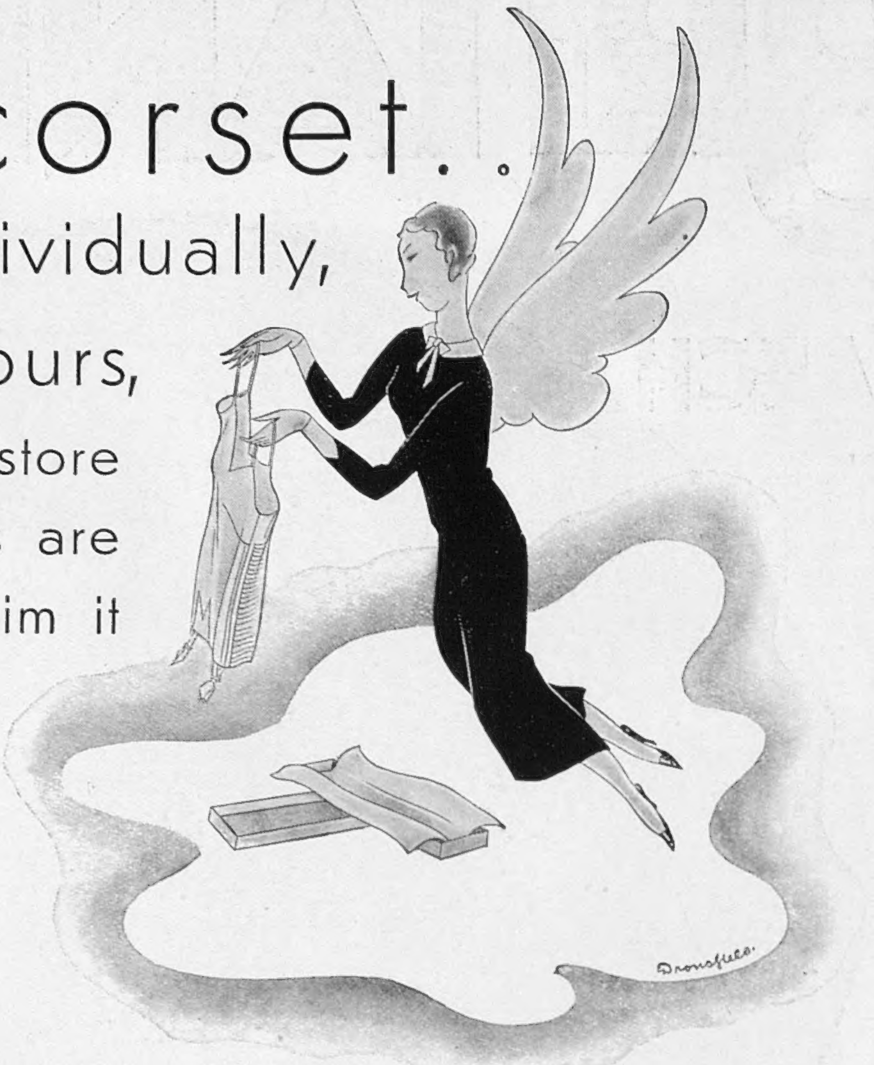


We should like to read your thoughts when you first put this corset on. Little faults of figure (how fondly you hoped no one noticed) have gone. And you can't quite believe it's true. "Isn't it extraordinary" we almost hear you saying: "when it wasn't made to measure." *But it was made to measure.* That's the point.

★ ★ ★

You trust us blindly when you buy our corset. We couldn't forget that or take it lightly. So when we measured thousands of women (twenty thousand in all) it only seemed to us the obvious thing to do. The women of our race we found, fall into five different types (do look at them below) *and there wasn't a woman in all those thousands who didn't come into one of these groups.* Within the type of course, the measurements go from small to large, and we make our corsets in sizes that go up by inches.

★ ★ ★

But accurate measurement is not enough though it gave us the frame-work of the perfect corset for your type and four others. So we formed a strange committee and this is what they did for every corset Berlei make. First an anatomist who remarked: "Of course, with these particular measurements some of the muscles need special care."

And our corset is very careful.

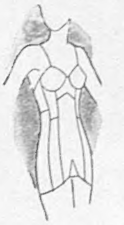
An artist said: "With those muscles you get certain peculiarities" and he spoke of angles and bulges. So we modified the contour.

A couturier said: "You'll need a little moulding for this season's dresses" and obediently we moulded.

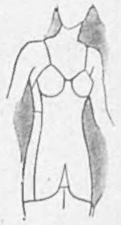
The physiologist begged us horribly to remember the lady's digestion, and we did as *he* told us. The physical culture man was stern. "You've got to help her exercise her own muscles. That's the way to keep her slim" and he showed us where to put the tension. But the fabric maker had the grandest time of all, testing lovely fabrics for stress and strain and for laundering, of course. He worked out exotic intermingings to cope with all these complications.

That's how it happened. Amongst all the corsets in the world, there's one you can trust. You see, it does know you so very intimately.

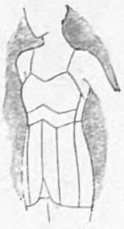
Our new book "Five women in search of a corset" shows you in a most unusual way how to obtain beauty of line from your particular type of figure. Ask the expert Berlei fitter, in your favourite store, to give you a free copy or write to Berlei (U.K.) Ltd., Berlei House, 208a, Regent Street, London, W.1.



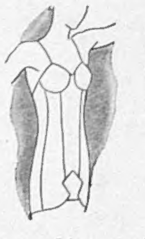
Left, S.B. The young "Sway Back" type. This is the slim youthful type with gracefully curved waist, and a tendency to weight on hips and thighs. A beautiful figure to be carefully preserved.



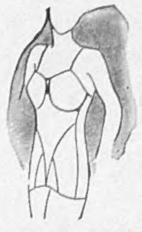
Right, H. The "Hip" type. In maturity the "Sway Back" tends to develop into this type. It has large pelvic bones and a dangerous tendency to accumulate flesh on the hips. Careful corsetry is needed.



Right A.B. The "Abdomen" Type. If you come within this group, the wise control of a Berlei corset, designed for the disturbing development of abdomen weight coaxes your figure into good lines.



Above A. "Average" type. If you are in this group you will find your measurements at hip and bust almost identical. A lovely figure that can be preserved unchanging by skilful corseting.



Left S.B.W., which means "Short Below Waist." This type has a full bust and slender hips—often traceable to southern ancestry. Berlei give this figure length of line, and waist definition.

Berlei

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figure foundations

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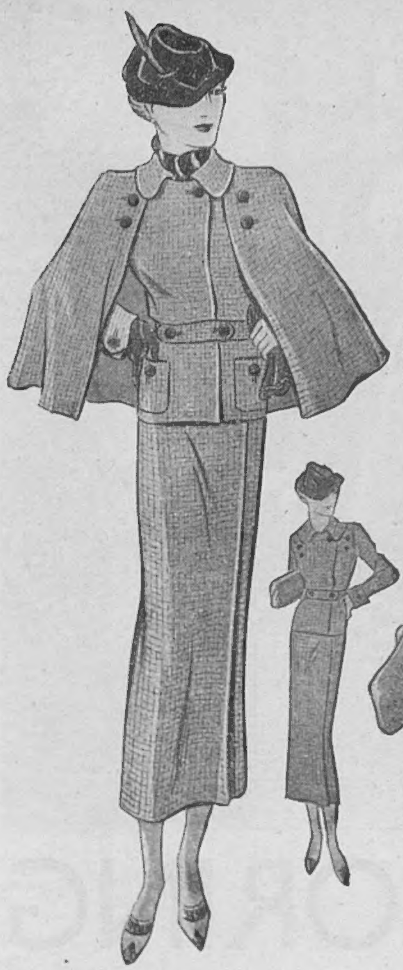

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(above)
faintly checked weave woollen jacket and skirt, with a detachable cape. jacket is lined with art satin. **5½ gns.**
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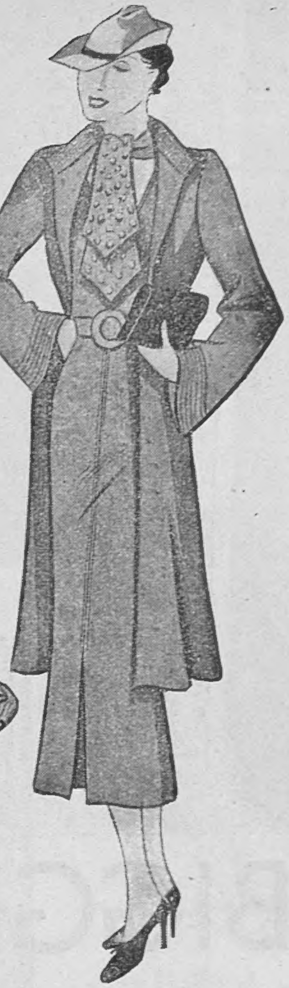
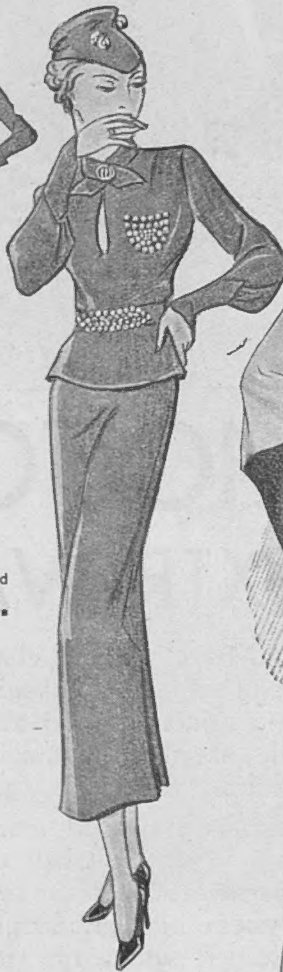
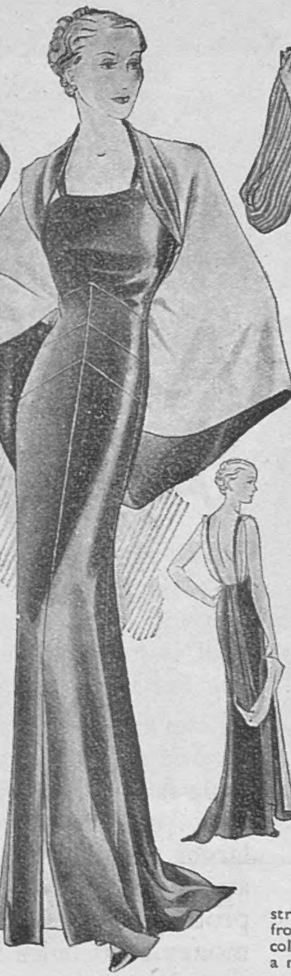


"even so"
(above)
fancy weave woollen three-quarter coat and matching frock. the tie collar is trimmed with studs. **6 gns.**
seven monthly payments of **18/-.**



"got a match?"
metal studs trim the belt and the pocket of this woollen frock with the basque effect. **4 gns.**
seven monthly payments of **12/-.**



"a night in paris"
satin back crepe evening frock with a contrast lined train which may be used as a cape. **8 gns.**
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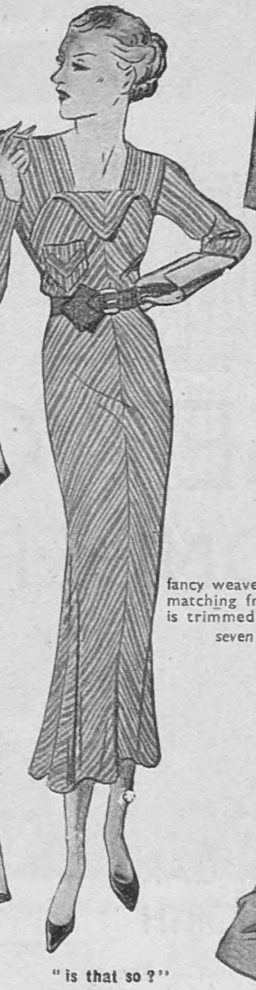
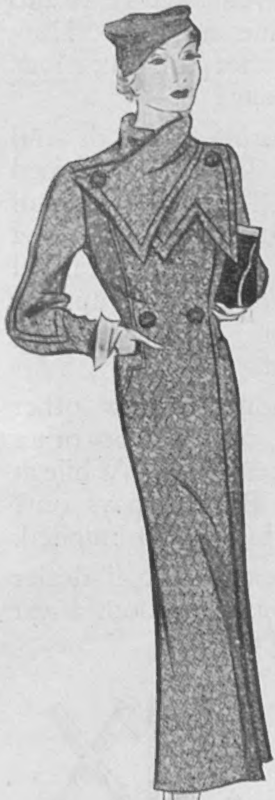
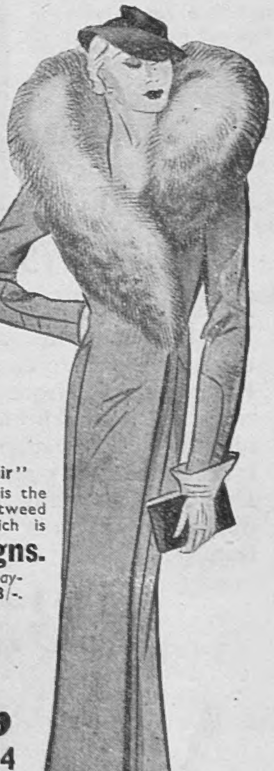


"is that so?"
striped weave crepe afternoon frock with a belt in contrast coloured leather, and a new neckline. **5 gns.**
seven monthly payments of **15/-.**



"on parade"
a double-breasted tweed coat with a cross-over scarf collar is lined with art crepe. **6 gns.**
seven monthly payments of **18/-.**



"that superior air"
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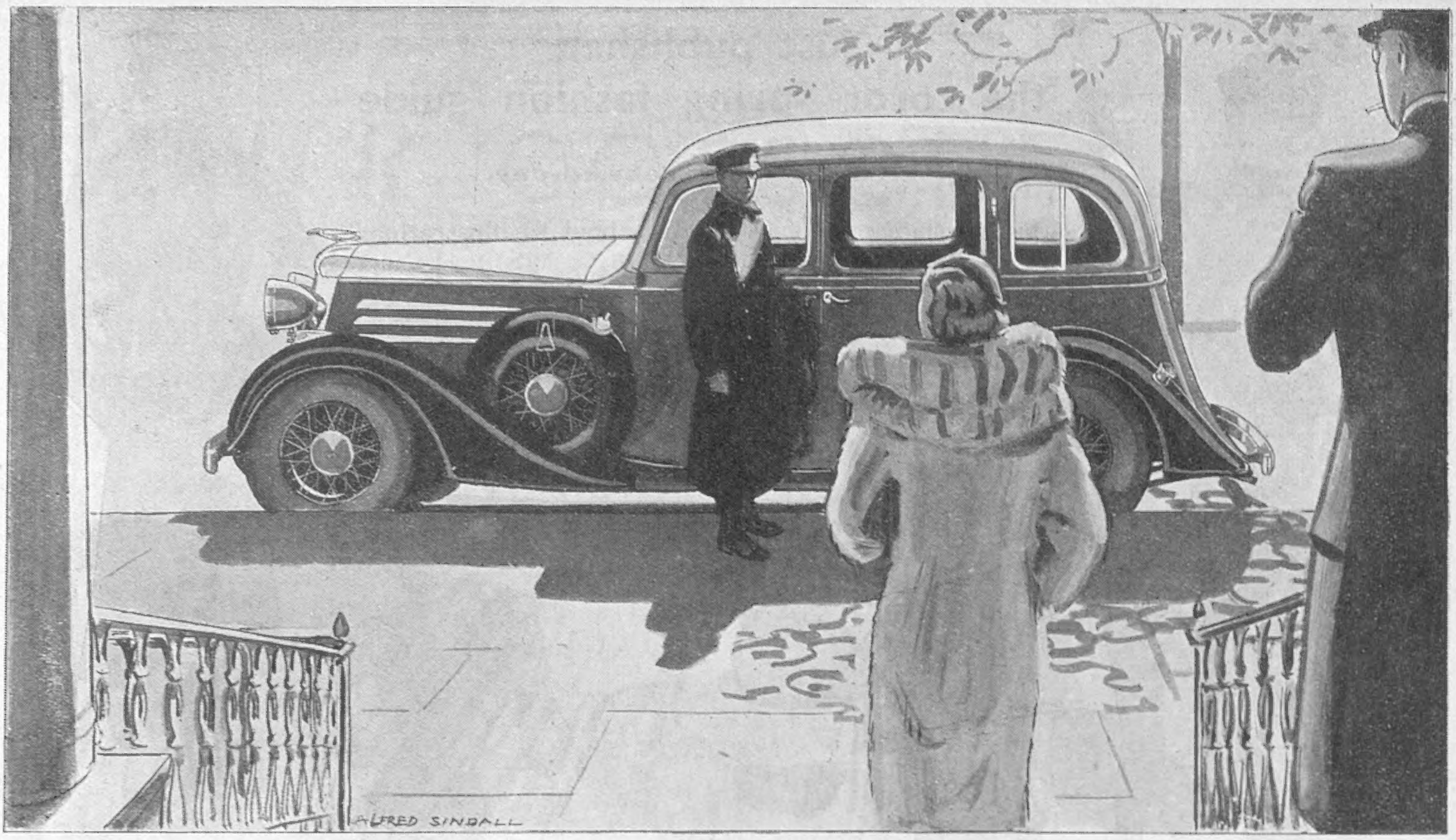

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 10, No. 3. MARCH, 1935

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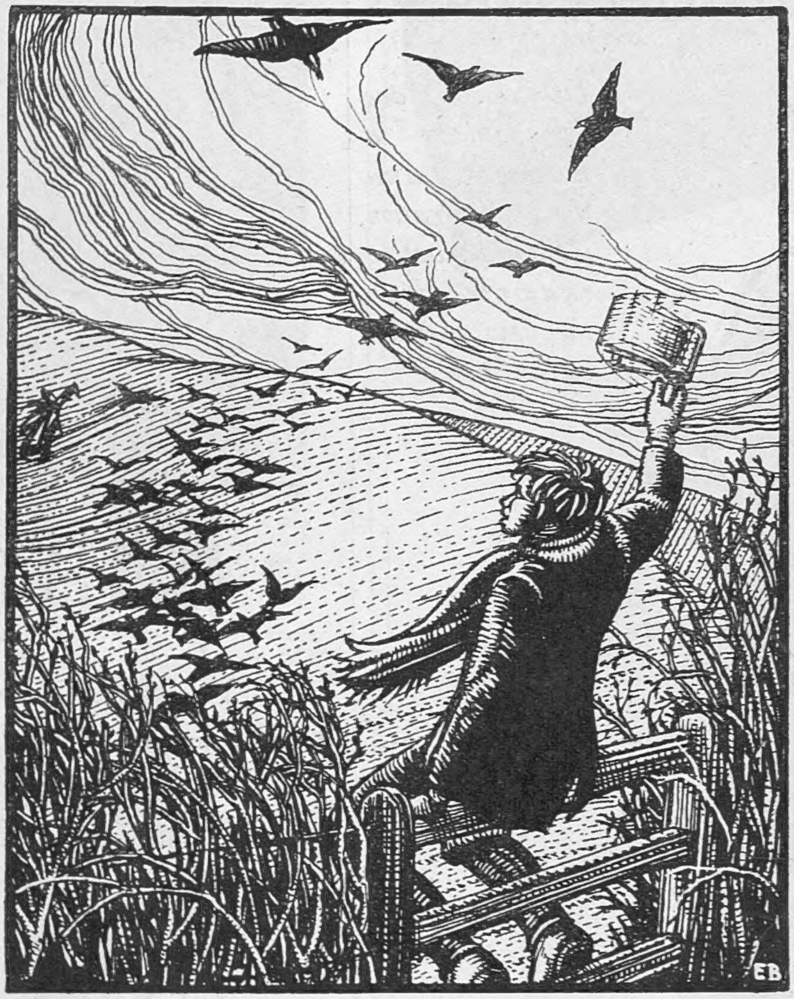

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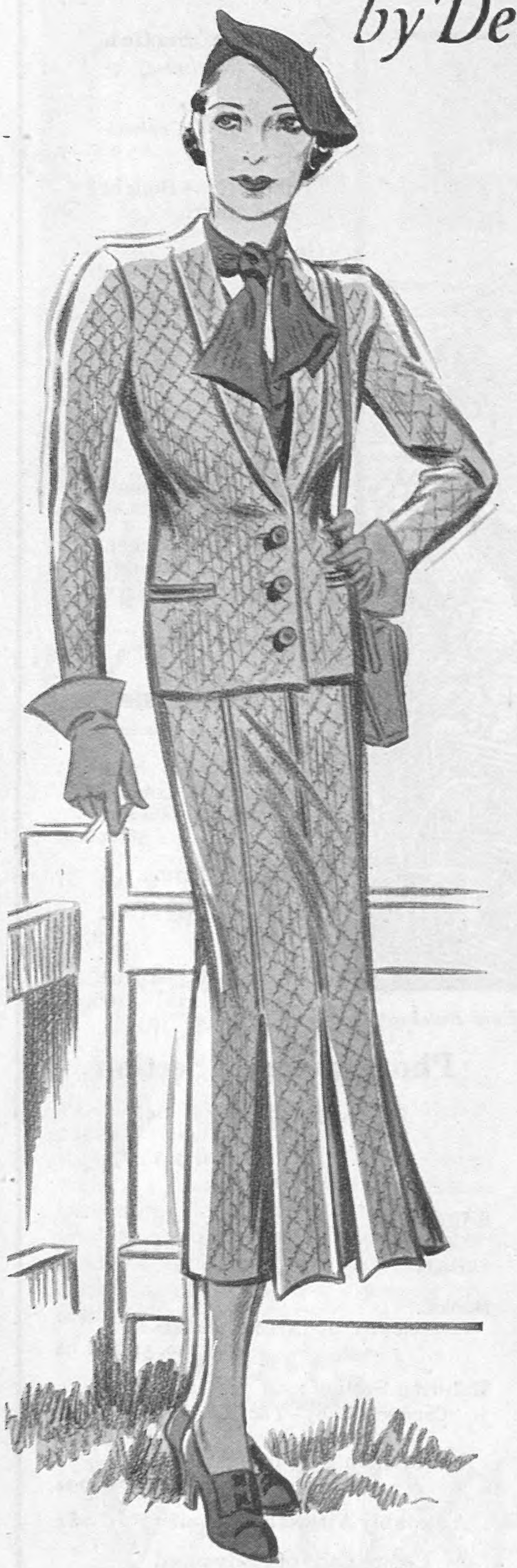
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 136. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Spring Knit Wear

by Debenhams



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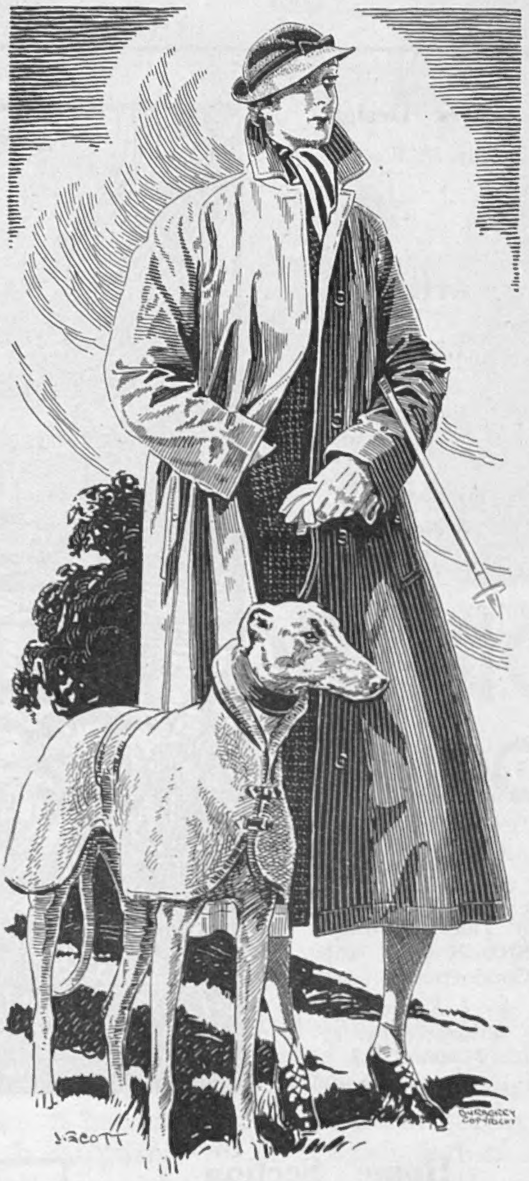

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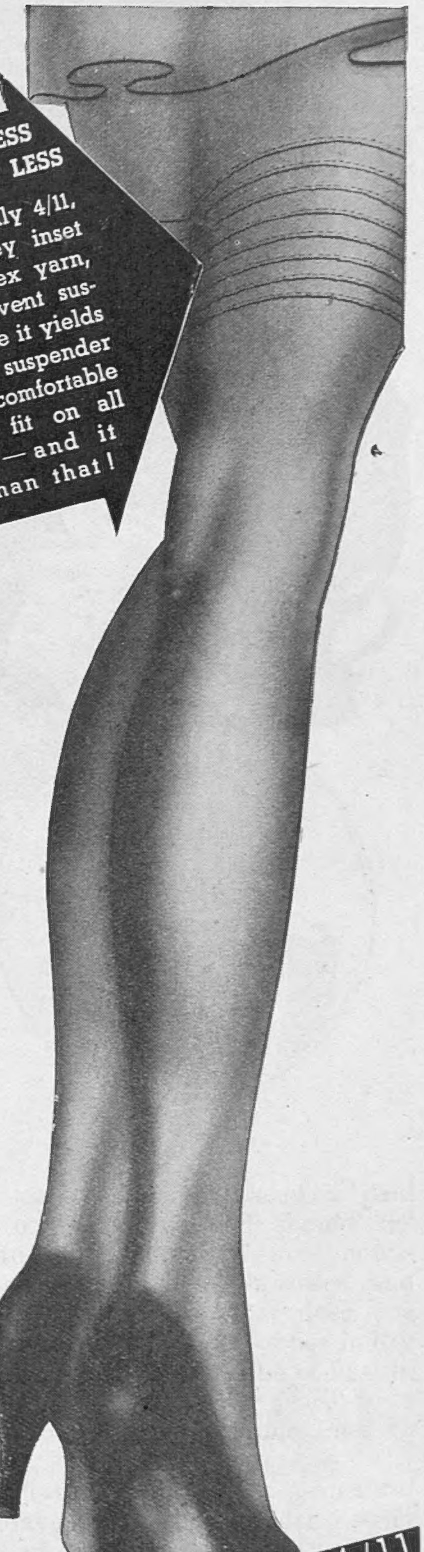

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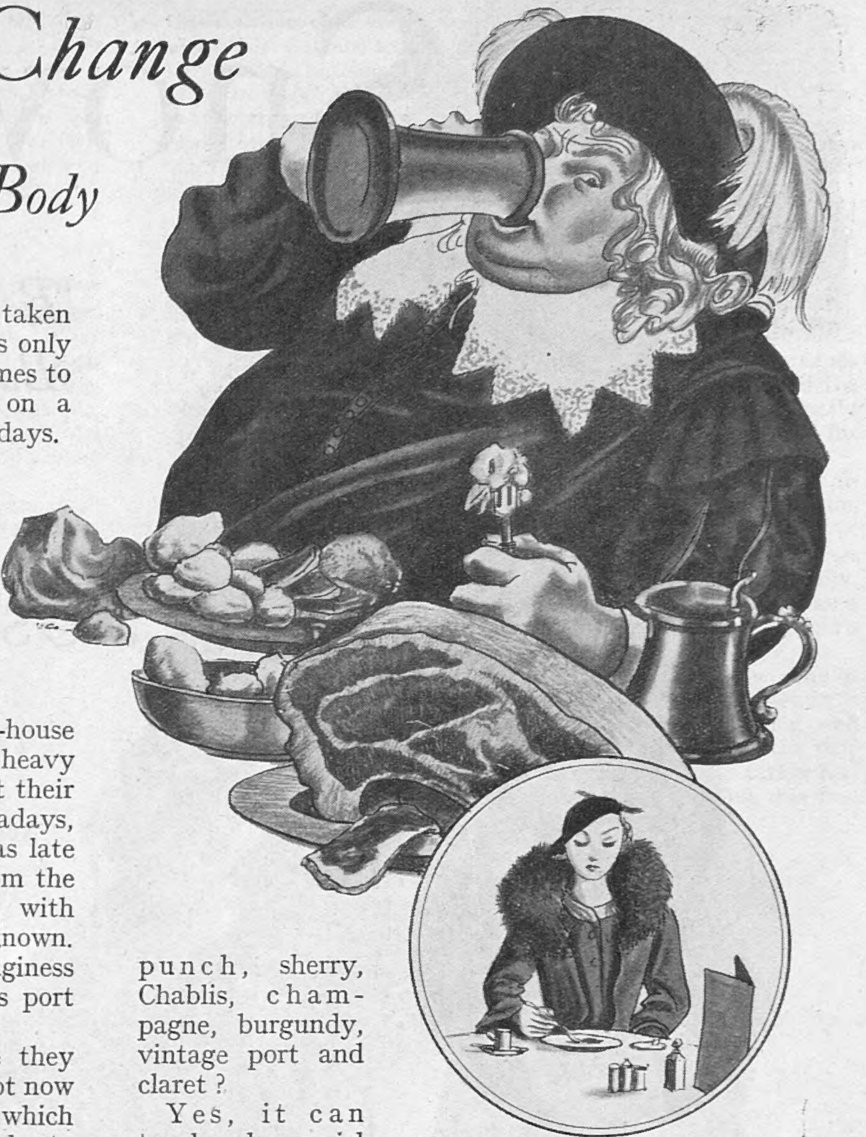
How Times do Change

No. 3: Food for the Body



IN few aspects of life has a greater change taken place than in the matter of food, and one has only to recall descriptions of feasts in ancient times to realise that appetites must have then been on a far larger scale than those which folk possess nowadays.

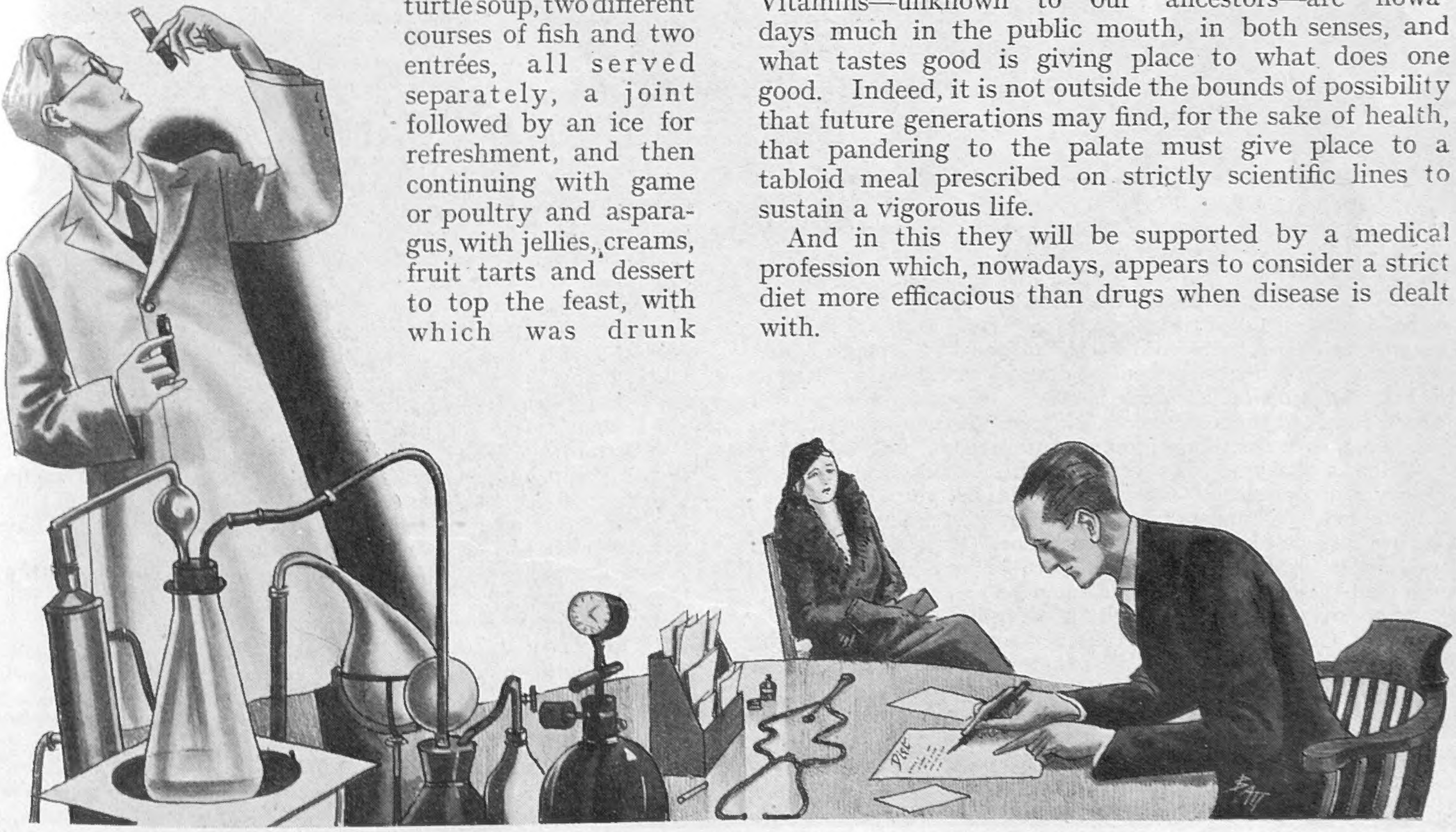
Even as late as the time of Charles Dickens—as his novels bear witness—it will be noted that an immense amount of food, to say nothing of an immense mixing of drinks, was partaken of by his characters. Solidity, and lots of it, was the order of the day when there were gourmands as well as gourmets.

As the years pass there appears to be more and more of a revulsion against heavy fare. The London chop-houses, which, with the public-house "ordinaries," used to regale their patrons with heavy meals washed down with beer and stout, have lost their popularity. The tea shops, so patronised nowadays, with light food on the menu took some finding as late as the 'eighties, while coffee shops—as distinct from the ancient coffee houses—which attracted custom with poached eggs, cake and dominoes, were unknown. In earlier days the confectioner also imparted stodginess to his wares and his buns were as heavy as his port wine.

Even the livery companies—how aptly were they named!—have marched with the times, and do not now regale their guests with never-ending courses in which an ice was served half-way through the meal in order to refresh the already replete feeder and sharpen a jaded appetite for further gustatory efforts. What would one think nowadays of a dinner consisting of turtle soup, two different courses of fish and two entrées, all served separately, a joint followed by an ice for refreshment, and then continuing with game or poultry and asparagus, with jellies, creams, fruit tarts and dessert to top the feast, with which was drunk punch, sherry, Chablis, champagne, burgundy, vintage port and claret?

Yes, it can truly be said that as the years advance less and less food is eaten and more heed is paid to the scientist as to what that food should be. Vitamins—unknown to our ancestors—are nowadays much in the public mouth, in both senses, and what tastes good is giving place to what does one good. Indeed, it is not outside the bounds of possibility that future generations may find, for the sake of health, that pandering to the palate must give place to a tabloid meal prescribed on strictly scientific lines to sustain a vigorous life.

And in this they will be supported by a medical profession which, nowadays, appears to consider a strict diet more efficacious than drugs when disease is dealt with.

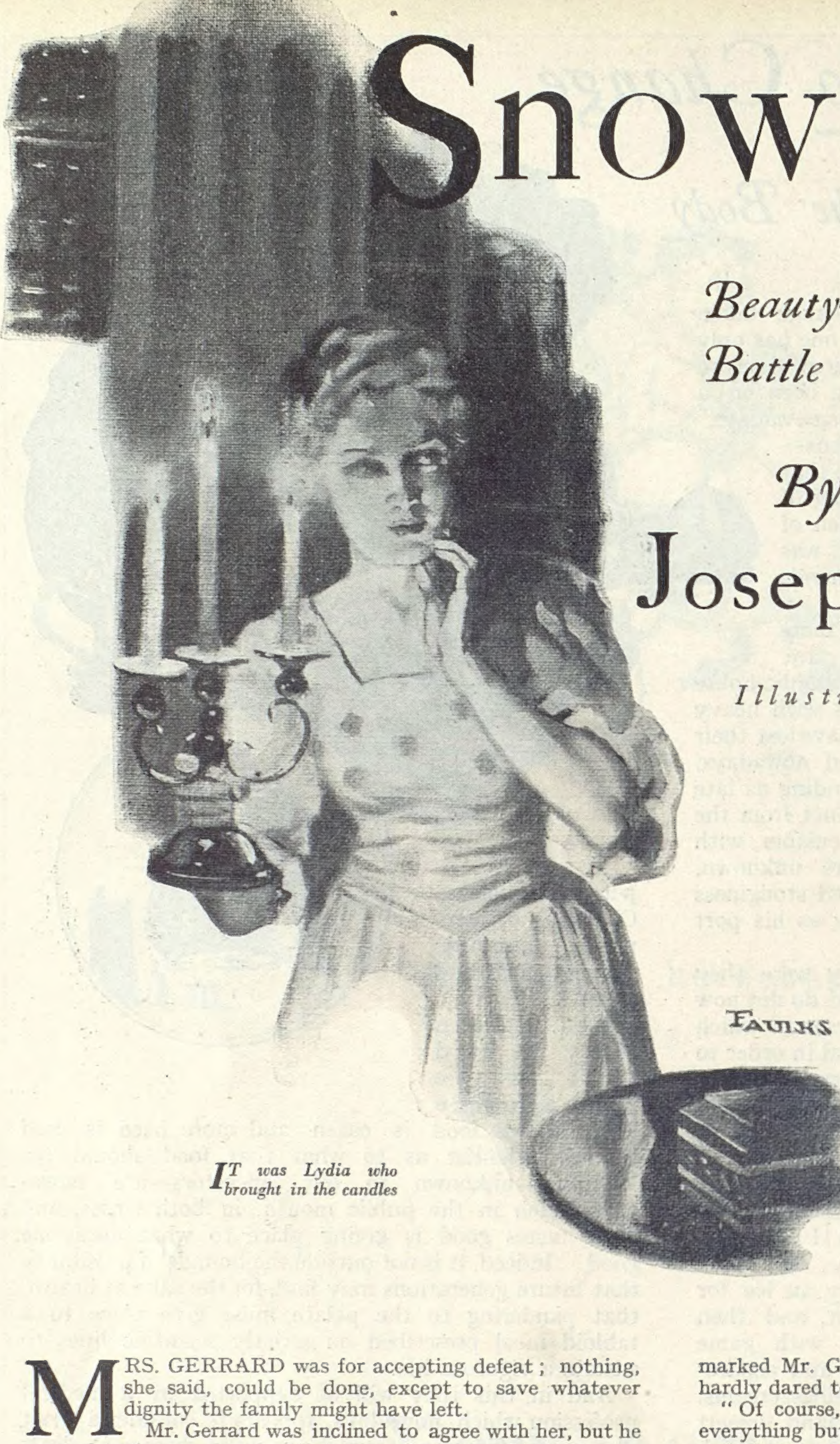


Snowdrop

Beauty—and Brains—in a Battle for a Bridegroom

By
Joseph Shearing

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks



IT was Lydia who brought in the candles

MRS. GERRARD was for accepting defeat; nothing, she said, could be done, except to save whatever dignity the family might have left.

Mr. Gerrard was inclined to agree with her, but he wanted to hear once more the reasons that seemed to make any hope of success out of the question. Husband and wife avoided each other's eyes, their words were dry and to the point; they were extremely bitter, extremely distressed. Their handsome, formal room, in which nothing had been altered for a long time, darkened round them as they talked, and the colourless January day faded over the damp grounds and gardens outside.

"Helena Bathine was very definite," said Mrs. Gerrard clearly in a low voice. "Of course, she did not put it into words, but she made it unmistakable. She said that Philip was going to town in a few weeks to stay with Lord Glynn, that a match was in view for him, and she said, with some emphasis, that she was glad that he had no entanglements *here*."

"She was always," remarked Mr. Gerrard, "a weak, spiteful woman. Our misfortune is that her son has no mind of his own. You really think, Jane, that there is nothing to be done?"

"I've told you so, James. Don't you suppose I've thought over everything? Philip Bathine is actually avoiding Lydia. Twice she has ridden out to meet him, in rain; three times we have asked him here—nothing but excuses!"

"Of what is he afraid, the poor devil?" Mr. Gerrard's tone was hard and fierce as he stared into the flames.

"Why, his mother, for one thing; then he really wants the money—and all that being Lord Glynn's heir means. Helena Bathine took the trouble to inform me that if Philip displeases his uncle he can alienate the property, though, of course, not the title. Besides, it's so much more than the title or the property—it's the position, the influence. Philip, I think, seems ambitious." Mrs. Gerrard's voice was bitter; she, too, gazed into the fire.

"No, lazy, you mean," said her husband. "He likes to think he'll never have to exert himself. But it's strange that Lydia has no influence over him. I really thought he was infatuated——"

"He was. Didn't I tell you that he was actually proposing to her when his mother came in with the news of his cousin's death? He avoids her because she attracts—very much. But he's afraid of losing his new kingdom, of his mother, of Lord Glynn—a feeble, selfish creature."

"But it's the best match that Lydia is ever likely to have a chance of," remarked Mr. Gerrard grimly. "How does she take it? I've hardly dared to look at her——"

"Of course, she never cared for him. He's beneath her in everything but social position."

"That don't make it easier for her to bear."

"She's furious," whispered Mrs. Gerrard, "but she won't give in. 'I'll have him yet,' she told me last night. 'I'll be Lady Glynn.' But we really can't do any more. We shall have people laughing—Lydia will get talked about."

"I know. But I'm like Lydia, I hate to give in," sighed Mr. Gerrard. "William and Henry feel the same—they want to face Philip, either to wring his neck or to abduct him and run him through the marriage service. Of course, I told them that any fire-eating would merely make us absurd, but in my day it would have been a question of a challenge."

Mrs. Gerrard rose. She was a strong-minded woman with a thin, handsome face. The firelight was full on the purple silk flounces of her afternoon dress.

"Please ring for candles, James. There is nothing we can do. Perhaps we can take Lydia abroad to Switzerland or Italy?"

Mr. Gerrard's shapely hand did not go out to the bell; he stood rigid.

"I cannot afford it, Jane. I'm deeper in than you know. William and Henry are exceedingly careful, but their expenses are damnable—for a man of my means."

"We have always," said Mrs. Gerrard quietly, but with her hand on her heart, "lived beyond our means. So far we have been justified."

"I counted absolutely on Lydia making this marriage, as you know. Even in Philip's former position he was a wealthy, unencumbered man, with a good deal of influence——"

"Please don't go over it again, James."

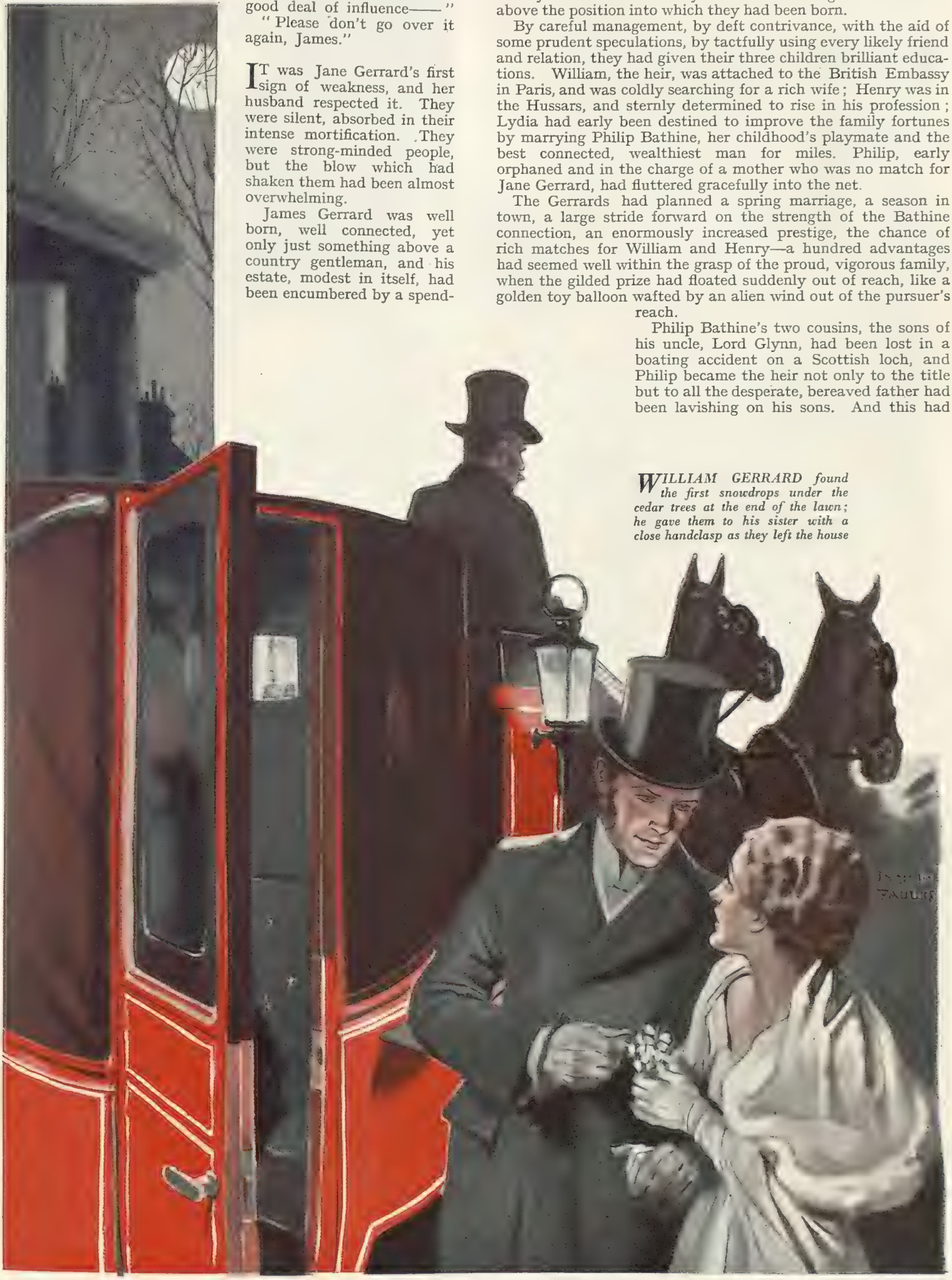
It was Jane Gerrard's first sign of weakness, and her husband respected it. They were silent, absorbed in their intense mortification. They were strong-minded people, but the blow which had shaken them had been almost overwhelming.

James Gerrard was well born, well connected, yet only just something above a country gentleman, and his estate, modest in itself, had been encumbered by a spendthrift father and the necessity of dowering two sisters. The wife of Mr. Gerrard's choice had been endowed with every quality he admired, but her father had made only meagre settlements on a younger daughter. Husband and wife, much alike in character and firmly attached, had found themselves in danger of sinking below the social station of their forbears, but they had sternly determined not only to avoid this disgrace but to rise above the position into which they had been born.

By careful management, by deft contrivance, with the aid of some prudent speculations, by tactfully using every likely friend and relation, they had given their three children brilliant educations. William, the heir, was attached to the British Embassy in Paris, and was coldly searching for a rich wife; Henry was in the Hussars, and sternly determined to rise in his profession; Lydia had early been destined to improve the family fortunes by marrying Philip Bathine, her childhood's playmate and the best connected, wealthiest man for miles. Philip, early orphaned and in the charge of a mother who was no match for Jane Gerrard, had fluttered gracefully into the net.

The Gerrards had planned a spring marriage, a season in town, a large stride forward on the strength of the Bathine connection, an enormously increased prestige, the chance of rich matches for William and Henry—a hundred advantages had seemed well within the grasp of the proud, vigorous family, when the gilded prize had floated suddenly out of reach, like a golden toy balloon wafted by an alien wind out of the pursuer's reach.

Philip Bathine's two cousins, the sons of his uncle, Lord Glynn, had been lost in a boating accident on a Scottish loch, and Philip became the heir not only to the title but to all the desperate, bereaved father had been lavishing on his sons. And this had



WILLIAM GERRARD found the first snowdrops under the cedar trees at the end of the lawn; he gave them to his sister with a close handclasp as they left the house happened just before Lydia had formally captured Philip, so that he was able to wriggle free of the Gerrard net and to put himself wholly in the hands of his uncle, who had, of course, a very different future in view from that which Philip had once been content to accept.

" Does Glynn know ? " asked Mr. Gerrard, after his long, sombre silence. " Does he, do you think, know about Lydia ? "

" I think so. From what Helena Bathine said about entanglements—she told me that he was coming down here himself; it seems he can't bear any of his own places so soon after the tragedy. His one hope is in Philip."

" Then I don't see, Jane, why he shouldn't accept Lydia—after his horrid loss, a love match ought to appeal to him—— "

" It wouldn't be a love match," remarked Mrs. Gerrard with deadly clarity. " Of course, if Philip were in love, he'd bring his uncle round ; but his head is a little turned; he now hopes to do better than Lydia—his mother would put that in his head."

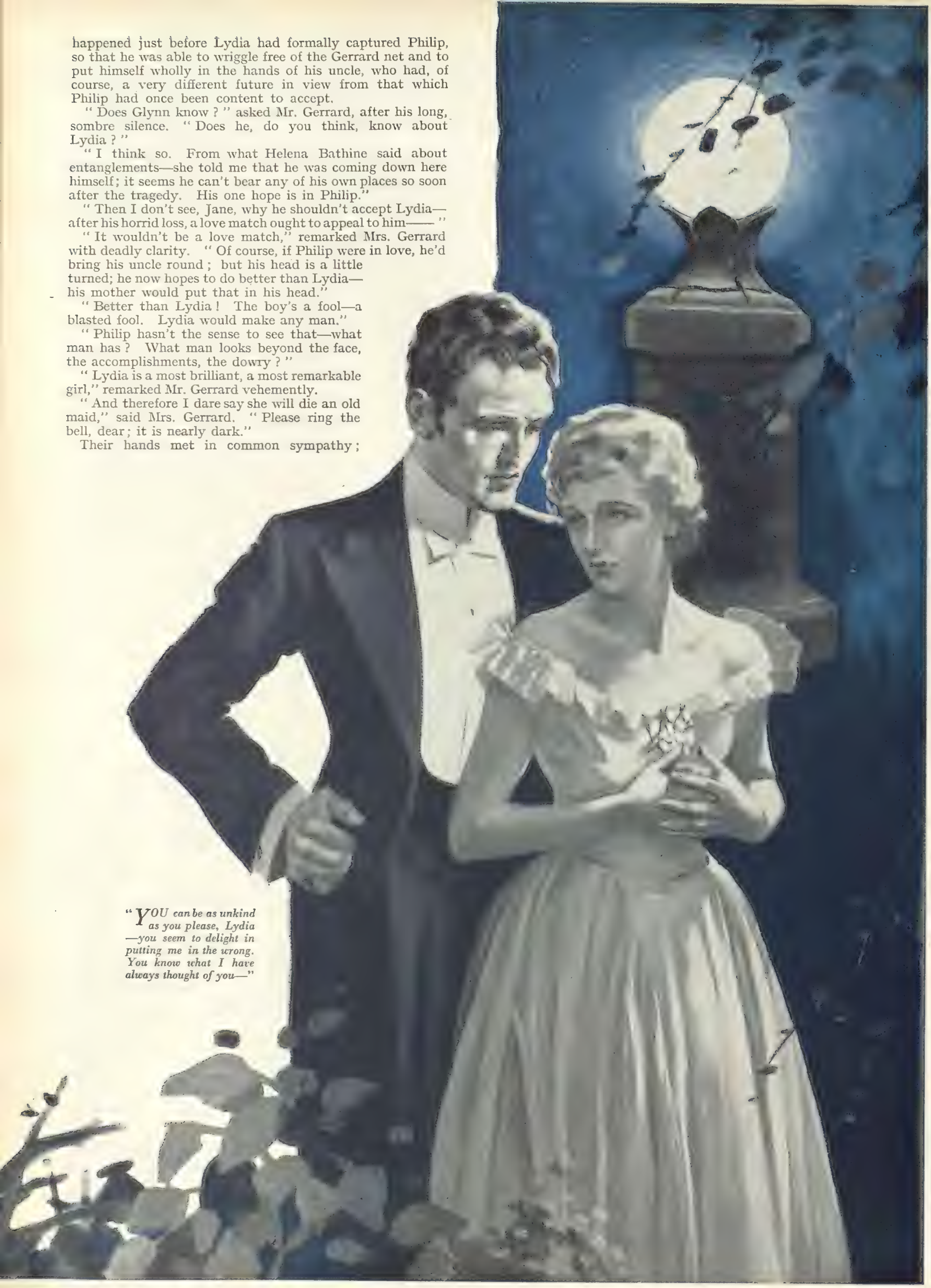
" Better than Lydia ! The boy's a fool—a blasted fool. Lydia would make any man."

" Philip hasn't the sense to see that—what man has ? What man looks beyond the face, the accomplishments, the dowry ? "

" Lydia is a most brilliant, a most remarkable girl," remarked Mr. Gerrard vehemently.

" And therefore I dare say she will die an old maid," said Mrs. Gerrard. " Please ring the bell, dear ; it is nearly dark."

Their hands met in common sympathy ;



" YOU can be as unkind as you please, Lydia —you seem to delight in putting me in the wrong. You know what I have always thought of you—"

they agreed in everything, and in all important matters acted as one; all members of the family were singularly united; this, combined with their looks and gifts, gave them a formidable, almost a sinister power, and had accounted for much of their success; in qualities they were the same hard, clever, haughty, ambitious, unscrupulous in all save the code of their caste, fastidious, passionately devoted one to another.

As Mr. Gerrard jerked the wide embroidered bell-pull, his wife, for all her self-control, could not avoid a cry of regret.

" Is Lord Glynn so very important ? "

" He is in the Cabinet, as you know, Jane, and extremely wealthy—of course, he has the greatest possible influence in every direction. I was counting on that."

Jane Gerrard pressed her lips together; she would not permit herself any lamentation, though her rage and her disappointment increased rather than diminished as she contemplated what she had lost.

It was Lydia who brought in the candles; she set the branching stick on the table between the windows and drew the curtains with slow precise movements across the wet twilight.

" I knew that you would be talking of me, papa," she said, not looking at either of her parents, " so I came to tell you what I think about it all. Agatha takes so long arranging the room, so I took the candles from her—— "

Lydia came to the fireside and turned her oblique, clear glance on the flames.

" Pray, dear mamma, do sit down, you look quite tired—and, papa, take the other chair. I will have the stool. Please, mamma, I cannot sit if you stand."

Jane Gerrard took the worn chair with arms, but Mr. Gerrard remained standing.

" I fear there is nothing to be said, Lydia." His austere face was suffused with an odd radiancy as he looked at his brilliant daughter. " I am exceedingly angry—I would do anything I could, but I'm helpless."

" I know. It's hard. I was quite sure of him. And there is no one else with a penny."

" Your mother thinks there is nothing to be done."

" I wonder ? " Lydia looked at her father; she was exceedingly handsome, and resembled both her parents, but the hardness that was like steel in them was like diamond in her; her features were precise, her colouring vivid, she was graceful, robust and her every point had been made the most of so that she shone at every facet like a carefully cut and polished gem.

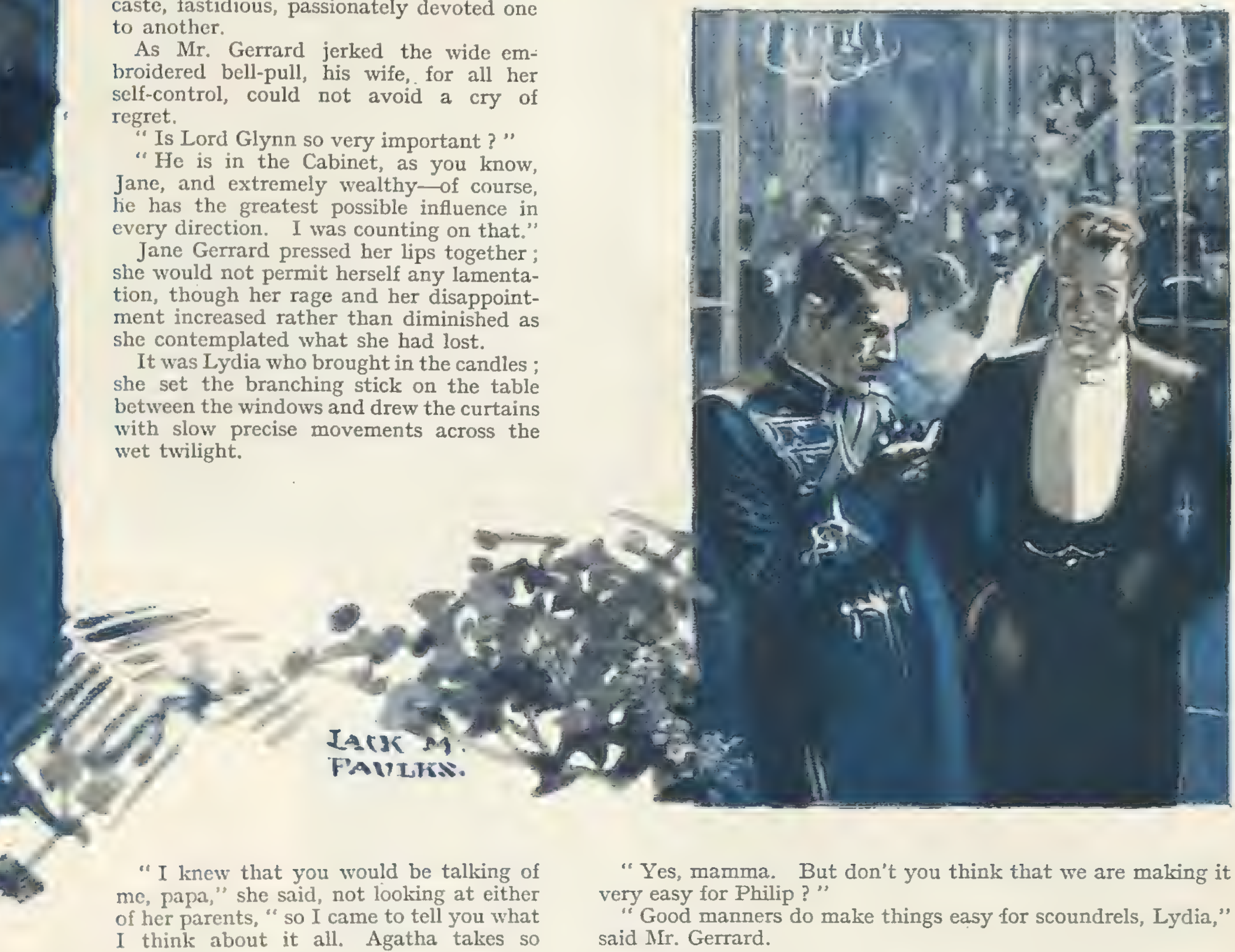
She spoke to her parents with the same clear candour as they used to each other, with a pride that disdained affectation, subterfuge or sentimentality; at eighteen she had the poise and dignity of thirty.

As her father glanced at her seated before the wide hearth, his fury at the slight put upon her held him speechless; he would have quite willingly murdered Philip Bathine if he could have done so without social disgrace and without scandal falling on his family.

" Lydia," said Mrs. Gerrard, " I don't think that we can do anything more. Helena Bathine has sent me cards for a ball she is giving next week—of course, she could not very well avoid doing so. I am going to refuse, then our resentment will be quite clear."

" And everyone will know why we feel resentment, mamma."

" Everyone will know that in any case, Lydia. You and Philip have been together so much—it was always understood. And it is better for us to stay away than to go and to be slighted. I don't trust Helena Bathine or her son. They are expecting Lord Glynn and other town folk."


JACK M. FAULKS.

" Yes, mamma. But don't you think that we are making it very easy for Philip ? "

" Good manners do make things easy for scoundrels, Lydia," said Mr. Gerrard.

" Philip isn't a scoundrel, papa—only weak and vain."

" Worse, then."

" He is always a little afraid—of his fences, his gun, his mother, though she is weak, too, of any effort or fuss. I always despised him, papa—you know that, don't you ? "

" Yes. That was understood—a girl like you and Philip Bathine ! "

" But where is a girl like me to find anyone better than Philip Bathine ? You couldn't send me to town, or abroad ? "

" No, not even if I sold the hunters and raised another mortgage."

" William thought I might have a chance in Paris. He has the *entrée* to the Tuileries; but then mamma and I would have to stay there at least six months in a good apartment, with a carriage, maids and expensive clothes."

" I could not do it, Lydia. If I am not careful, I shall be overwhelmed and the place will have to go. That would mean lodgings in a provincial town with one maid."

" William ought to get married," said Mrs. Gerrard in a quiet agony; " well married."

Lydia was quick to defend her brother.

" He never has enough money to spend—men who have to be economical never get near heiresses. It is the same with Henry—he can only just contrive to keep up an appearance."

" Besides, they can't go deliberately fortune-hunting as if they were adventurers," said Mr. Gerrard dryly.

Lydia rose suddenly; there was a grace and verve in her movements like a rise in music.

" We'll go to the ball, papa. I've not quite done with Philip—I think that I could persuade him."

James Gerrard looked straightly into his daughter's cold clear eyes.

" If he vexes his uncle he may lose everything."

" The title can't be alienated—and what Philip has now is all we were expecting."

" Lord Glynn might marry again, out of spite."

Lydia considered that ; so did Mrs. Gerrard.

" Helena Bathine told me," said the elder lady, " that he wouldn't—he was too stricken by the death of the boys—and he's very difficult with women. Besides, he must be—sixty ! "

"I don't know. I've never seen him—there were two brothers between him and Philip's father."

" We'll have to risk that," said Lydia. " If I could get Philip, then perhaps I could soften Lord Glynn—— "

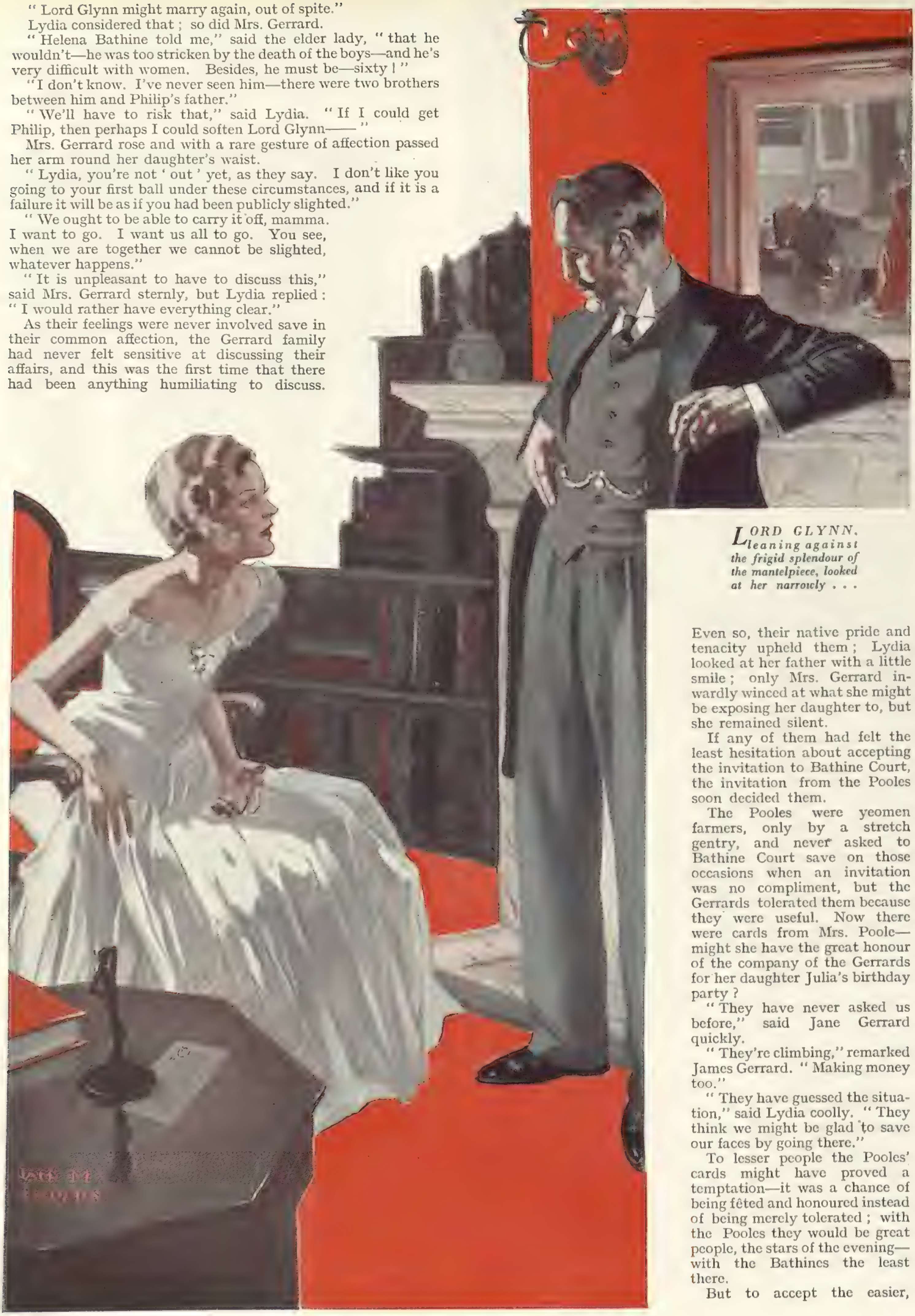
Mrs. Gerrard rose and with a rare gesture of affection passed her arm round her daughter's waist.

" Lydia, you're not ' out ' yet, as they say. I don't like you going to your first ball under these circumstances, and if it is a failure it will be as if you had been publicly slighted."

" We ought to be able to carry it off, mamma. I want to go. I want us all to go. You see, when we are together we cannot be slighted, whatever happens."

" It is unpleasant to have to discuss this," said Mrs. Gerrard sternly, but Lydia replied : " I would rather have everything clear."

As their feelings were never involved save in their common affection, the Gerrard family had never felt sensitive at discussing their affairs, and this was the first time that there had been anything humiliating to discuss. Even so, their native pride and tenacity upheld them ; Lydia looked at her father with a little smile ; only Mrs. Gerrard inwardly winced at what she might be exposing her daughter to, but she remained silent.



LORD GLYNN, leaning against the frigid splendour of the mantelpiece, looked at her narrowly . . .

If any of them had felt the least hesitation about accepting the invitation to Bathine Court, the invitation from the Pooles soon decided them.

The Pooles were yeomen farmers, only by a stretch gentry, and never asked to Bathine Court save on those occasions when an invitation was no compliment, but the Gerrards tolerated them because they were useful. Now there were cards from Mrs. Poole—might she have the great honour of the company of the Gerrards for her daughter Julia's birthday party ?

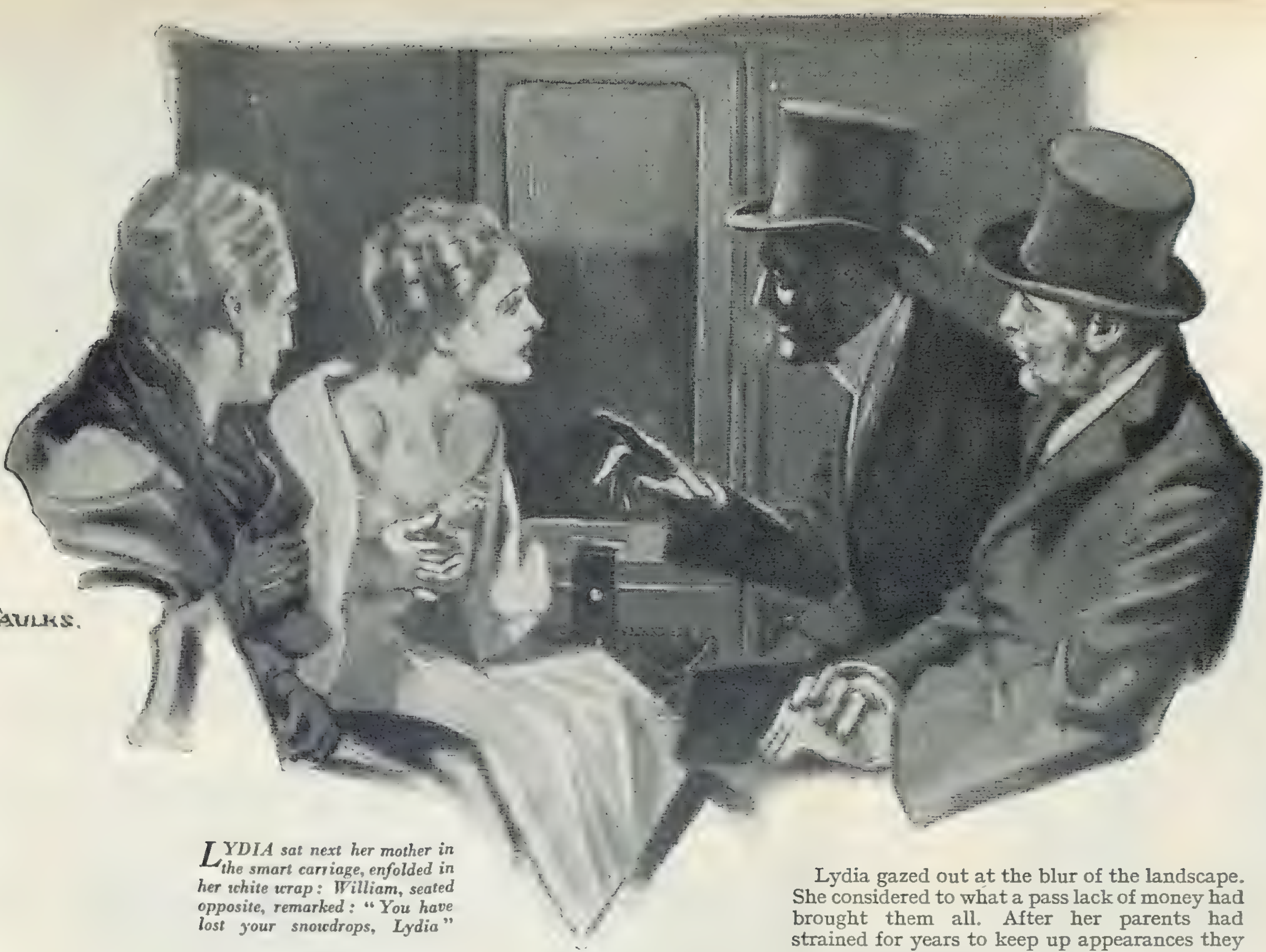
" They have never asked us before," said Jane Gerrard quickly.

" They're climbing," remarked James Gerrard. " Making money too."

" They have guessed the situation," said Lydia coolly. " They think we might be glad to save our faces by going there."

To lesser people the Pooles' cards might have proved a temptation—it was a chance of being fêted and honoured instead of being merely tolerated ; with the Pooles they would be great people, the stars of the evening—with the Bathines the least there.

But to accept the easier,



LYDIA sat next her mother in the smart carriage, enfolded in her white wrap: William, seated opposite, remarked: "You have lost your snowdrops, Lydia"

pleasanter way would be a deliberate step down, and the Gerrards had never made that yet. Standing as they did between the yeomanry and the nobility, they had hitherto, with brilliant success, strained up.

Mrs. Gerrard tore up the Pooles' cards and began to prepare Lydia for the Bathines' ball.

"Lydia is not really 'out,' you know," she wrote to Helena Bathine, "but as this is merely a little entertainment among neighbours . . ."

Lydia's gown was her mother's marriage dress, of white Lyons surah silk and blonde lace, re-fashioned by the clever mantua maker from Stourton; there was so much rich material in the gown that it was easily adjusted to the mode; it was certainly rather sumptuous for so young a girl, but Lydia was a sumptuous type.

Mrs. Gerrard regretted, for one flash of emotion, the few jewels she had once possessed which had been secretly sold for Lydia's Parisian education, but quickly turning a weakness into a strength, as was her custom, stripped every ribbon and braid off the white dress; there was something startling in Lydia's bold loveliness, set off by the severe lines of the tight, low-cut bodice, the ample folds of the full skirt.

For herself Mrs. Gerrard had the parure of amethyst that had not been valuable enough to sell, but which was very handsomely set and passed as an heirloom.

ON the afternoon of the day of the ball William Gerrard found the first snowdrops under the cedar trees at the end of the lawn; he gave them to his sister with a close handclasp as they left the house, and she folded them into her breast with a smile.

It was a mild evening; a low wind blew out of the dark, a rising moon showed the black outline of the bare trees, and was reflected in the narrow lake of the home fields as the smart carriage drove towards Bathine Court.

Lydia sat beside her mother; opposite was her father and William, Henry, in a great-coat, was on the box; the yellow light of the carriage lamps, the pale flicker of the moon, passed through the glass windows and trembled across the four handsome composed faces; no one spoke, but their thoughts were the same, and the atmosphere of the carriage was electric with bold excitement and stern resolution.

Lydia gazed out at the blur of the landscape. She considered to what a pass lack of money had brought them all. After her parents had strained for years to keep up appearances they were now in danger of losing everything—the house, the land, the servants, the horses—"because they gambled too deeply on me."

By what ill-luck had she been so sure of Philip as actually to hold him off? She might have secured him a dozen times had she not disdained her easy capture—and, yes, she confessed her weakness, if she had not cherished an impossible secret hope that, somehow, somewhere she might meet a man more worthy of her abundant gifts.

Though she had read much, thought much, was naturally intelligent, cynical and ambitious, wholly without romantic sentimentalism, Lydia Gerrard had sometimes mused, bitterly enough, on the type of man whom she would have been glad to marry—a man who should be the peer of herself and her brothers, who could understand her and value her without subterfuge; why, to please Philip she had to pretend to be another type of woman from what she was—when he caught a glimpse of her true self he was frightened.

William Gerrard, in his fashionable, unpaid-for London clothes, so well groomed, so stately with his hard profile and auburn whiskers, was also musing on Lydia's ill-luck; he was passionately his sister's champion, and, a born intriguer, was already planning how Philip Bathine could be used, bled and punished; when he saw his father's eyes flash in the intermittent light and noted his thin smile, he knew that the elder man was also musing over revenge. In the complete decorum of the two women, maid in white, matron in gold and violet, was also implacable purpose and unscrupulous energy; they were the exact female counterpart of the two men.

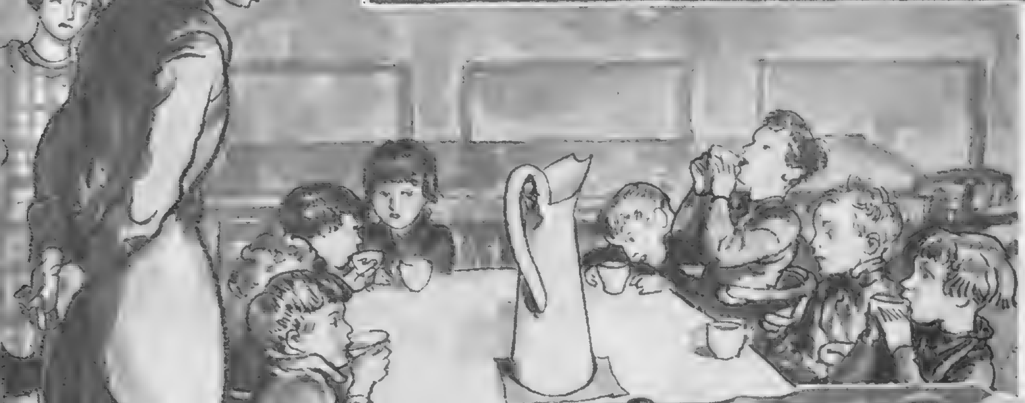
The Gerrards were liked, they had good manners, were generous to their inferiors, never cringed to their superiors, and were, save when their self-interest was roused, just and honourable. When, however, they were engaged on an intrigue for their common advantage, they thought of nothing but their objective, and this gave them a power that had hitherto seemed invincible.

They were so self-contained, acknowledged no God, admitted no sin, feared nothing, although they rigidly observed all the outward formalities of the society in which they moved, and no one could impute to them any open wrongdoing or misbehaviour.

Helena Bathine watched the entry of the Gerrard family into her fine ballroom; her feeling was one of vexation and dismay. How odd of them to come; had they no pride? Had she not forced Philip into behaving in a

(*Continued on page* 124)

THE PRINCE OF WALES, during his tour of the depressed areas, visits the Stanley Social Centre



MILK is provided for children and young girls in the South Wales mining districts

THE County of Surrey has adopted Jarrow, one of the most industrially depressed centres in the North. Some of the workless are to be employed in making a recreation park for the town—the wages being paid by Surrey and the materials being found by Jarrow. Men queuing up at the Borough Engineer's office to make their applications for work

By

C. Patrick Thompson

Unemployable

YOU might travel the length and breadth of England in a careless, tourist way, without becoming aware of Mr. John Brown—which in itself helps to explain why we are only now beginning to realise that he exists, and that he is one of England's major problems.

I recall my first trip in search of him. The car sang over the foothills into Cumberland. Clouds, enormous white billows, moved slowly across the summer sky. The countryside lay green and smiling under them. The signs of industrialism did not offend the eye; a patch of village at the foot of a giant slag heap in the distance; another cottage cluster flanking some girder pylons up the valley; and, on the horizon, tall chimneys above the low blur of a town. Brangwyn could have made a beautiful picture of it. The American journalist beside me in the car suggested as much, and added, incredulous: "Depressed area!"

It was, indeed, difficult to believe that this sweep of natural beauty could contain, within its secret folds, so much misery and ugliness, the débris of a decaying industrialism.

It was even more difficult to believe the hard official statistics which revealed that the infant death-rate in this lovely county had risen to 74 per 1,000 births, against the average 64 for England and Wales (a grim reminder that industrial revolution takes its toll of the new-born, too). But when one left the hill-top and the beaten track, and got closer in, the worst was easy to believe, including the medical reports of malnutrition phenomena among the children, and increases in pulmonary and non-pulmonary tuberculosis, and the existence of Mr. John Brown, whom radical demagogues would term a "forgotten man," and scientists an "outmoded man," but who is perhaps best described as the victim of our lopsided industrial civilisation, although in official reports he is listed more tersely as "probably unemployable."

Here he is, sitting on the doorstep with his breakfast inside him—bread, margarine, and weak tea. There won't be much more to-day, because it's the end of the week. To-morrow he'll have a meal. To-morrow is dole-drawing day. In the

RELIEF coal-winders at Ashington. Oil and hydro-electric power have cut into the market for coal, and science has shown industry how to use coal less wastefully

The history of life on earth teaches one lesson: It is that living things must adapt themselves to changed conditions or perish. This applies equally to cabbages and kings, capital, labour, governments and civilisations

COMMUNITY singing helps to keep up the spirits of the miners, who work only three days a week but want to work six. In the evenings they frequent the Institute, where sing-songs and games are held

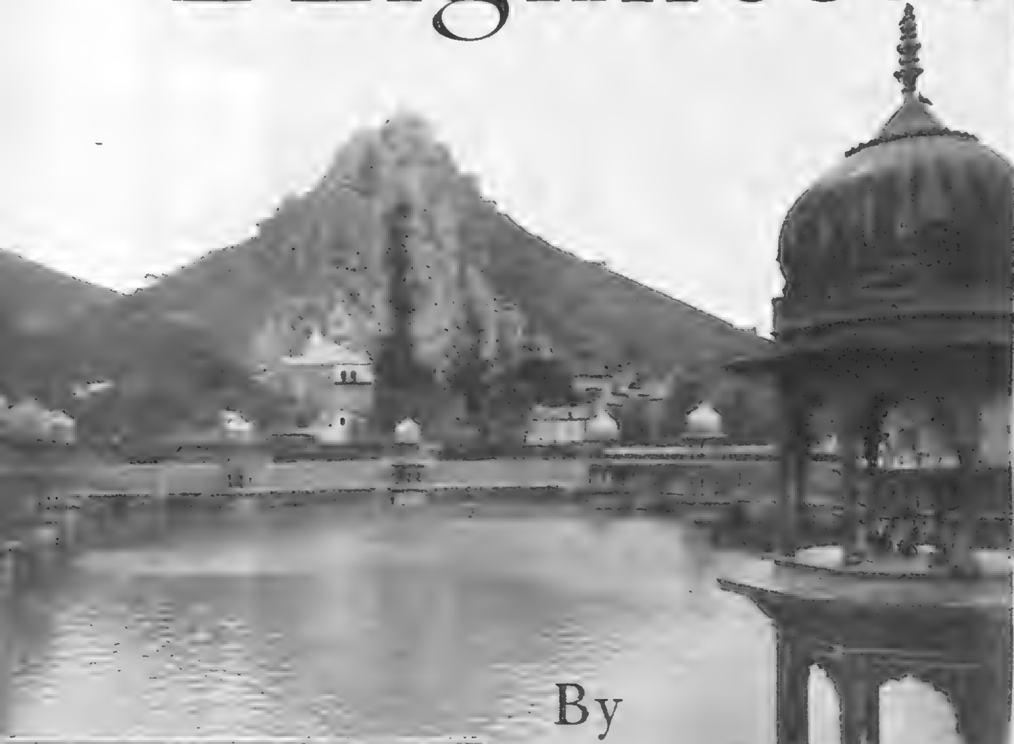
early days, when the ironworks first laid him off, he used sometimes to wonder what would happen if there were no dole. But he has long since ceased to wonder. The dole has become the one fixed point around which his life revolves. It keeps him, the missus, and the three children alive.

He used to hunt around for work when it became clear that the ironworks, which had kept him in work and wages for 22 years, was closing down for good. But works everywhere were slacking off, or closing down, as the depression deepened; and all had their own men who would be first back on the pay roll if miracles happened, and trade brisked up.

He got as far as Maryport. The docks were lifeless and deserted. You had only to look at them to see there wasn't a chance. He talked to dull-looking men at street corners. Work? More than half the town was on the dole. Only two collieries open in the whole district, and those worked short time.

In the old days he remembered blast furnaces busy in the town, and at Cleator Moor, Distington, and Harrington, too. But they had all closed down. The iron and steel industry that had taken his father from the land half a century ago, and settled his line of work activity when he left school, had been rationalised; and now it was centred in the one steel city of Workington. No use going to Workington to look for work, though. The labour exchange had a long waiting list already. In the old days the works would have been good for nine or ten thousand jobs; the good old days when it took nine blast furnaces to produce what three of the new furnaces turned out now. To-day only 3,000 men found jobs in the great steel works. It was the same in the iron ore mines and the coal mines. They were getting higher output with fewer men. His brother-in-law, who was a miner over in the Whitehaven coast belt, told him they were getting (*Continued on page* 130)

Their Highnesses



By Roland Wild

Impressions of some of India's greatest ruling Princes by the author of the official biography of Ranji. Mr. Wild visited the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, Ranji's successor, last year

THE Maharaja of Alwar, who is now living the life of a religious recluse in Benares. (Above) The "Sagar" or tank, with the kiosks which are a feature of the marble palace and of the temple which faces it at Alwar

QUITE recently a very eminent Englishman visited India and made an extensive tour. Then, having seen a great deal of British India, he visited an Indian State as the guest of the Prince. It was soon apparent that the visitor had not realised the importance of crossing the frontier. He used to the servants of the State precisely the same language that had served him well in British India. There was no one, unfortunately, to correct him, and his host and his entourage would have suffered torture rather than give any sign that he was in error.

The important guest was given faultless servants, who suffered in silence while they were daily insulted in the language habitually used to coolies. There was no sign of their resentment, not even a sign of relief, when the eminent guest departed. One high-caste servant, however, was observed to have become suddenly very religious. He spent hours in the Temple on his knees, and the floor of the shrine itself was seen to be repaved in marble.

"What is the reason for this?" he was asked.

"It is this," said the servant. "When the Sahib was here there was grave danger that I would assault him. Then I would have lost my position at the Court. I swore, therefore, before my gods that if I were still in the State service when the Sahib left I would repave the Temple. . . ."

Unfortunately, there are many Englishmen who do not appreciate the importance of crossing

SIR HARI SINGH, Maharaja of Kashmir. He holds despotic sway over the fairest land in the world. (Left) Some royal actors parade on State elephants through the streets of Jammu

THE Maharao of Cutch. (Left) The Maharaja of Patiala, who loves to entertain European guests. Is a keen cricketer and has done much to foster the game in India

the frontier from British India to an Indian State. Or, if they do attach importance to the move, they believe that they are going to see some quaint, barbaric community ruled over by an eccentric autocrat and tyrant. They are full of the stories they have heard of the whims and the fads of the Indian Princes. One Maharaja said to me while we were discussing the rising standard of intelligence in England: "It is a pity that the English learn so little about us. Why, we only get into the newspapers when one of us gets kicked out or gets into trouble!"

The tradition, of course, dates from the years when the Princes did not prefer to become Westernised, when India was a very long way away, and when the appearance of an Indian in England was a rarity. Even forty odd years ago, Ranji was subjected to insults from intelligent people at Cambridge. The change, both in the outlook of the Princes and the attitude of the public, has been remarkable. Many of them have now taken their places in the highest social and diplomatic circles in the world. They have compromised cleverly between the very new and the very old, retaining their sacred religious customs while being right up to date, even in mechanical affairs.

ONE comparison suffices: The *Bombay Gazetteer* reported of a certain Prince in 1884; "He has been more enlightened than his predecessors in foreign travel, having visited Bombay, Benares, Allahabad, and Agra. . . ."

Against that illuminating comment we can put the private aerodrome of His Highness of Jodhpur, and the long flights, self-piloted, of Prince Ali Khan.

Love of display is, of course, natural to an Indian ruler. Too often it is made

(*Continued on page* 88)

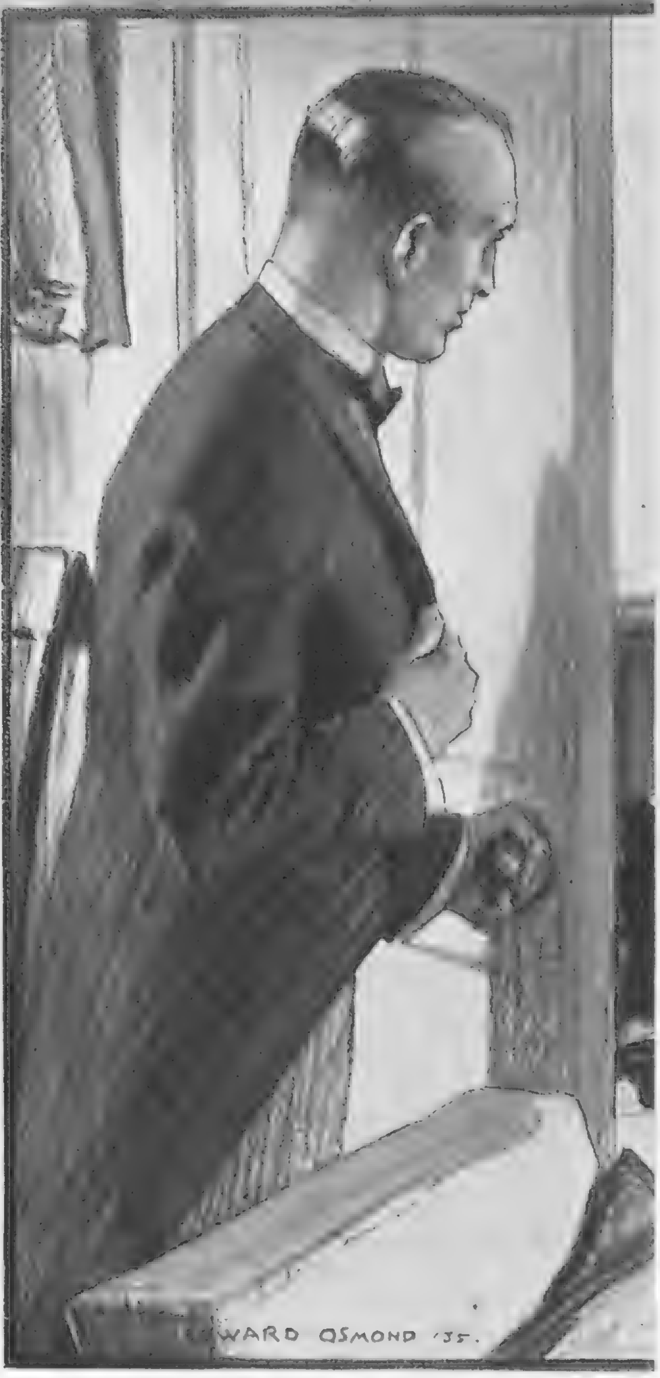
THE Maharaja of Bikaner was A.D.C. to the King in France, has nearly 200 tigers to his gun and has the reputation of being the best dressed man in India

(Left)
THE Maharaja of Udaipur is revered for his high caste and sagacity. (Below) The magnificent royal palace at Udaipur

THE Nizam of Hyderabad is the richest man in the world. His income is £1,000 per day, and during his reign he has spent the sum of ten million pounds. (Left) The Nizam proceeding through the streets of his capital

Local Fog

By *Buckley* Roberts


WARD OSMOND '35.

"*GET my flying kit into I'll wear it. Cancel*

PAT sent her supercharged Midge down the Piccadilly dip in a howling dive, leaving in her wake an eruption of startled abuse from the cabs and 'buses which dotted her serpentine path. She skidded the Half-Moon Street turn, her spinning wheels cascading mud, and almost before the car had slithered to a stop she was ringing frantically at Gary's door.

Gary's man, who opened the door, knew Pat. He opened and stepped back simultaneously, and the human projectile was up the stairs and into Gary's library before the door had closed again.

Gary was annoyed. "Damn it, Pat," he began, "I might have been——"

Pat, too breathless for the moment to speak, dragged from her pocket a telegram and thrust it before his face. Gary sighed, removed his feet from the arm of the Chesterfield, and took the wire. Having read it, he looked up with a puzzled frown. There seemed nothing in it to cause such volcanic energy. It said: "Peter says will leave 5 p.m. to-day. Can you stop him? Lois." It had been handed in at Exmouth, Devon.

"What hare-brained stunt is your idiot brother up to now?" asked Gary irritably.

"Oh, Gary, it's that 'Flounderer' thing; you know—that 'plane he's built. Says he's going to fly it to Paris. He'll kill himself. The Air Ministry won't give him a certificate of airworthiness for it, so he swears he'll fly it to Paris in three hours from Exmouth, to prove it's airworthy! Darling, there're parts of it braced with piano wire, there are nuts and bolts and rivets all the wrong sizes—the workmen who helped thought it was a joke—I tell you I've *got* to stop him! He may be a maniac, but he's my brother—oh, how can you sit and grin? Don't you realise it's serious?"

At the sight of her real distress Gary stopped grinning. He rose and put a soothing hand on her shoulder.

"But how can you stop him?" he asked.

Pat glanced swiftly at her wrist watch.

"Look here," she said rapidly, "It's half past one now. He's staying at Hartop, Aunt Lois' place just outside Exmouth—you know, we spent a week there last summer—and if you take me in the Redwing we can make it before he starts. Oh, Gary, do help me!"

Gary looked out of the window at the heavy sky, the rain-misted street.

"But, my dear, we can't fly through this!"

"We must, I tell you—or he will. Well, I can't make you do it, but I'm going if I have to get Lindbergh himself to take me. Good-bye."

Gary reached the door a second before Pat, pushed her gently back into the room.

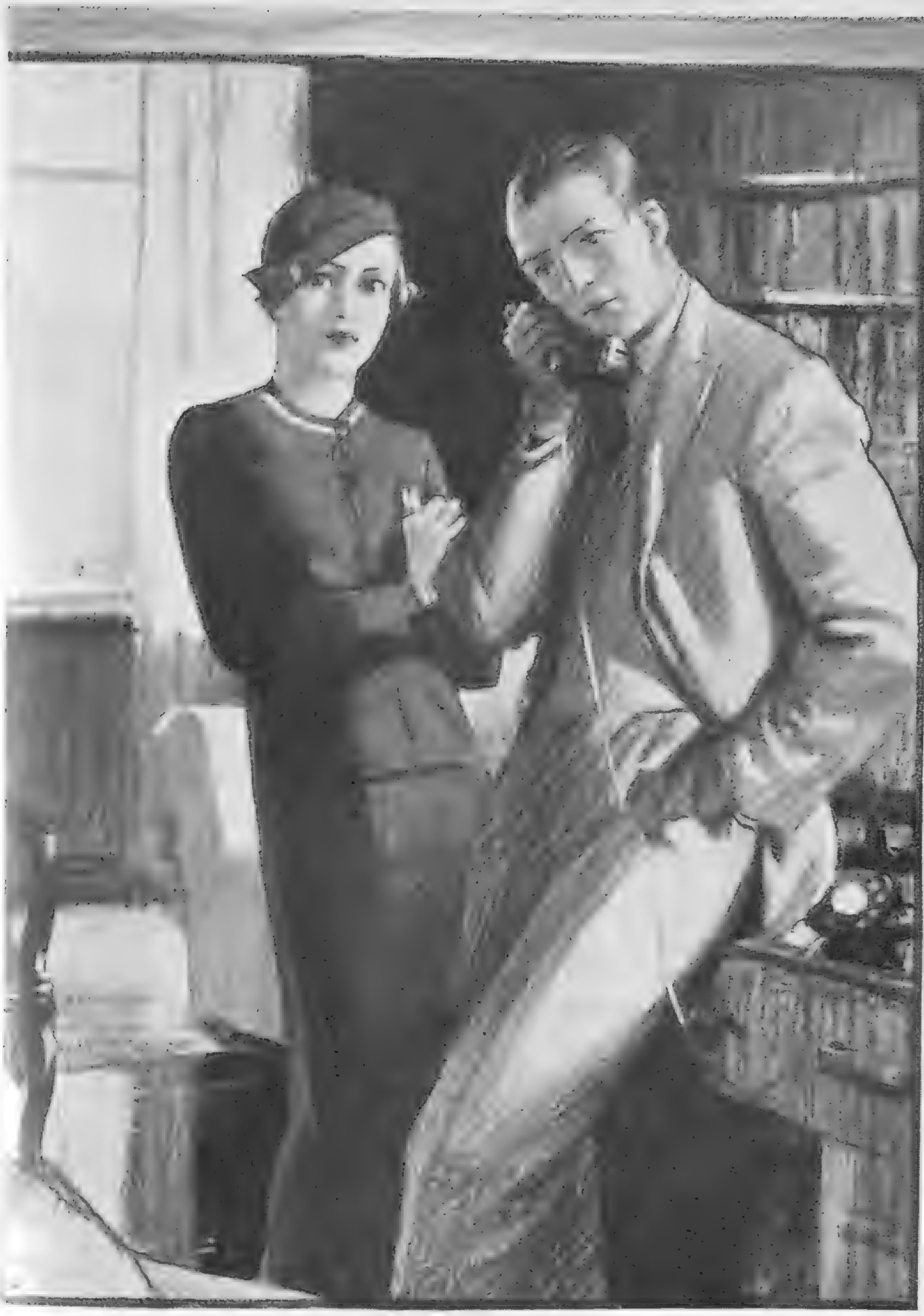
"Sit down and keep cool," he said. "How can you stop him if I do take you?"

She twisted her fingers desperately.

"I know how to stop him—oh, don't waste time, dear. I'll tell you as we go!"

Gary shrugged, pushed a bell on the wall and took up his desk 'phone. Pat watched eagerly as he dialled a number. There was a tap on the door, and Gary's man entered.

"Get my flying kit into Miss Small-



Miss Smallwood's car, please," ordered Gary. " Leave the leather coat out; lunch and dinner—I shan't be back to-night. Jump to it, Reilly"

Death plays a Game of Chance with an Aeroplane—and "a Couple of Fools in Love"

Illustrated by
Edward Osmona

wood's car, please," ordered Gary. " Leave the leather coat out ; I'll wear it. Cancel lunch and dinner—I shan't be back to-night. Jump to it, Reilly."

Reilly jumped.

"Hello—Heston air-port? Air Garages, Ltd. ? Breton speaking. I want my Redwing fuelled and warmed. Have it on the line, please. Put in a thermos of coffee and some chocolate. Get maps and a weather report for as far west as Torquay."

He listened for a moment. Then : " Can't be helped," he said. " I have to go. P'r'aps I can get above the weather. Have that spare Sidcot ready. And maybe—yes, parachutes. O.K. We'll be right along. G'bye."

Pat was standing beside him when he turned from the 'phone.

" Oh, you angel ! " she whispered, and kissed him.

" No heroics," he grinned; " it doesn't become lunatics. Come on, kid."

He took his coat from Reilly and ran downstairs after Pat, putting on the coat and giving last instructions to his man. Outside, the thin drizzle had resumed and Gary made a grimace as he saw the sky.

" Come out of that driving seat," he said to Pat. " If there's any killing to be done, I'll do it. We want to get to Exmouth, not hospital."

Pat slid over, Gary took her place, and they were off.

" Now," he said, as they turned into the Park and headed for Kensington, " how do you propose to stop Peter ? "

Pat looked carefully at the dashboard.

" I shall go with him," she announced.

Gary braked suddenly, and swung into the kerb.

" Oh, go *on*," wailed Pat. " I'll explain."

He went on, reluctantly. " You'd better," he told her grimly, " or we turn."

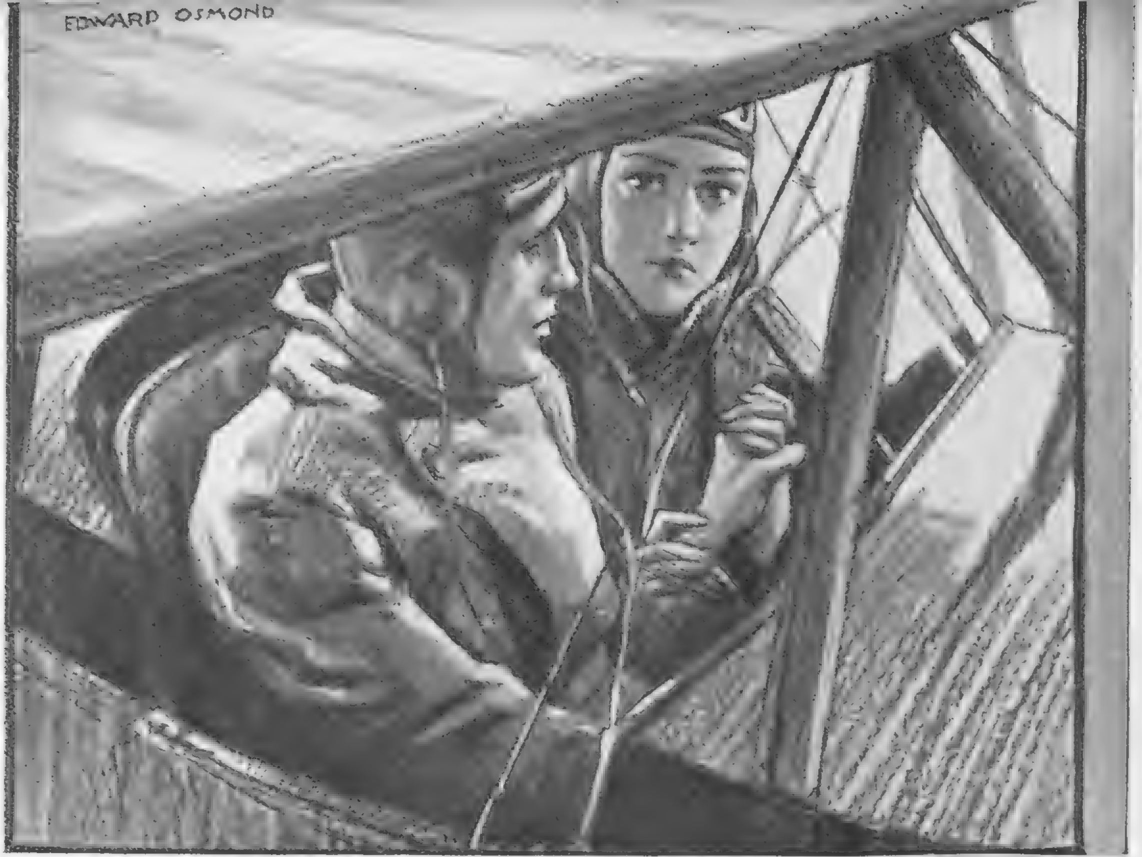
" Well, Peter and I have always been such pals. We've done everything together—when we were kids we were inseparable. Daddy used to say that even our footsteps were the same—pitter and pat—that's how we got our nicknames. Well, I joined his mad schemes like a boy, and he always swore to let me in on anything new. That goes as much to-day as ten years ago, and if I suddenly appear and say : 'Hold on, Pit, I'm coming,' he'll not go without me."

" I'll take care he doesn't go *with* you."

" But that's the point. You see, old Peter knows in his heart how mad his stunts are, and although he'll take a chance himself, he won't go as far as risking me too. That's why I must *be* there. If I wire he'll think I'm bluffing."

"All right," conceded Gary. " We'll go and I'll get you there if it's possible. But what a heavenly half-hour your insane Peter's going to have when I see him ! "

Through Kensington and Hammersmith, greasy roads and congested traffic slowed them, but once through Chiswick and on to the Great West Road, Gary let the little car go, and despite the traffic lights they arrived at Heston in a time



HE disengaged the glove from one hand and felt for hers

which it would be indiscreet to name. The usually bustling air-port was shrouded in drizzle and silence as they roared up the drive and stopped before the service offices of Air Garages, Ltd. Out on the tarmac a tarpaulin-covered biplane waited, and at the office door stood Armfield, the service manager, and two mechanics. At Gary's request, one of the latter drove the car away to a hangar while Pat and her escort followed Armfield into the office.

"I'VE got your maps and report, Mr. Breton," said the manager, "but I strongly advise you not to go. Visibility is just possible here, but reports from down country show visibility varying from a quarter of a mile to nil. Weather's bad all down your route. Here's the Air Ministry report: 'Wind 5–10 m.p.h. at one thousand feet. Rain or drizzle over a wide area, with local fog or mist.'"

"Otherwise," observed Gary, with keen eyes on the map, "the flying conditions are ideal."

"Never better," agreed Armfield dryly.

Gary turned to Pat. "You heard that," he said, "Still want to go?"

Pat was pale, but she nodded.

"I *must* go," she answered. "You don't know Peter. Weather won't stop him. I wouldn't ask you to do it if it weren't so serious. But, Gary—I—what I mean is—if——"

"If you say it," threatened Gary, "I'll never speak to you again. Now" (to the manager) "is everything ready?"

"Everything bar the parachutes," replied Armfield. "I've got one, but we're seldom asked for them, and I've had to send for another one. The man will be back in about fifteen minutes."

Gary consulted his watch. "Can't wait," he decided. "Every minute counts. Don't suppose it's really necessary, anyway." He donned his helmet, while Pat struggled into the Sidcot suit. One of the mechanics appeared with a pack parachute.

"Strap it on the lady," ordered Gary.

"Why?" asked Pat.

"Why do steamers carry lifebelts?"

"But you haven't one."

"Doesn't matter. I shan't need it. Nor will you, I expect. But you may as well have one as it's here."

By the time they were ready the engine had been started, and the manager followed Pat and Gary out to the Redwing. The two climbed aboard, the maps and course were slipped into their cases, the engine revved for test, and at last they were ready. Gary gave a signal, and while Pat connected the helmet 'phones the chocks were pulled from the wheels and, with a wave from the Jonah-like Armfield, the 'plane headed up the tarmac.

With hardly any wind the 'plane felt heavy and sluggish, and three-quarters of the 'drome had slipped beneath the wheels before Gary got her off. He held her in a slow climb, cursing inaudibly at the drizzle which misted his goggles, making the bad visibility seem worse. They seemed hardly to have left the ground before they reached the cloud ceiling, which was as low as four hundred feet.

At one moment they were hanging apparently motionless in a streaming haze, with the dim green earth below; at the next they were sweeping through a grey mist which blotted out everything save the nearest inter-plane struts and the engine cowling. The seats of the Redwing were in a single cockpit, side by side and slightly echelon, so that Pat was still visible to her lover. He turned slightly and grinned cheerfully at her in the haze.

"Not what the doctor ordered, is it?" he said, above the roar of the engine.

"Vile," she answered. "Can you get above it?"

"I'm trying," he told her, and turned back to his instruments.

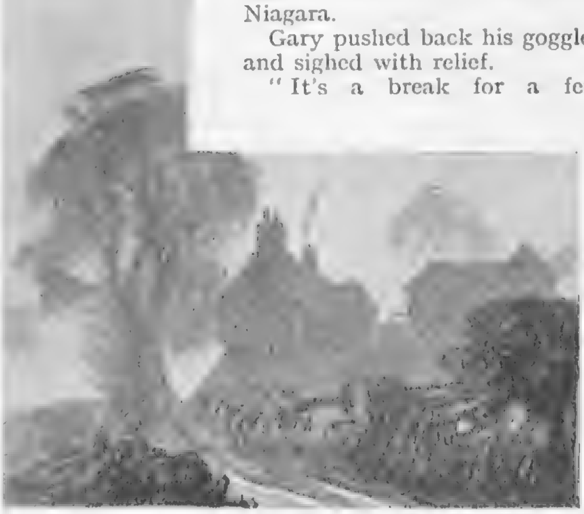
Like most normal pilots, Gary hated blind flying. It is such an eerie, helpless business. Only the instruments to watch, only a questionable spirit level to check lateral trim, and nothing to check fore-and-aft trim. Only one's sense of "feel" upon which to rely to tell whether the nose is up or down, no check on side drift, and a blank, wet misery which cuts one off from both Heaven and Earth, leaving one swaying and floundering in a torment of blind suspense such as the wounded bull in an arena must feel.

On and on they drove, minutes hanging like hours, goggled eyes straining into the unrelieved grey. And then, when the aneroid needle quivered restlessly about the 2,000 mark they lifted clear. It was as sudden as the swift withdrawal of a handkerchief from the eyes. There came a lightening of the gloom, the mist swirled, eddied, and was gone, and the 'plane swept out into clear air. An exclamation of wonder burst from Pat, to whom this sort of flying was new, and indeed the spectacle was of a grandeur which few earth-bound eyes are ever privileged to see.

The 'plane had not risen completely above the clouds, but had come into a space of clear air between two strata. Beneath them, all round the horizon, lay the dense blue-grey mists, piled and billowed like the peaks of some impossible mountain. Great crests reached up from various points, clutching with jagged fingers at the lighter curtain above; a curtain which was unbroken as far as the eye could reach, save that from it, where its mass was heaviest, great folds hung downward upon the lower strata, streaming away into grey wisps for all the world like a discursive, slow-motion Niagara.

Gary pushed back his goggles and sighed with relief.

"It's a break for a few



minutes, anyway," he said. "I'll set the course and then we'll have some coffee." With keen eyes checking compass bearing and map, he brought the nose round to S.W. by W., and having lined up the 'plane with map and instruments, he took the cup of steaming coffee which Pat had prepared for him.

"It's a quarter to three, now," he told her. "If our luck holds we can make it by 4.30. Hartop's five miles east of Exmouth, and I remember that mill place near Peter's field, so we should get down O.K. if only we can hold the course and see when we're there."

The 'plane was doing its best speed now, not so fast as modern flying goes—about 95—but sufficient for a light pleasure craft, and, warmed by the coffee, Gary felt more cheerful. Occasionally they passed great gaps in the clouds below, slanting funnels through which the earth was visible in startling contrast to the universal grey and blue-grey of the clouds. Altogether, thought Pat to herself, it was very thrilling and novel, and—the thought brought a sudden spasm of fear—navigable. If it were navigable to them, it would be so to Peter.

"He's so *young*," she said to Gary—as though she were at least eighty, instead of Peter's twenty-four-year-old twin—"and thoughtless. He could afford to buy a blessed air liner if he liked, but he had to build that horrible thing with bits of junk. It's his idea of adventure."

"You wait until he hears what I call it," promised Gary. "We might have been eating whacking great steaks at 'Quags' now, but for him."

HALF an hour passed uneventfully. Occasionally they flew through a sheet of cloud which hung between the two strata—sometimes, when the sheets were not too wide, Gary flew round them, and back to his course again. But gradually the ceiling was lowering. Far ahead the grey tinged into sullen blue, slop-down until it touched the lower cloud-banks. As they drew nearer the effect was that of flying through a vast sandwich, oppressive and crushing. Also, keeping below the upper clouds, they began to lose height as the ceiling drooped lower and lower.

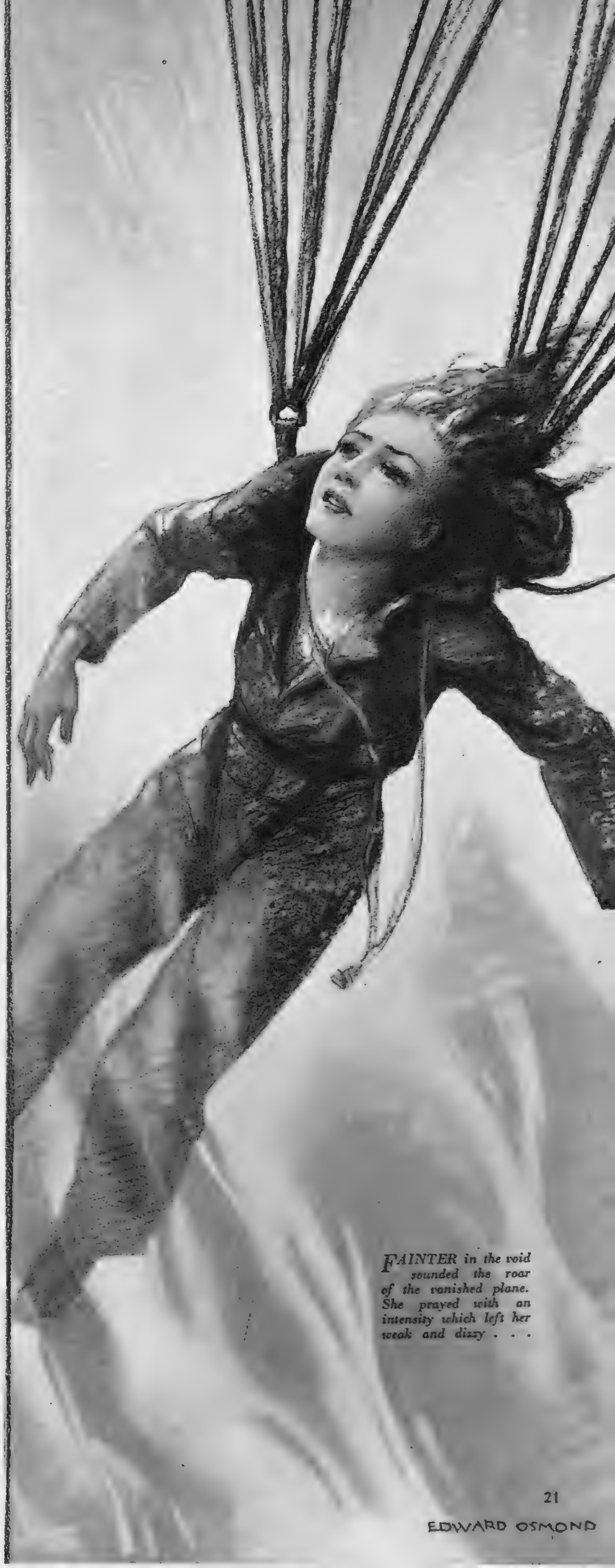
"It's no good," decided Gary at last. "We can't keep our height without busting those heavy-looking clouds. I'm going to get my bearings. If I'm on the course we ought to be near Salisbury—and I hope they move the Cathedral when they hear us coming!"

There was more point in the jest than Pat realised. The spire of Salisbury Cathedral is the highest in England; over 400 feet, and with cloud mist at low altitudes there were grisly possibilities which were less humorous than Gary pretended. For this reason he began to zig-zag in search of a break through which he might drop, and eventually sighted an opening which showed a misty, distant perspective of green. And now a new problem arose. The break reached almost vertically downward, so that Gary would have to drop like a stone to pass through it. If he went right through, could he pull out of his dive soon enough?

The only alternative was a perilous descent through clouds, and Gary decided on the former risk.

With a reassuring nod at Pat he came round in a sweeping wing-over, shut off the engine and put the nose right down. The 'plane quivered to the sudden manœuvre, tried to fall off into a spin, and then, answering to Gary's firm hand on the stick, plunged for the opening. The mouth of the grey funnel leaped to meet them, swallowed their whining 'plane; the vaporous walls streamed upward like forced steam, the gap became a narrow tube whose base seemed to touch the earth. With feet glued to the rudder bar and head strained forward to gauge his height, Gary waited—waited through an eternity of plunging seconds. God, would they never be through? Dare he hang on? The view widened a little. Houses appeared, roads. The streaming walls thinned, scattered—*now*!

Back on the stick, gently—whee-ee-ee—the wires sang, the struts creaked, every inch of the quivering fabric groaned its indignation. Slowly at first, heavily, like a laden barge which fights the swell, the nose began to lift, the 'planes to bite the rushing air. And as the barge lifts to the swell, becoming buoyant as a cork, so the 'plane swung to its fulcrum, floated and soared, and was safe. But the houses and buildings fled by a scant two hundred feet below, and Gary's hands were hot and wet inside his gloves. (*continued on p.* 84)



FAINTER in the void sounded the roar of the vanished plane. She prayed with an intensity which left her weak and dizzy . . .

Hunting Orchids in the Philippines

THE author and his native guides with some rare orchids found on Calagan Island

A SPRAY of Phalaenopsis orchids, the collecting of which almost cost the author and his companions their lives

TO the Igorots the orchid is a symbol of beauty and religious inspiration. Many strange rites are performed in the sacred groves where the orchids are grown, and even sometimes in the river

SAMA, a native priestess, blessing the orchid in a sacred temple ruin at Calagan

ORCHIDS!

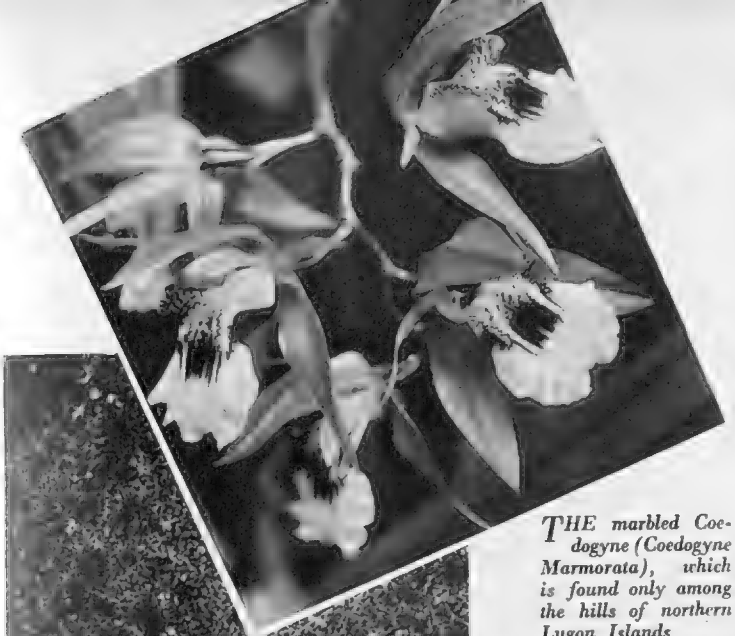
What higher tribute can man ever pay to the supreme ruler of the world, Her Majesty the Woman, than by bringing her the gift of the strangest and rarest of all exotic flowers—the orchid. There is romance and all the glamour of tropical adventure to that word. Truly "aristocrats of the jungle," are those fantastically-shaped flowers that grow on the trunks and branches of living trees, and especially those with particularly delicate odours, which often command high prices in the cultural centres of the world.

Orchids! One's imagination involuntarily flies across endless waters and lands of many climes, into damp, green jungles—somewhere in the Malayans—Africa, or the deltas of that great river, the Amazon. Hard-faced men, used to confronting endless difficulties, fear and danger, for days, weeks, perhaps months, tramping through a green hell like automatons. One can imagine these men, with big knives in their hands, fighting their way through a steaming Hades, ill-smelling with decaying vegetation. Countless lizards dashing in all directions; snakes slinking away. Leeches fasten on to their perspiring bodies; struggling humans, who, for the whim of human taste, are gambling with death.

To search for orchids in dense, steaming jungles, on precipitous mountain-sides, is a daring and hazardous undertaking—it is like struggling towards an unknown goal. The location of these rare, coveted species of the most mysterious order of plantdom, *Orchidacæ*, one seldom knows. No one can tell where these strange plants, many of them worth, to collectors, their weight in gold (and often more), are to be found, whether along the jungle-covered river banks, in deep, dark canyons, on high vine-covered trees, or in dense, almost-impenetrable forest swamps. To the orchid-hunter, the end of his trek may be anywhere.

In the search for these plants many men have given their lives, killed by wild beasts, deadly poisonous snakes, or wasted to death by fierce tropical fevers, for just a rare and beautiful flower

By Aleko E. Lilius



THE marbled Coedogyne (Coedogyne Marmorata), which is found only among the hills of northern Lugon Islands

GUARDIANS of the sacred orchid groves. Death, at the spear of one of these sentinels, awaits the man who attempts to steal any of the flowers

AN Igorot outpost guarding t approach to the sacred gro where the famous Phalaenopsis gro

If it is not reached to-day, to-morrow is always another day. Again, it may be a month or many months away. The game, or orchid-hunting, has no rules to follow. Literally speaking, the hunter gropes in total darkness. His success depends on chance. Sheer luck is the most essential element—*and the only one*, deciding the success or failure of an orchid hunt. Whole expeditions are known to have perished, to have been swallowed by the unrelenting, merciless mysteries of the jungle.

There are adventures galore in this game. And there is always romance.

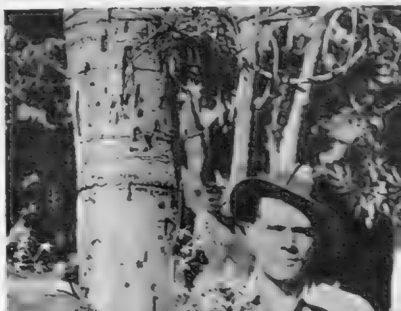
After all, adventure and romance are the two elements which lurk behind all the deeds of great and enterprising young men; no matter whether they are exploring geographers, kings, emperors, jungle missionaries, prospectors, orchid hunters, or sailors—men whose names, if they are lucky, you will find mentioned in newspapers, scientific journals, and history books—or, if they are less lucky, in the police dockets of the world.

Romance, too, and—to a pardonable degree—a desire to earn "easy money," made me a travelling writer, prospector, and orchid-hunter. I have not made that "easy money" yet. As an orchid hunter, I have had my share of adventures and the indescribable joy of occasionally finding what I set out to search for. In the Philippine jungles, high on the slopes of cloud-topped hills, or on distant, small palm-fringed islands, I have found rare species, the sale of which amply paid for my trouble.

After years of travelling and adventuring in the tropics and semi-tropics, orchid-hunting beckons to me as the most fascinating occupation. It has given me opportunities to see and learn many things. After all, Mark Twain was wrong when he said that "Life is just one damn thing after another." As a humorist, he had license to exaggerate. I, for my part, think that life is perhaps just one damn thing after another—*and a few things in between*. Perhaps Mark Twain never had his full share of those little things in between. I have had them—a fair share of them—and I am glad of it. I have seen much and I have thoroughly enjoyed it.

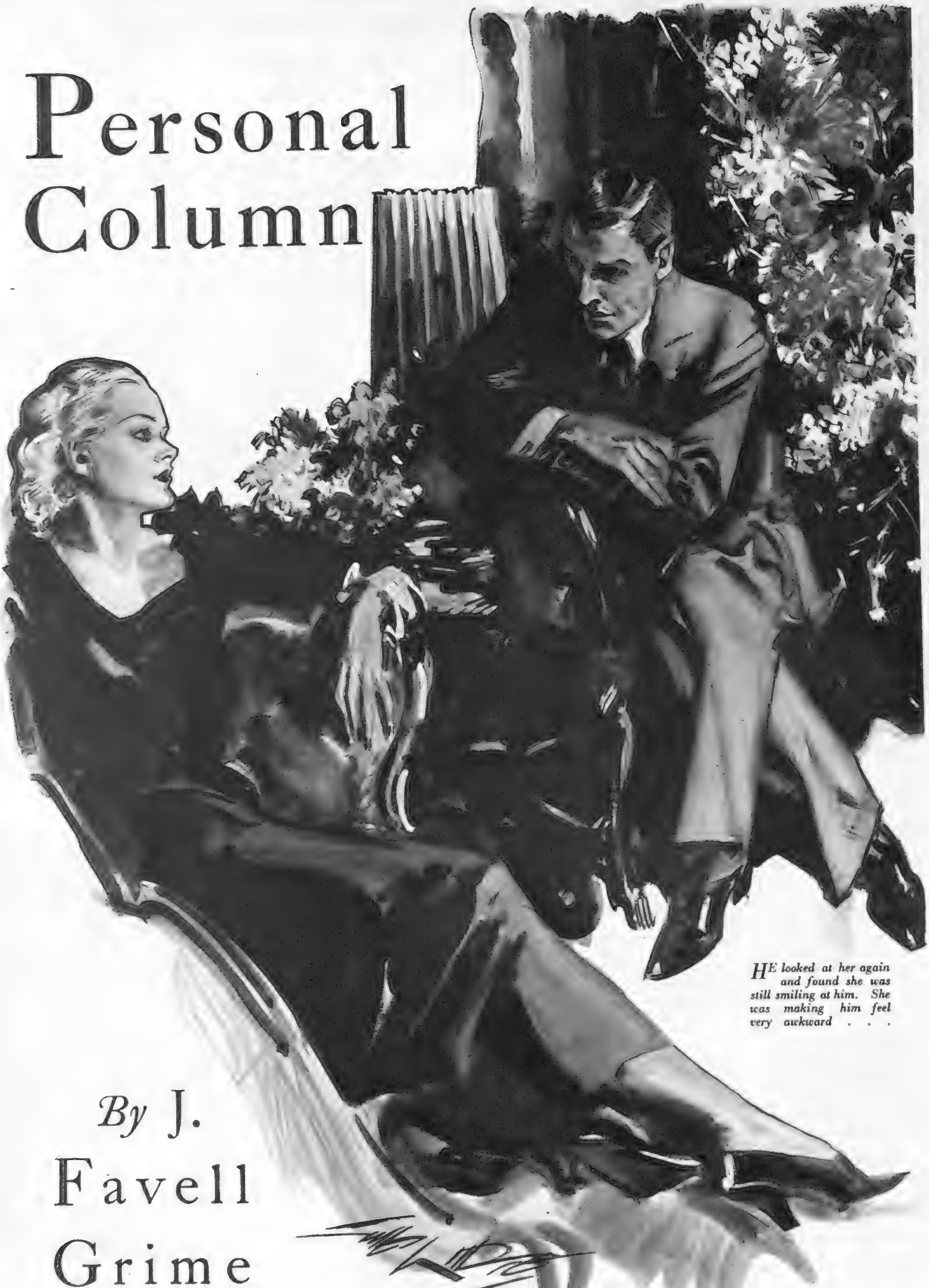
NATIVE jungle-folk, in their inarticulate appreciation of beauty, have wound many strange tales about the spirits of orchids. The stories of the jungle people as to the origin of these jungle creations could fill volumes; they are handed from father (*Continued on page* 102)

THE jungle yields up its treasures of beauty. The author and some of his carriers with various magnificent specimens, returning from an orchid hunt



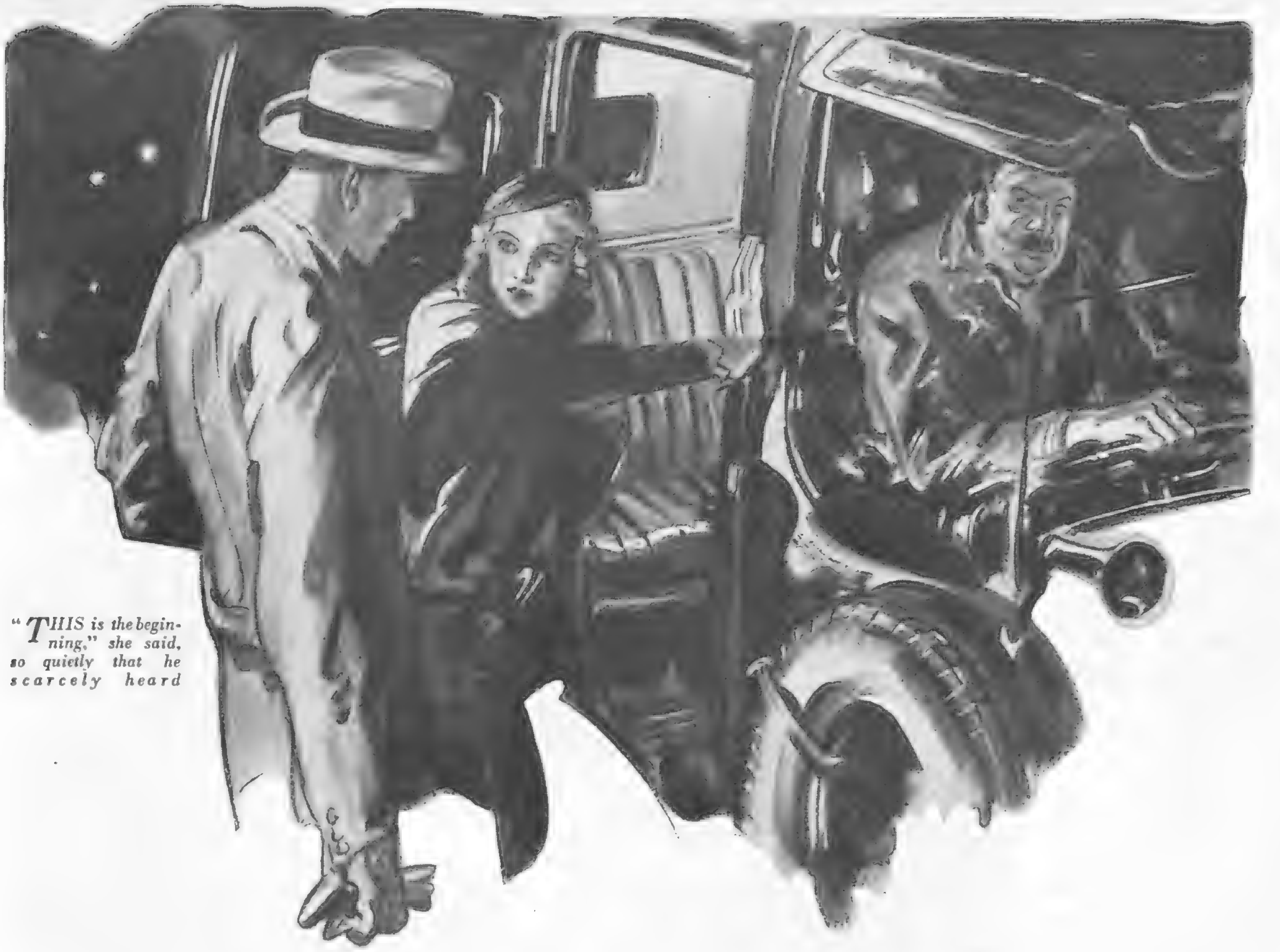
HARRY C. BIGGS, an old-timer at orchid hunting, with two specimens of a rare Lugon orchid

Personal Column



HE looked at her again and found she was still smiling at him. She was making him feel very awkward . . .

By J. Favell Grime



"THIS is the beginning," she said, so quietly that he scarcely heard

Illustrated by Gilbert Wilkinson

She *wanted* Divorce —He *was* ready *for* Adventure . . . But that *wasn't* all—

"WILL the gentleman who drove through Berkeley Square on May 25th at 1.30 p.m. in a black two-seater car please communicate with V. S., 220, Maddox Street, W.1 ? "

Larry Frogmore stared thoughtfully at the personal column in *The Times*. Then he put the paper down and took up his cup of coffee. Odd the kind of things that happened to people ! All sorts playing out their little comedies and dramas on that single page : people in love, people out of love, people married on this side of the altar, people married on the other, people with money, people without it, people afraid of what was going to happen to them, people afraid that nothing at all was going to happen to them.

Larry smiled at himself as his eyes moved up and down the column and came to rest once more on the request to the man with the black two-seater car. It struck him that it was ill-worded in a way. Why, there must be hundreds of people in London with black two-seater cars ! Supposing they read this advertisement, they'd all have to retrace their lives in their minds to May 25th and try to remember if they went through Berkeley Square on that day at 1.30 precisely ! Funny, that !

And then, because he was among the hundreds of Londoners who had a black two-seater car, Larry Frogmore unconsciously started to think of the particular part of the metropolis he had been in at 1.30 p.m. on May 25th. It was only three days before, and he personally found it was not difficult to remember.

He had had a late night and got up correspondingly late next morning. There was the appointment at 12.30 with the solicitors about his money affairs. He shook his head as he thought of it. Lasted a long time, that, too long for an interview which consisted of nothing else but talk about your shrunken resources. It must have lasted until 1.20, because he remembered leaving old Sheen in a hurry in order to keep his luncheon appointment with Luke Greer at the Piccadilly Grill at 1.30. So he had cut down Davies Street and then . . . and then. . . .

Larry jumped to his feet, waving *The Times* excitedly. Why, damn it, and then, allowing for the big traffic jam, he must have driven through Berkeley Square on his way to Piccadilly at 1.30 precisely !

" Herbert ! " he called out, " Herbert ! "

Herbert Jackson, an old sailor, who did most things for Larry from sewing on his buttons to cooking his food, was sitting in the kitchen, waiting for his master to finish his breakfast, when he heard the call, and sensing the excitement in his voice, moved round the corner into the big living room as fast as his stumpy legs would let him.

" Quickly," said Larry. " Clothes, Herbert. I'm in the news."

" In the news ? " said Herbert. " What have you gone and done now, I'd like to know ? "

" Well, not exactly in the news," answered Larry. " What I meant to say was, in the personal column—the agony column, you know. Here, look at this."

And he handed over *The Times*, pointing out the paragraph in question.

Herbert read it in silence; then he said shortly, "But I don't see no name."

"No," Larry said, "but that's me," and explained why.

Herbert regarded his master with some misgiving.

"And you're going?" he said.

"Of course," said Larry. "Why, it's most exciting!"

Herbert raised a horny forefinger and shook it solemnly.

"Now, I'm telling you," he declared, "just you tack about a bit before you strike a course that's going to land you in trouble as like as not. Especially if it's a woman. There's always trouble there, darn them!"

"You're an old woman yourself," said Larry, smiling. "Now get my clothes, and don't argue."

"And what might you be expecting at the end of all this funny agony business, or whatever you call it?" continued Herbert, gathering the breakfast things together.

Larry ruminated for a moment.

"I don't know quite," he said at last. "A forgotten relative, perhaps. Perhaps a half-forgotten acquaintance."

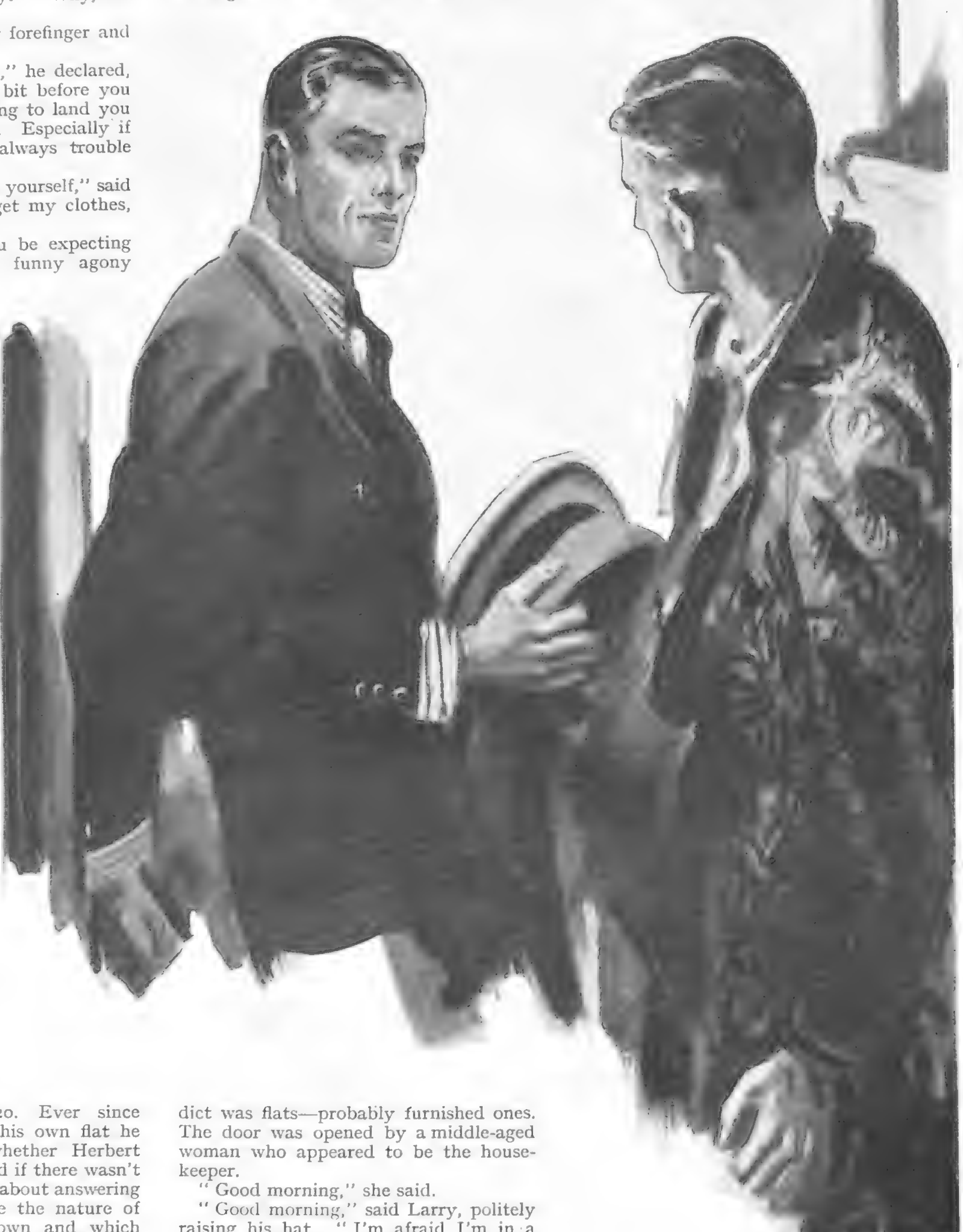
He stopped and looked up.

"Money perhaps?"

"Perhaps," said Herbert emphatically. "And what shall I be telling Mrs. Frogmore if you don't come back?"

"Give her my love," said Larry, "and tell her I absolve you of all blame."

Herbert shook his head and went into the bedroom to look after his master's clothes.



IT was just after 11 when Larry walked up Maddox Street on that early summer morning, his step becoming slower and slower as he approached number 220. Ever since leaving the security of his own flat he had been wondering whether Herbert wasn't right after all, and if there wasn't something slightly crazy about answering a request from a source the nature of which was quite unknown and which might lead him into a whole series of complications. He was not a madcap by any standards, although he had a taste for the adventurous side-tracks off the main road of life which had sometimes demanded the exercise of his ingenuity before he could extricate himself again. He never started these excursions, moreover, without a slight sense of unease, as if he was going against his better judgment; yet he was unable to help himself, and it was because he was unable to help himself, I suppose, that after a barely perceptible hesitancy he reached out for the brass knocker on the door of number 220 and smacked it down heartily on the plate underneath. As he stood waiting for the summons to be answered he examined the house. It was tall and slim and neat, evidently newly "done up" outside, with a newly painted door, and clean white curtains crossing all its windows. Larry's verdict was flats—probably furnished ones. The door was opened by a middle-aged woman who appeared to be the housekeeper.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning," said Larry, politely raising his hat. "I'm afraid I'm in a little difficulty. Perhaps you can help me. I have an appointment here with somebody whose initials are V. S. An advertisement, you know."

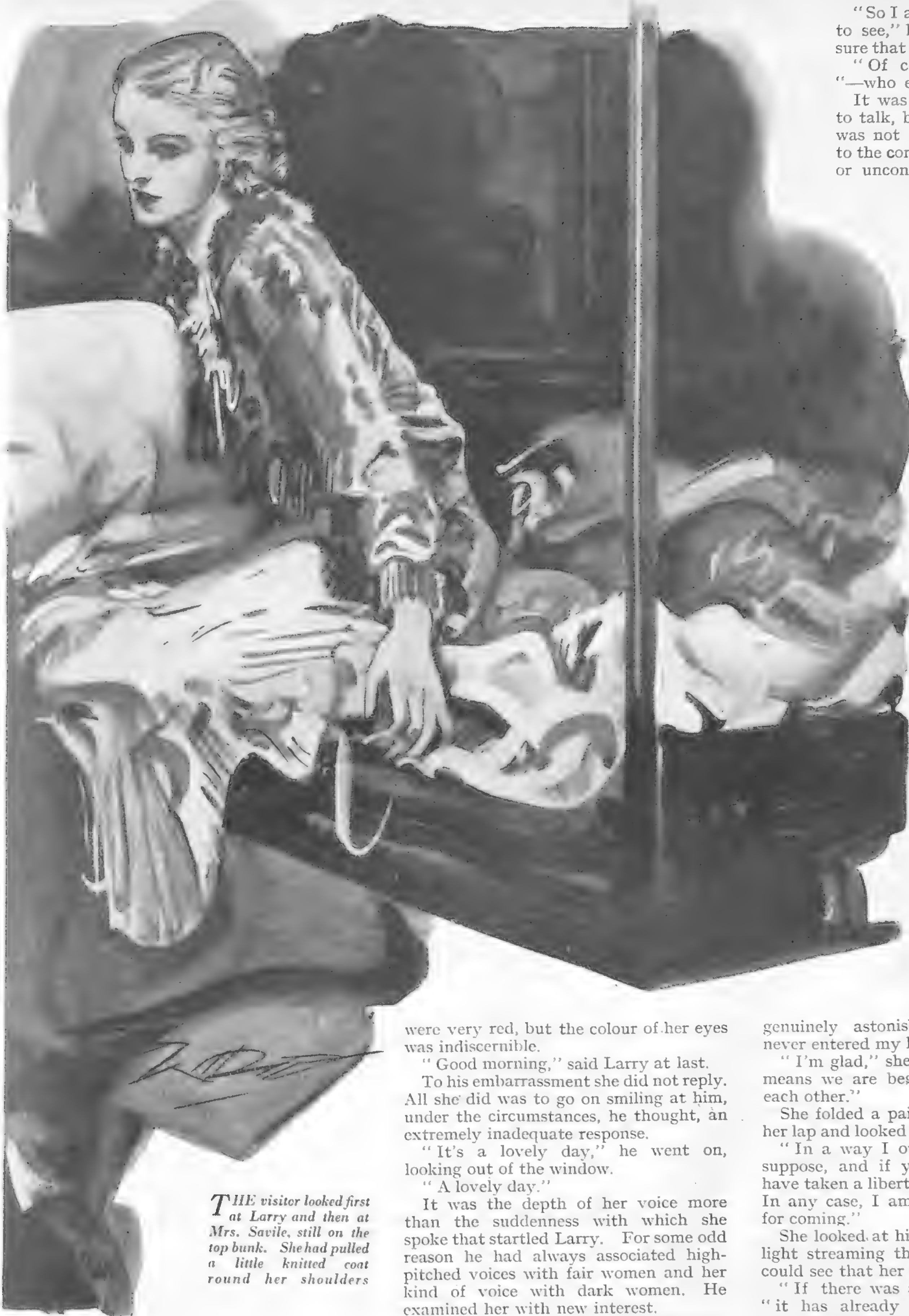
He smiled, and the housekeeper smiled back at him comprehendingly.

"You mean Mrs. Savile," she said brightly. "Come this way, please."

She led Larry up the red carpeted stairs and stopped before a door on the first floor. Then she knocked, and a woman's voice immediately answered, "Come in."

Larry stayed on the landing while the housekeeper went in. He heard her say, "There's a gentleman to see you, madam," followed by some whispering. Then the woman reappeared and beckoned him to enter. She closed the door as he walked in.

It was a large room, full of the smell of lilac. If you had been there instead of Larry you would have sensed a kind of depth and coolness, created, perhaps, by the pale green walls and the green and primrose coloured furniture—colours which always have an air of spaciousness about them when they are neighbours. Larry smelt the lilac at once, and, searching for the place whence it came, discovered a mauve mountain of blooms in the fireplace. In



THE visitor looked first at Larry and then at Mrs. Savile, still on the top bunk. She had pulled a little knitted coat round her shoulders

the next second a faint movement caught his eye, and transferring his momentary preoccupation with the lilac to a dim corner he saw a young woman lying on a divan. She was watching him, and smiling. Larry watched her, too, wondering what to say. He saw, without realising very much, that she had astonishingly fair hair, so fair that in the comparative gloom of her corner it seemed to be shining white. Her lips were very red, but the colour of her eyes was indiscernible.

"Good morning," said Larry at last.

To his embarrassment she did not reply. All she did was to go on smiling at him, under the circumstances, he thought, an extremely inadequate response.

"It's a lovely day," he went on, looking out of the window.

"A lovely day."

It was the depth of her voice more than the suddenness with which she spoke that startled Larry. For some odd reason he had always associated high-pitched voices with fair women and her kind of voice with dark women. He examined her with new interest.

"Yes," he said, finding a comfortable chair and making himself at home. "So hot."

He looked at her again and found she was still smiling at him. She was making him feel very awkward.

"Well?" he demanded, exasperated. "Do you find me so very amusing?"

The smile faded from her lips.

"Not at all," she said. "I was just thinking how nice it was of you to come."

Larry felt unaccountably relieved.

"So I am the person you want to see," he said, to make quite sure that there was no mistake.

"Of course," she answered, "—who else?"

It was something to get her to talk, but he still felt that she was not contributing her share to the conversation. Consciously or unconsciously, she had put him in a very uncomfortable position.

"That being so," he resumed, "I think we might introduce ourselves. My name is Larry Frogmore—at your service."

"And mine," she answered, getting up from the divan, "is Vilma Savile. Mrs. Vilma Savile."

She walked over to him and held out her hand. Larry stood up and took it.

"I'm afraid I cannot say 'at your service,' too. Otherwise I should not have asked you to come here."

Larry just said, "Oh!"—a very convenient expression when one wishes to be non-committal. Then he waited.

She took a chair and sat down near him.

"In the first place," she said, "I don't want you to think that I'm given to doing this sort of thing—seeing strange men in black two-seater cars and getting in touch with them through the telepathy of the personal columns and asking them to come and see me at my flat."

Larry looked genuinely astonished. "Such a thing never entered my head," he declared.

"I'm glad," she went on, "because it means we are beginning to understand each other."

She folded a pair of shapely hands on her lap and looked down at them.

"In a way I owe you an apology, I suppose, and if you really do think I have taken a liberty I sincerely apologise. In any case, I am very grateful to you for coming."

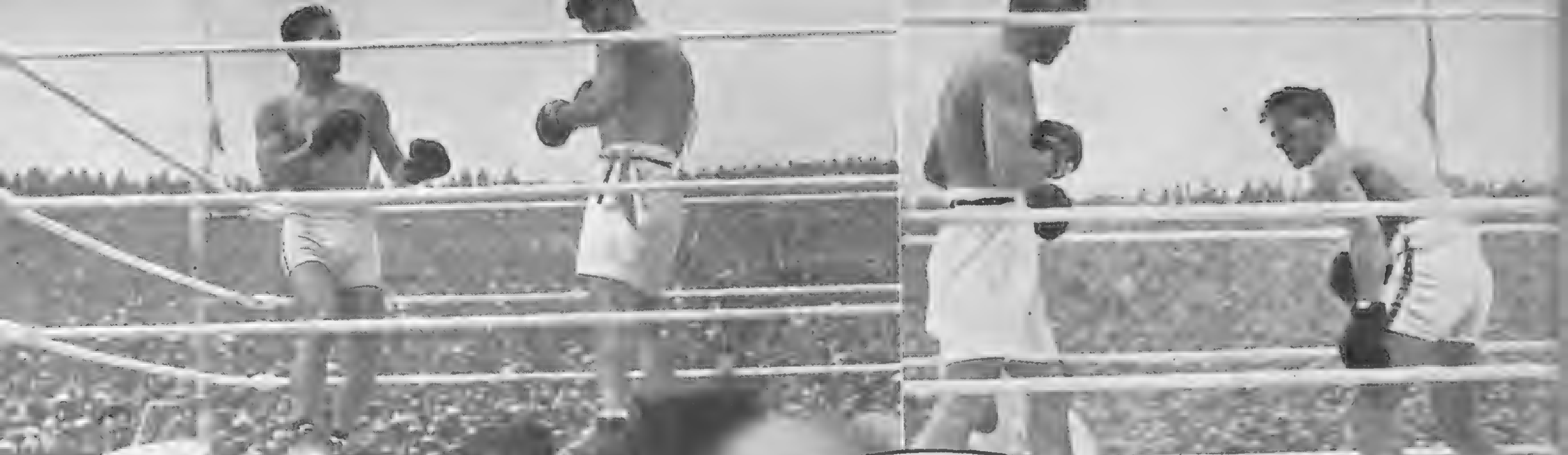
She looked at him, and in the summer light streaming through the window he could see that her eyes were green.

"If there was any liberty," he said, "it has already been freely forgiven. And I require no thanks. Oddly enough, it seemed to be the only right thing to do."

"That is very handsome of you," she smiled. "It's nice to think that gallantry still exists even under the most obscure impositions—but I hope you aren't always as free with total strangers?"

She laughed—a low, musical thing, like a half-struck note in the lower middle register of an old harmonium.

"Not always," Larry smiled back. She was beginning (*Continued on page 114*)



When Dempsey was King...

DEMPSEY, the heavy-weight champion of the world 1919—1926

JACK KEARNS, the discoverer and pilot of Dempsey. He was his manager at the time of the championship fight at Jersey City

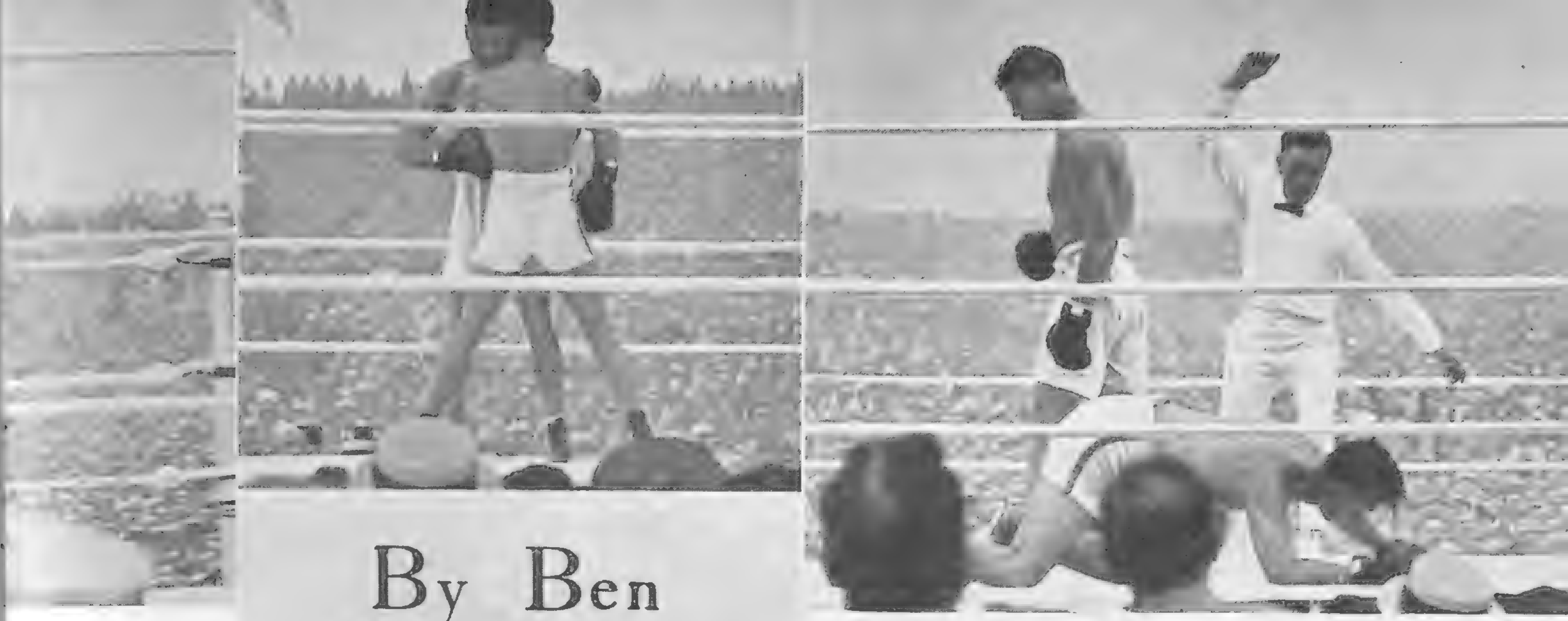
THE first Saturday of July, near to fourteen years ago, had come with torrid heat. It was a day when Jack Dempsey fought Georges Carpentier in defence of the heavy-weight championship of the world at Jersey City; and there sat and stood about in Boyle's Thirty Acres 100,000 people, drawn, as if by some mighty magnet, from all the states of the vast American continent, from everywhere: of differences in blood and breed and rank and colour there were none.

On the topmost tier of a gigantic wooden basin lolled the cow-puncher; here a Crœsus of Wall Street, with racketeers for immediate neighbours; near by, beauty and fashion; "cops" in battalions, towering fellows with ever-swinging, menacing batons; firemen at regular and numerous stations, as if some catastrophe were feared; a band ripped and tore.

To the roar and crash of the crowd there appeared Carpentier, tip-toeing along a human lane that led to the ring of flaming colours. Following at his heels came his manager, François Descamps, his black, brittle hair on end, his little Oriental eyes dancing merrily, bowing, scraping, clowning, humming and strumming.

Into the roped square Carpentier vaulted to throw handshakes and blow kisses, as will a picnicking schoolboy. The pleasantest mockery of a pugilist he was, a dandy, no scrapper, so he seemed, his hair ironed with meticulous and extravagent care, his chiselled face alight with smiles; it was unthinkable that he, hitting off as he did a French doll, should be about to go to war with the King of all the fighters. Yet there he was, radiant, confident that after the way of a pugilistic David he would slay the Goliath of the ring.

Then Dempsey, led into the arena by Jack Kearns, his discoverer



SNAPSHOTS *from the actual fight. (Left) Sparring in the first round. (Next) Carpentier, badly bruised and battered, prepares for a tigerish spring at Dempsey. Carpentier taking heavy body punishment. Carpentier being counted out*

By Ben Bennison

An Odyssey of Sport. No. 1

The start of a New Sporting Series told in the Author's most vivid and arresting style. Mr. Bennison has seen all the Champions, and will write with realism and romance of the Giants of the Ring—their triumphs and tragedies

and pilot, lean, inscrutable, ice cold, after the heart of Bret Harte—John Oakhurst, of Poker Flat, to the very spit. Dempsey towered above his many and curiously assorted retainers: Joe Benjamin, a handsome Hebrew middle-weight, neat and natty and by way of contrast be-spectacled Dan McKettrick, who in days that have long gone introduced to France many of America's most famous fighters.

Dempsey, unlike Carpentier, resplendent in a kimona, affected an everyday cardigan. On him were no frills or flounces: he was what he was—a workman to whom it was enough to feel his own colossal strength. He came into view with his black, tousled head held high, defiantly: his Irish face told of no joy; and his stubbed, freckled nose was tilted provocatively, his magnificently squared jaw scrubby with bristles. He was unshaven, unkempt, as if to poke fun at the gay and debonair Frenchman: he bespoke murder, if needs be, for in his soul there was iron.

He had been chided and lampooned, unfairly, for having dodged the war. And he seemed to sense that his very own folk wished and were praying for his downfall—a silent, sullen, smarting, vicious Dempsey. And though he spoke not a word as he marched in Indian (*Continued on page* 106)

THE *handshake before the fight. Not a muscle did Dempsey allow to move when he took the hand of Carpentier in his own capacious mauler*

CARPENTIER—*a pugilistic David who sought to slay the Goliath of the ring*

FRANCOIS DESCAMPS, *trainer, manager, guide, philosopher and friend to Carpentier during his magnificent boxing career*

Co-Respondents—Beware!

Fame has its Pitfalls—even

By
Hannen
Swaffer

Illustrated by
A. Davis

HE always called her Topsy. It was a joke of his.

"Well, hasn't she got the finest top C in the world?" he would say, explaining it. But she was only Topsy to him. . . .

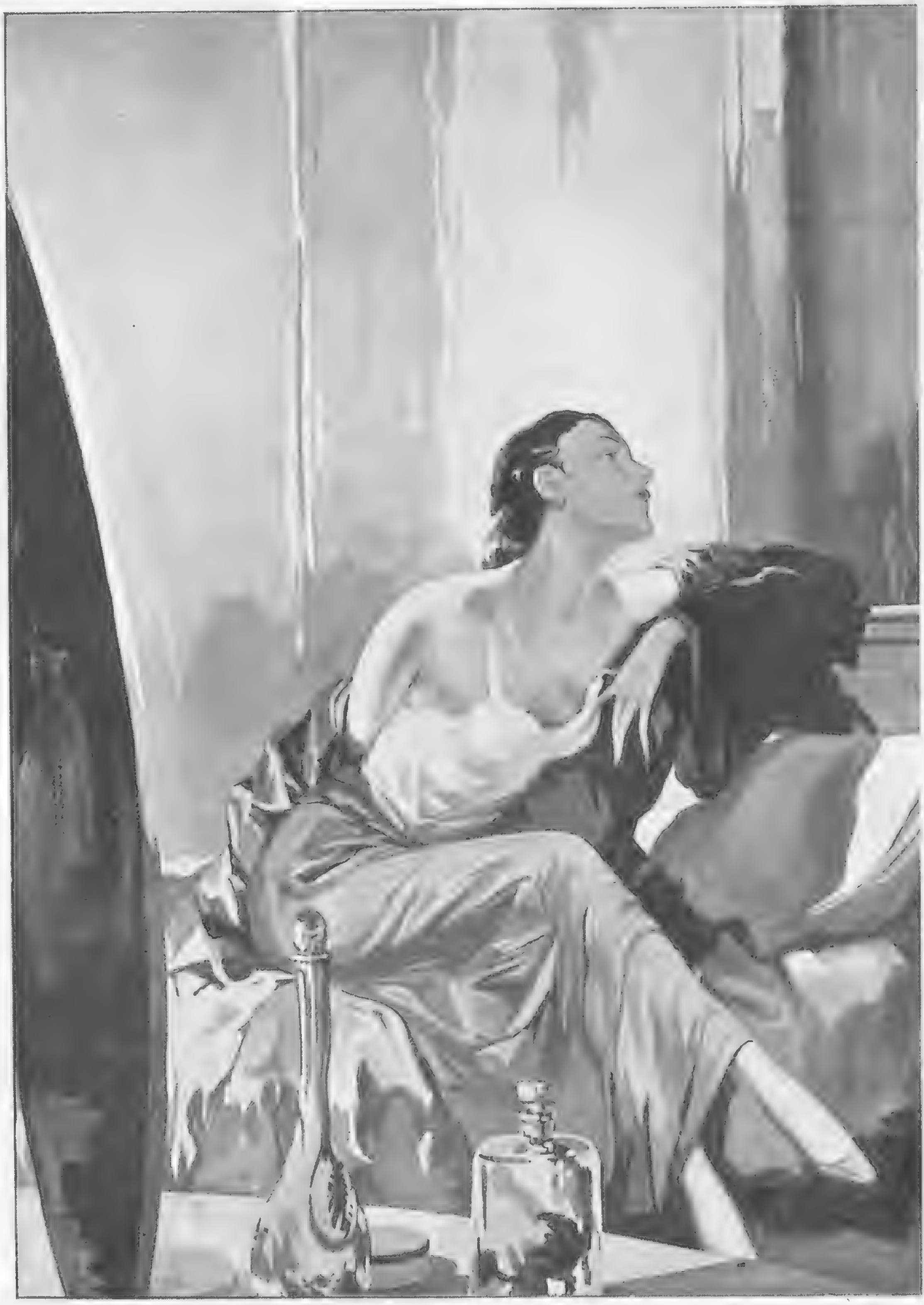
When first he knew her, she was Peggy Taylor, and he was Freddie Smith. The Peggy Taylor rather went with her looks, as he remembered them, and Freddie Smith about described him at the time. Her name seemed to go with a rather nice sort of face, pigtails perhaps, and a plainish dress, while he—well, when it began, he was nothing but a travelling salesman, born from nothing and belonging to nowhere except an ordinary industrial town.

The time came when she was Talio—Regina Talio, really, to give the name in full. But "Talio" was the name usually shown big on the bills, or put into the electric lights.

And, long before then, he had become Pannington Smith. It sounded better, he thought. Pannington, anyway, was the town where he was born. And you could not very well be Freddie Smith on posters. Otherwise, although good food had made him sleeker, he was just a nothing sort of guy.

Looking back on it all afterwards, he remembered vividly the night when first he saw Peggy Taylor. He had been hawking his wares, in a bag, from shop to shop in a small Northern town, and then, as a change from spending the evening in the smoke-room of the local commercial hotel, he had gone into a concert at a parish hall. There were no pictures in those days. There was no wireless.

You just saw, after dark, callow youths gathered about in groups at street-corners, staring



THE chambermaid who answered "I am Mr. Pannington Smith, at the girls. Standing was as good as sitting down when you had nothing to do.

Well, paying his sixpence and going into the concert hall, he soon saw Peggy, and when he heard her sing. . . . "She sang like an angel," were the words he used at the time, and that was the way he always thought back on it.

Well, out of that chance—a dreary evening in a dismal town and then a concert-room, come across by accident—there emerged the Great Adventure. Talio—Pannington Smith—world travels—great audiences—thunderbursts of applause—bouquets—jewels.

For somehow Freddie Smith, little acquainted with music though he was, had taken a great chance that night. He had a few pounds and he had ventured them. Peggy Taylor, demure, obscure, ordinary-looking except for a pert little nose, went to Milan with his savings. And when she came back, three years later, with the name Talio, which he had chosen for her after long scribblings on paper, printing it in big letters sometimes to see how it would look, changing it to other names, but coming back to Talio every time.

What had gone out Peggy Taylor, a mere nothing, returned a glamorous being who looked as though she could envelop you in her arms without moving a finger, just with a look.

They had taught her a lot in Italy besides the way to sing. It was the sunshine, perhaps, and the vineyards that she had wandered among. The blueness of all the Mediterranean seemed to have been absorbed into her eyes.

And she owed it all to Pannington Smith. But she seldom remembered, except when she wanted something, and then she would remind him.

"But you have done so *much* for me, Smithy," she would say. "You cannot refuse me just this one other little thing."

And so he became Fortune's fool. She gave him nothing. She would smile at him, sometimes. That would be sufficient. He was her slave. She trod on him when she wished, and he would not move, but offer himself for more treading. She would swear at him in three languages, two learned in Italy, and he could not even answer back in one. She could scream "Smithy" till it sounded like a tempest. And she could purr out an enticing "Smithy" when she wanted something. "Smithy," stormed out and purred, had been heard by him all round the world.

"You can take me to supper, Smithy," she would say.

Then would follow one of the few moments of real glory.

It always meant that he had to pay, although his income was but a fraction of the large sums she earned. But, anyway, when he proudly entered a swell restaurant with Topsy on his arm, he would hear all around him: "Talio! Talio! . . . Do you see who she is with? Do you think there is anything between them? There must be. He's been her manager for so long."

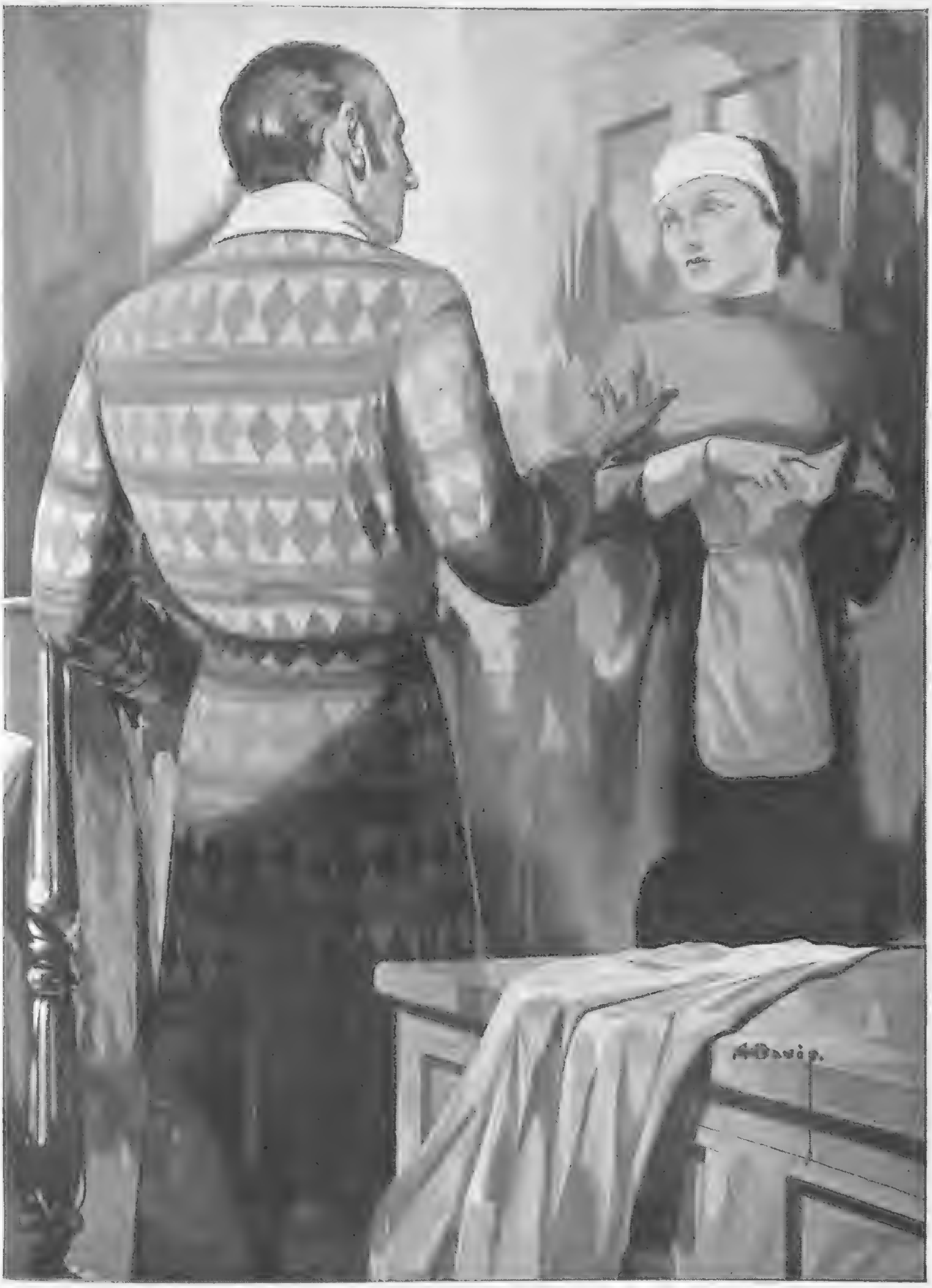
He would hear this in Rome and New York, in London, in Vienna and in Munich.

Wherever there was an opera house, there Talio would appear at the height of a season. "Talio in *La Bohême*," you would read. "Talio in *Carmen*." "Talio in *Faust*."

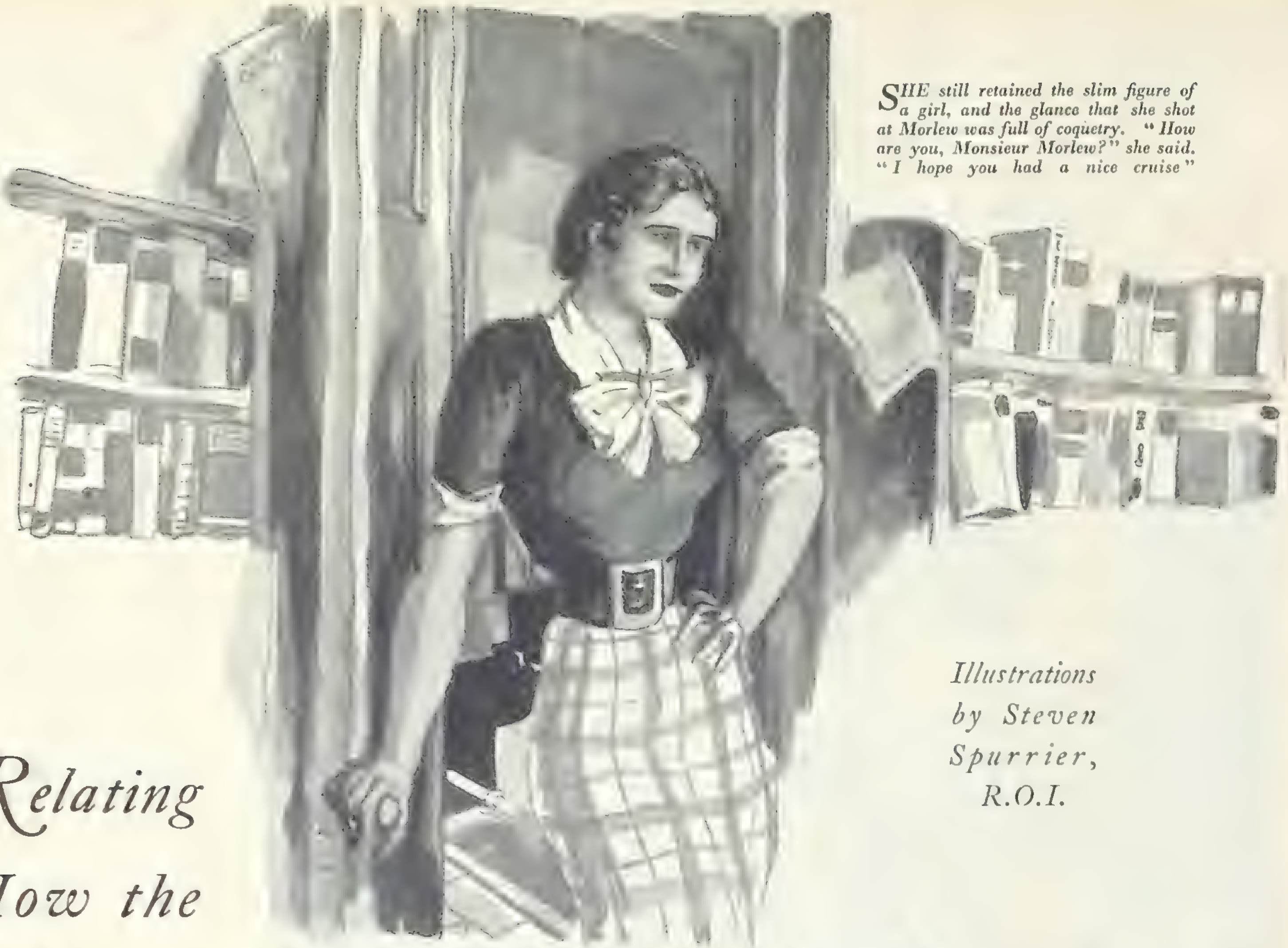
Who would believe it—when it was a gala night—and there were jewels everywhere, that it all came out of a small town in the

(*Continued on page* 94)

in the delicate matter of Divorce



the bell got the surprise of her life.
the impresario," he said . . .



SHE still retained the slim figure of a girl, and the glance that she shot at Morlew was full of coquetry. "How are you, Monsieur Morlew?" she said. "I hope you had a nice cruise"

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

Relating How the

Death *of a* Book-Lover

nearly constituted the so-called "Perfect Crime"

JOHN MORLEW first heard of the tragedy at the bungalow from Lowell, his chaffeur-valet.

The dark, lean, sardonic-looking man with the greying hair had three great interests. To the literary world he was an authority on the writers of the period immediately preceding the great flowering of the Elizabethan age; to the inhabitants of the fishing-town of Packford he was the owner and skipper of the 80-ton motor-yacht *Irna*; to a few—a very few, but they included the inner hierarchy of Scotland Yard—he was perhaps the most brilliant criminologist of his day.

Lowell's news interested him on only the first of these counts.

"So Mr. McGrahan has shot himself, has he?" he asked. "Well, I don't imagine he's much loss. When did it happen?"

"Last night, in his library, sir—or so I am informed."

"There's no suspicion of murder, I suppose?"

"No, sir. Not that I am aware of."

Lowell left the room, and Morlew took up the volume of poems in which he had been making marginal notes. But the image of the dead man kept returning to his mind. He had spoken barely a dozen words to him, but to see James McGrahan once was to remember him for a lifetime.

A tremendous figure, mused Morlew: six feet three or four with huge breadth of shoulder; a shock of flaming red hair; a bellow like a bull. Then there was the curious life he led: most of his days spent in his bungalow, alone save for the stone-deaf and half-blind old woman who kept house for him; the hours passed in that library of his which hardly anyone, it seemed, except Bondon, the proprietor of the second-hand bookshop on the quay, had ever seen; occasional forays into the town for a drinking bout or a visit to Bondon's——.

"I wonder if there really is anything in that library that would interest me; it'll probably be broken up now," Morlew thought; and abandoning his work for the afternoon, he ordered his car and drove to Bondon's in search of information.

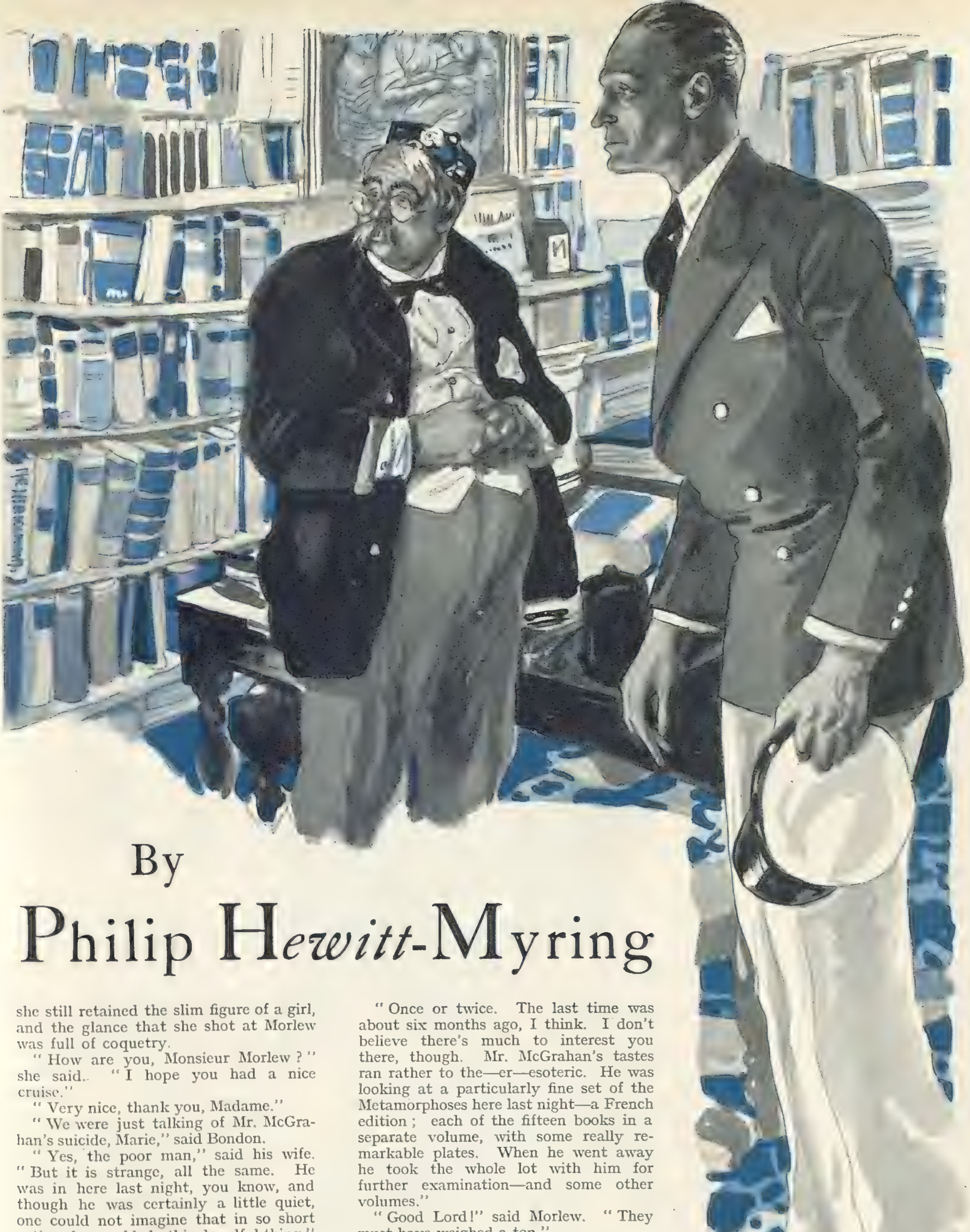
He found the paunchy, little grey-haired bookseller in a state of some excitement.

"I haven't seen you for months, Mr. Morlew," he said; then ran on: "Shocking news about Mr. McGrahan, isn't it? I suppose you've heard. It must be all over the town by now. He was in here yesterday evening, too—can't have been more than a few hours before it happened. I thought he seemed a bit depressed, but even so——"

He broke off as a woman entered the shop from the private quarters at the back.

"How do you do, Madame?" said Morlew.

Mrs. Bondon was a Frenchwoman and of about the same height as her husband. To the inhabitants of the lower town she was chiefly notable from the penetrating and metallic voice with which she was wont to sing lilting ditties that were—fortunately—quite incomprehensible to the fisher-folk. It was understood that she had been a music-hall artist in her native land when Bondon had married her some twenty years before; and there was general agreement that she must have been perfectly audible at the back of the topmost gallery in the largest theatre in France. The dark good looks that had originally enslaved the bookseller had almost departed, but



By Philip Hewitt-Myring

she still retained the slim figure of a girl, and the glance that she shot at Morlew was full of coquetry.

"How are you, Monsieur Morlew?" she said. "I hope you had a nice cruise."

"Very nice, thank you, Madame."

"We were just talking of Mr. McGrahan's suicide, Marie," said Bondon.

"Yes, the poor man," said his wife. "But it is strange, all the same. He was in here last night, you know, and though he was certainly a little quiet, one could not imagine that in so short a time he would do this dreadful thing."

"When did he leave you?" asked Morlew.

"About eight o'clock," said Bondon, "and I gather the doctor thinks he killed himself before ten. I suppose the police will be wanting to see me soon; but I don't think I've anything to tell them of any importance."

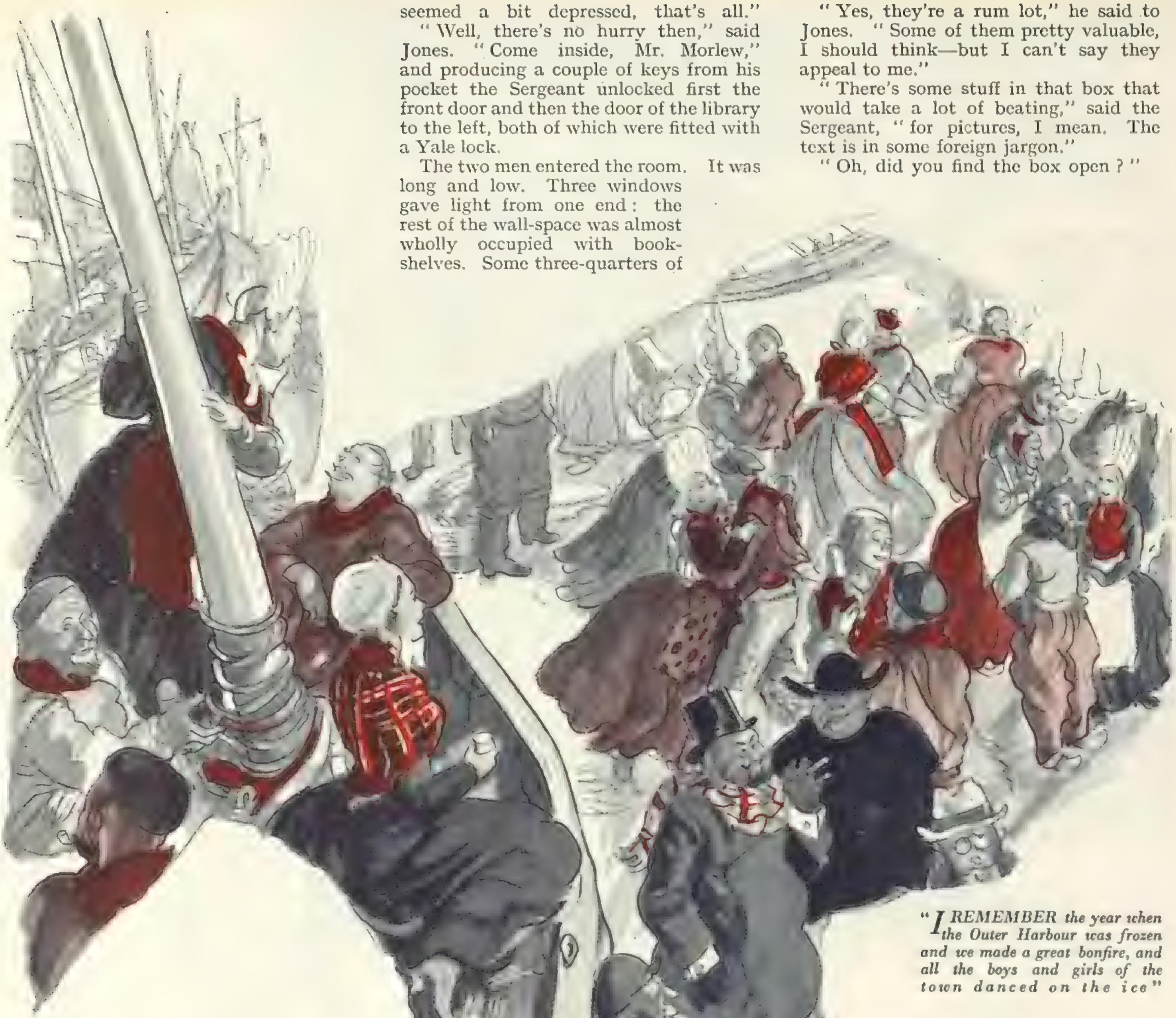
"I wanted to ask about his books," said Morlew. "You have been in that mysterious library, haven't you?"

"Once or twice. The last time was about six months ago, I think. I don't believe there's much to interest you there, though. Mr. McGrahan's tastes ran rather to the—er—esoteric. He was looking at a particularly fine set of the Metamorphoses here last night—a French edition; each of the fifteen books in a separate volume, with some really remarkable plates. When he went away he took the whole lot with him for further examination—and some other volumes."

"Good Lord!" said Morlew. "They must have weighed a ton."

"A good hundredweight I should say. We packed them all in my daughter's playbox or tuckbox or whatever you call the thing. I wanted to send 'em up on a barrow or something, but he just laughed, put the box on his shoulder as if it had been a feather, and strode off—in all that wind and rain, too. I'd like you to see the Ovid when I get it back."

"Not quite in my line," said Morlew. "However, I'd be glad to see it"—and



"*I REMEMBER the year when the Outer Harbour was frozen and we made a great bonfire, and all the boys and girls of the town danced on the ice*"

after taking leave of the bookseller and his wife he rejoined his car.

He had intended to go straight home ; but a hundred yards away from Bondon's he acted on an impulse and told Lowell to drive him to McGrahan's bungalow, which stood on the outskirts of the town half a mile or so from the quay and up a steep hill.

An old acquaintance in the portly person of Detective-Sergeant Jones, who was the only Packford resident who knew of Morlew's close though unofficial connection with Scotland Yard, was standing outside the front door of the long, low building and hailed him when he arrived.

"Hallo, Mr. Morlew," he said. "Come to see the body ?"

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "I've come to see the books if I may go in."

"Oh, they're here all right," said the Sergeant. "And a fine lot of beauties they are too !" He sniffed virtuously. "As a matter of fact, I was just off for a talk with Bondon. He must have been the last person who saw the late unlamented last night—except for old Mrs. Shaw, who's been spending the morning having hysterics all over the missus."

"I've just come from Bondon's," said Morlew. "He told me he didn't think he could give any information. McGrahan seemed a bit depressed, that's all."

"Well, there's no hurry then," said Jones. "Come inside, Mr. Morlew," and producing a couple of keys from his pocket the Sergeant unlocked first the front door and then the door of the library to the left, both of which were fitted with a Yale lock.

The two men entered the room. It was long and low. Three windows gave light from one end : the rest of the wall-space was almost wholly occupied with bookshelves. Some three-quarters of the accommodation that they provided were occupied with the serried ranks of volumes. Here and there were gaps for the reception of further additions. Towards one end of the room was a cheap table containing a drawer. A swivel chair completed the furniture. Conspicuous in the middle of the floor was Bondon's box. Two large rugs provided the floor covering, and at the edge of one of them, and extending on to the parquet floor, was a brown stain.

Morlew took in these meagre details at a glance, then walked up to the nearest shelves. A copy of Donne's Poems of the 1654 edition caught his eye and he made a note in his pocket book. A glance over the remaining shelves revealed nothing to hold his interest. As Bondon had implied and the Sergeant had already observed, McGrahan's tastes had run to the erotic.

"Yes, they're a rum lot," he said to Jones. "Some of them pretty valuable, I should think—but I can't say they appeal to me."

"There's some stuff in that box that would take a lot of beating," said the Sergeant, "for pictures, I mean. The text is in some foreign jargon."

"Oh, did you find the box open ?"

"No, locked. But the key was in McGrahan's pocket and I thought I had better take a look."

"That means he killed himself very soon after he came back from Bondon's," said Morlew. "A man like him wouldn't have waited long before he went over his haul. Hallo——" he broke off suddenly.

"What's up ?"

"Nothing probably," was the answer. "I'll show you in a minute. Let's look in that box though."

The Sergeant brought out yet a third key, unlocked the box and threw back the lid. Morlew bent over the books.

"Yes, that's all right," he said. "Metamorphoses in fifteen volumes, with —as you say—plates." He had taken out one of the volumes and was turning over the leaves. He turned to the Sergeant. "McGrahan arrived with this lot on his shoulder—when ?"

"About a quarter to nine last night."

"How do you know ?"

"The housekeeper saw him come in."

"I see—and after that ?"

"Well, nothing. The old girl went back to her room—and some time soon afterwards McGrahan shot himself. The housekeeper heard nothing—she's quite deaf, you know—and nobody else heard

anything, which isn't surprising when you think how isolated this house is. The storm must have been making a lot of noise too."

"And this morning?"

"Quite simple again. The housekeeper took some tea to his room at half-past seven; found the room empty; tried the library door, which was locked, as it always was; went outside and found the windows latched and the curtains drawn across—then rushed into the lane and had hysterics till a couple of kids heard her and fetched young Simms, who was on duty by the Lobster Pot."

"Then Simms broke that window."

"Yes, and climbed in and found McGrahan lying on the floor with a nasty mess in his right temple, and the revolver six inches away from his right hand. Five bullets were still in the cylinder, and there was a box of them with six missing in that drawer there. The only other exhibit was a bottle of whisky, three parts empty, which was standing on the table. I've had them test it for finger-prints—just as a matter of routine. Only McGrahan's, of course."

"And finger-prints on the revolver?"

"Not very clear—but a fair impression of a thumb: also McGrahan's. Dr. Mellor says the wound is absolutely consistent with suicide and it's certain that no one broke in during the night—so there you are."

"Quite. But why?"

"Search me," replied the Sergeant. "But what do any of us know about McGrahan anyway—except that he must have been a bit cracked or he wouldn't have collected this stuff"—he waved his hand around the shelves. "And then there was the whisky—neat, and straight from the bottle; no glass or water. And it's utterly impossible it could have been anything else, unless you're going to suspect old Mrs. Shaw."

"Good Lord, no!" said Morlew. "As you say, it's a perfectly clear case — or so near clear as not to matter."

"Look here, Mr. Morlew," said Jones. "What really is worrying you?"

"Dust—and no dust."

"What on earth do you mean?"

For answer Morlew walked to a section of shelf some five feet long that was bare of books and ran his forefinger over the wooden surface.

"No dust," he said, holding the finger up for the Sergeant's inspection.

He then repeated the process on another strip of empty shelf two rows higher up. This time a faint smear of black appeared on the ball of the index.

"Dust," he said, as he showed it to Jones.

"Yes, I see that," said Jones. He peered round at the other shelves. "There seems to be a little dust on all of them—except that one: very little though; and I can't see that that means anything."

"It means simply that this shelf was dusted later than any of the others—and almost certainly last night. Nobody else was in here at that time, so McGrahan must have done the dusting."

"Well, why not?" asked the Sergeant.

"I don't know; but it does make this suicide a little more curious than ever. Let's try to see the sequence of things. McGrahan arrives here with a hundredweight of books on his shoulder. He dusts one shelf and one only, drinks a lot of whisky and shoots himself. Now that's the wrong order."

"He couldn't have shot himself and then done the dusting," said the Sergeant, smiling at his own jest.

"Obviously. But the natural thing for a book maniac of that description to do would be to get the books out first, look them over, and then dust a shelf if he wanted to put the books on it. Still more probably, he wouldn't have done any dusting at all. It wasn't really necessary, as you point out."

"Why lug a hundredweight of books up a steep hill at all if you're going to kill yourself immediately afterwards?" asked the Sergeant.

"Again I don't know, unless it was the whisky, as you suggest. But we seem to be talking round in circles. All I can say is that if we weren't so dead certain it was a case of suicide that dusted shelf might be of vital importance."

"But, dash it all, Mr. Morlew," protested Jones, "we're been all over that before! It must be suicide because it simply can't be anything else."

"All right," said Morlew, "I'll go home and try to think out what made him do it"—and after an exchange of courtesies he left.

But he did not regain his house before making one further call.

This visit was to Doctor Mellor's house, and, after some desultory talk, he surprised that young Scotsman considerably by one question he put to him.

"Where is Winnie Bondon these days?" he asked.

"The Bondons' daughter?"

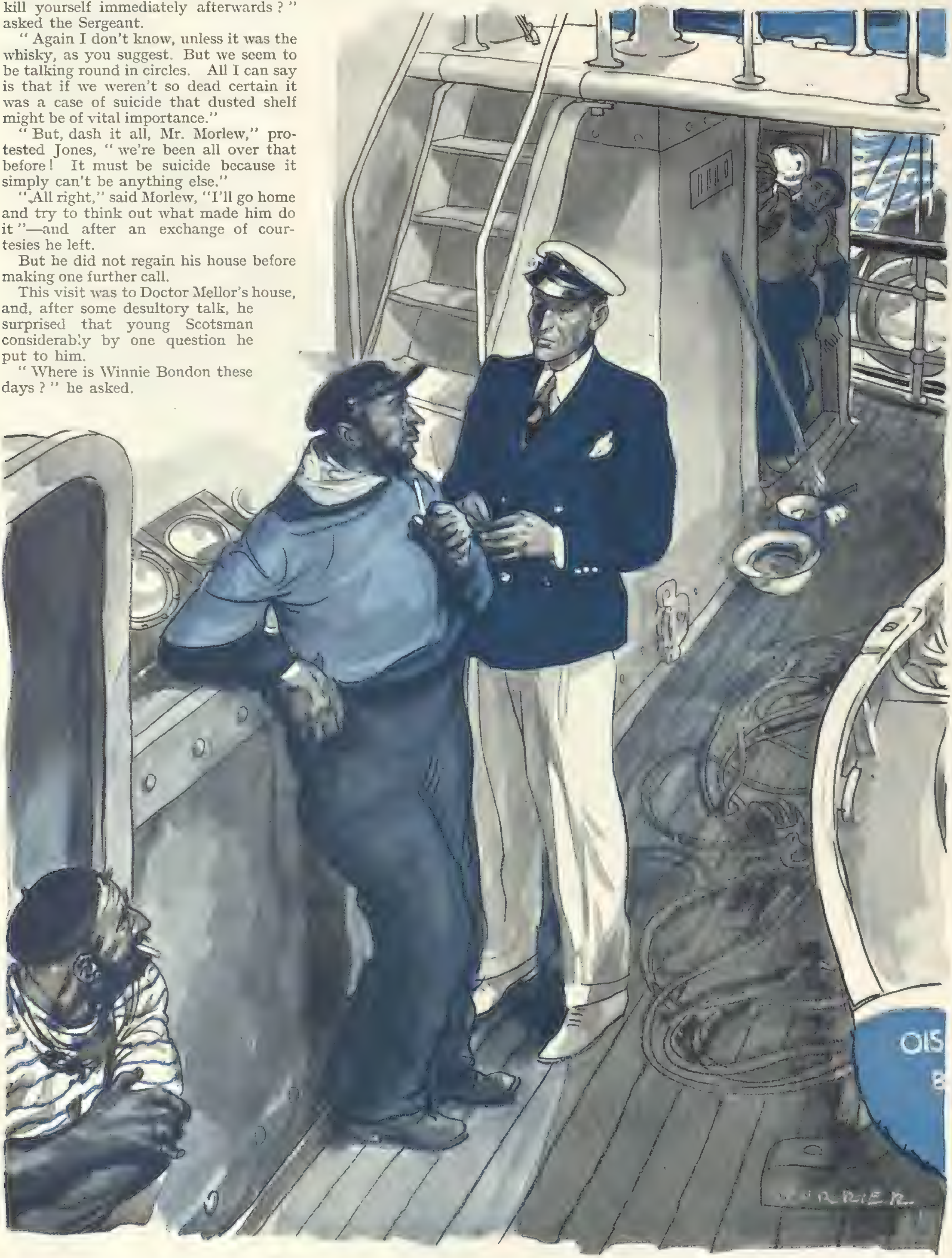
"Certainly."

The doctor hesitated.

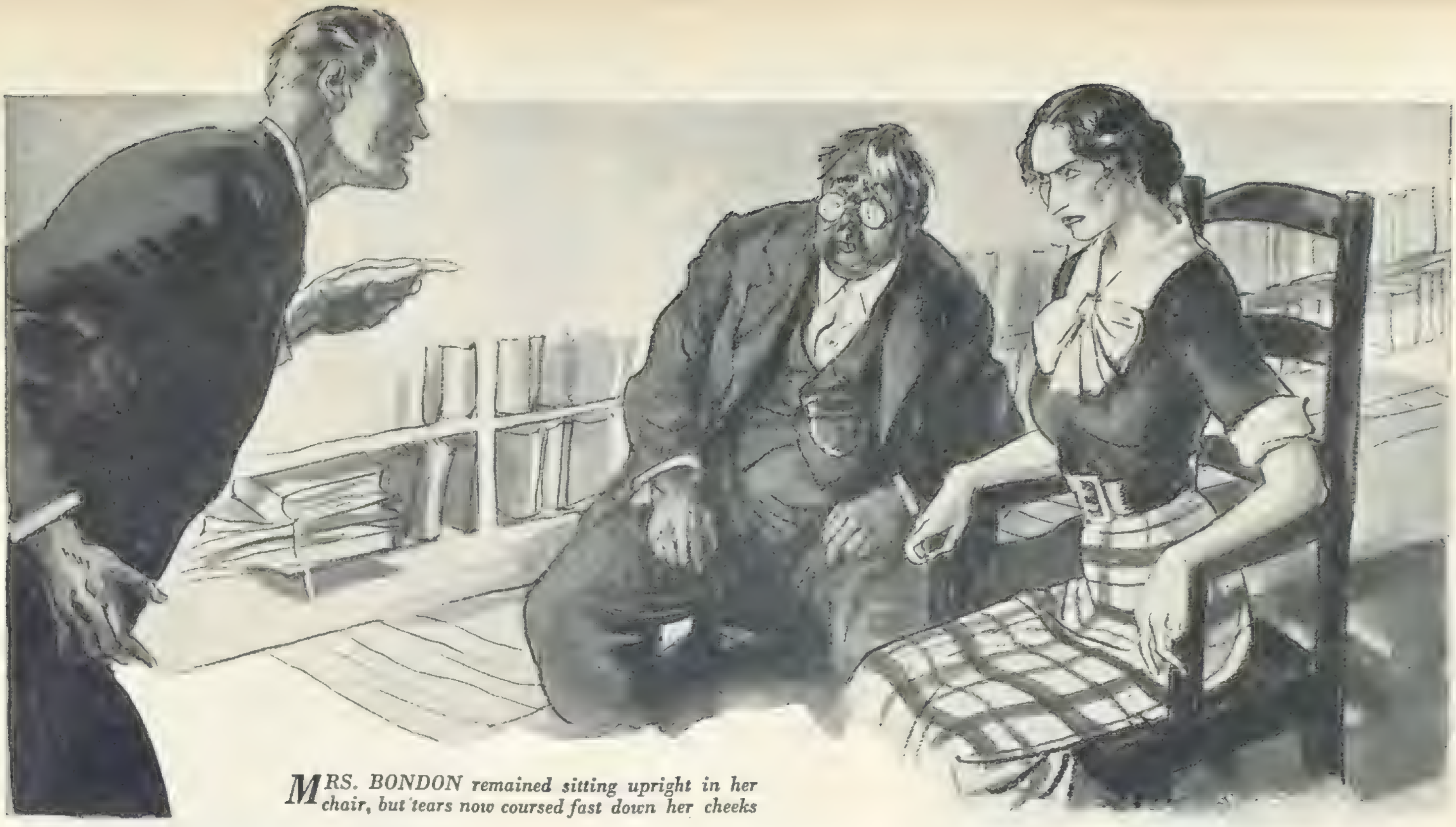
"She's staying with an aunt in Devonshire," he said eventually.

Morlew's dark face assumed a more saturnine expression than ever.

"I see. In other words, she's run into the sort of trouble that girls of eighteen or nineteen are apt to run into and is



THE conversation appeared to take a turn that caused the "Oiseau Bleu's" captain a good deal of surprise and even consternation



MRS. BONDON remained sitting upright in her chair, but tears now coursed fast down her cheeks

being kept well out of the way till it's all over."

"Look here, Morlew!" expostulated the doctor, "you can't expect me to betray the confidences of my patients."

"All right. Keep calm. You've told me all I wanted to know"—and Morlew left the room, leaving the Scotsman fuming and curiously uneasy.

AFTER a solitary dinner at home, Morlew lay back in an easy chair gazing reflectively at the smoke that coiled from his cigarette. For a full hour he remained almost motionless, then with a quick movement sat upright and reached a hand towards an electric bell.

"I'm probably as mad as a hatter," he reflected. "It's about as clear a case of suicide as one could want—and the only possible alternative is so fantastic and horrible that I simply can't get myself to believe in it. In any case before I start on a wild goose chase I ought to go back to that library and look for a few more things that the worthy Jones has overlooked—finger-prints on those damned books, for example. However, any excuse for a cruise," and he rang the bell.

It was answered by Lowell.

"Ask Mr. Kenworth to have the *Irna* ready for sea by eight o'clock to-morrow morning," ordered Morlew. "I'm going to Ostend—probably stay for a couple of days."

"Very good, sir."

"Oh, Lowell; I don't mind how many people know we're going to Ostend. If you or anyone else should happen to go into the Lobster Pot to-night——"

Lowell gave him a look of perfect understanding.

"Yes, sir. I've no doubt the news will spread rapidly," he said.

AT half-past nine on the following morning, the *Irna* being true on her course for Ostend, with the English coast ten miles astern and the Plash light 300 yards away on the port beam, Morlew looked up from a chart in the miniature deck-house and gave an order to the man standing by him at the wheel.

"Steer Sou' and by East and a half Sou'."

Morlew's men never showed surprise, whatever they might be feeling.

"Sou' and by Eas' and a half Sou'," said the helmsman, and brought the *Irna's* head round through eighty-five degrees.

And thus it was that the yacht was berthed at half-past four that afternoon in the Bassin Loubet, Boulogne.

After attending to the harbour formalities—which were even more perfunctory than usual in his case, as the *Irna* was a frequent visitor to the French port—Morlew secured a messenger to take a note for him to the Hôtel de la Cathédrale, which is within the ramparts of the Old Town high above the modern city.

The messenger returned in three-quarters of an hour, bringing a reply, and Morlew read that Monsieur Alphonse Legros would be delighted to see his English friend again and happy to dine with him at 7.0. But the dinner must be at his hotel, Monsieur Legros insisted, for nowhere else in Northern France could such cooking be found.

Morlew was punctual at the rendezvous and was soon sitting in a low raftered room which looked out on a quiet courtyard. Across the table from him was one of the most remarkable men in the police annals of France.

Alphonse Legros was born and bred in Boulogne and his fame lay chiefly in his remarkable knowledge of the world of international crime. Political fanatics, jewel thieves, crooked financiers, forgers—anyone who operated fraudulently on a European scale and had ever passed through his native town or seemed in the least likely ever to do so, had been for thirty years his constant and absorbing study. Now retired from active work, he lived at the hotel in the old Haute Ville, surrounded with records of his past and still consulted by the active authorities from time to time. He was, moreover, as Morlew knew, a passionate lover of Boulogne and the neighbouring district, and it was as a student not only of crime but of everything pertaining to the Boulonnais that the Englishman had come to consult him.

Legros beamed amicably at him as they ate and drank. Ten years before, the then Premier of France had come within an ace of assassination at Dover, and it is probable that the thin, dark, quiet Englishman and the rubicund Frenchman with the completely bald head and the vast white spade beard that fell to his chest were the only two men alive who knew just why and how the assassin's plans had come to nought.

"My business is but trifling, this time," said Morlew, when the *poussins* of the Hôtel de la Cathédrale had been duly enjoyed and the less important parts of the dinner were under discussion. "I have come to you as the most likely man to tell me of a certain Madame Bondon, a native of the Boulonnais who married some twenty years ago an English bookseller called Paul Bondon and now lives in my own town of Packford."

Legros wagged a reproving forefinger. "My dear Morlew," he said, "a married woman too."

Morlew smiled. "Not in the least. As a matter of fact, I think it just possible that the woman in question has committed a murder."

"A murderess from the Boulonnais; but this is serious!" Legros exclaimed. "Are you sure she is of this district?"

"Not perfectly, but very nearly," was the reply. "It is true that she has never told me so; and indeed her husband once informed me that she was a Parisienne. But there is something quite unmistakable about the real Boulogne accent—a quite distinctive burr that one can hardly miss. Don't you agree?"

"Evidently, we of the French police can recognise the accent of the Boulonnais," answered Legros. "But I have never met another Englishman sufficiently acquainted with the thousand-and-one dialects of France to do so—but then I have never met an Englishman who spoke French so perfectly as you. But about this Madame Bondon; you know more of her, I imagine."

"Not much I fear—but one vital thing, or I would not (*Continued on page 108*)

All *you* have *to* Do—

Is to read this informative article and Spring Cleaning difficulties vanish. Well, nearly . . .

NEXT time some man makes a denunciation of Spring Cleaning to you, just smile and tell him he hasn't provided his wife with the proper necessities of housekeeping, otherwise there'd be no spring cleaning. He can't come back at you, because it's true.

Of course, when carpets had to come up and the easy-chairs had to be moved into the garden; when there were nine hundred and ninety-nine ornaments to wash and the lace curtains to come down all over the house—well, perhaps there was something to complain of.

But vacuum cleaners and contemporary miracles have put an end to all that. Carpets are so innocent of dirt nowadays that only the people who really *like* spring cleaning bother to take them up, and curtains and upholstery need very little done to them in spring time if the vacuum cleaner has been busy all the year.

If you have a modern home and run it on modern lines, you can start

New brooms. And they really do sweep clean. The thin one is made of hair and fibre and has a head which turns itself to go behind furniture. Price 6s. 8d. The short mop is for dusting furniture. It has been chemically treated to gather up dust. 4s. 11d. The other mop is reversible and has a polishing attachment. Price 7s. 10d.

Not an old-fashioned knife cleaner, but a very new-fashioned window cleaner. It cleans, dries, and polishes all at once. It is 12s. 6d., but you won't need the window cleaner any more

Rugs look brighter if rubbed over with a solution of one part vinegar to three parts boiling water. Ink stains will often yield to rubbing with a slice of cut lemon

Gilt frames get tarnished sometimes, but you can restore their splendour by putting sufficient flowers of sulphur into a pint of boiling water—to turn it golden in colour. Add four bruised onions and strain. If you've survived all this let the solution cool and apply it to the frames with a brush

By Winifred Lewis

the spring cleaning after your husband's departure (all unsuspecting) in the morning and you can have removed all the traces of your crime before he gets home in the evening.

Moreover, the hardest task of the day will be to restrain yourself when he says :

" Well, if you say you've done the spring cleaning, you *have*, but I can't see any difference."

Well, even if the drudgery is gone from spring cleaning, there are still a few matters which require attention about this time. It's a splendid idea to make an inventory of cleaning appliances for a start and to replace worn and out-of-date ones with something new. It is by constantly keeping up to date that housework constantly grows less.

BEGIN with brooms. Worn-out and soiled brooms spread more dirt than they clean up. Be absolutely ruthless about them when they begin to moult. Throw them away. They're no use any more. Then start on your saucepans and utensils.

After this, do some renovating. Shabby books may inspire a world of affection in you, but they have a dingy appearance on your bookshelves. Try restoring them. It's quite easy.

AT Spring Cleaning time, when replacements have to be made in the home, it may be helpful to have expert advice on selecting new things and renovating old. Send your problems to the Editor, Woman's Department, Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope

Then there are rattling windows to be stopped and draughty doors to be attended to. A wide space between the bottom of the door and the floor often occurs when the wood shrinks. These are responsible for sneaking draughts which bring colds and discomfort.

You can buy a fitment to screw along the bottom of the door which has a rubber screen that will entirely eliminate the trouble.

Take an oil-can to all the door locks and anoint them carefully. They will latch more quietly and more securely for this small attention. Castors need the same sort of treatment too.

Grubby parchment lampshades respond to gum rubber, which you can buy at any artists' dealers. Rub them gently with it and they'll be quite fresh again.

Renew your light bulbs if they have been in use for a long time. It's an economy to do this, because worn bulbs use more current. In any case they'll only blow at the least convenient moment and you'll wish you'd replaced them before.

If you have the right kind of husband, get him to give some attention to the clocks. Then, if he's still amenable, there's the sewing machine to be oiled and the gramophone to be carefully cleaned and greased. But be cautious about this. I have known husbands who could find enough machinery after cleaning one clock to make another one.

SPRING cleaning cupboards is listed among the more dismal tasks, but you can make it interesting if you like.

You know how dishevelled cupboards reproach you—even when the door is closed. Well, imagine your cupboards deliciously tidy and decorative as well.

A coat of coloured distemper for a lining with shelves painted in a contrasting tone works wonders with the dingiest cupboard. Don't use the cheap kind of distemper that rubs off, especially if it is a clothes cupboard you are dealing with. Moreover, if the plaster is apt to crumble buy a roll of plain white lining paper, paste it on and distemper over that. You don't need to be an expert for that.

Dainty and attractive frilling is made for shelves, and you can make a bedroom cupboard into a beauty spot with a few judicious trimmings. A silver paper lining is a luxurious background for frocks and can be carried out by an amateur at a very small cost.

Work out some colour schemes for your cupboards this spring. You'll find they cheer up the cupboards and the contents as well.

Worn leather desk tops, books, upholstery and bags can be renovated with this cellulose flexible paint. When dry, you can't tell the difference from leather, and there are fourteen colours to choose from. Special colours can be made to order (in quantities of not less than a pint). A two-ounce bottle costs 1s. 3d.

However much affection you feel for shabby books, they don't look well on the shelves. Try renovating the bindings by glueing covers that have come adrift. A solution of two parts black ink to one of sweet oil will refresh black leather bindings

I'll tell You All I Know . . .

By Mary Young

Backless Evening Brassière. What do you want to read about first? Better looks, better housekeeping?

Just to be temperamental, I'll start on something quite different. Your evening figure and the trouble you have to get the right brassière.

You've a lovely back, and you want to show it—why not? But what about the bras., and the thought of straps that might show? Even if, at a pinch, you can go without one for looks, you probably feel you can't go without one for comfort.

And you specially want the young uplifted line under your evening dress, which, more than ever, tells the story of your figure to the world.

There were once evening brassières which said they were strapless. A tight piece hugged the breasts uncomfortably, destroying contour, and half an hour out slipped down to the waist, if you didn't hold it on by your eyebrows.

Now there exists a really truly backless brassière, cunning and triumphant. All the front support is there; strong, narrow straps give shoulder support, and a clever device at the back pulls the strappings down below the waist, attaching to your belt. All straps are adjustable.

It is something you've been waiting for for ages, and wondering, "Why don't they make a perfect evening brassière?" They have. And the price begins at four and eleven.

Way to Beautiful Hands. I once knew a Chinese lady who had the most beautiful hands in the world. Of course, every Chinese lady has the most beautiful hands in the world. First of all, she knows how to use them. She doesn't do much fluttery, arabesquey hand talk in the air, because it doesn't go with her type.

She sat with pale hands resting quietly in her lap, one lightly on the other, in beauty. They were slow, immobile, remote, with a life and personality of their own.

Chinese ladies also know how to care for their hands, which receive more fastidious personal attention than their faces.

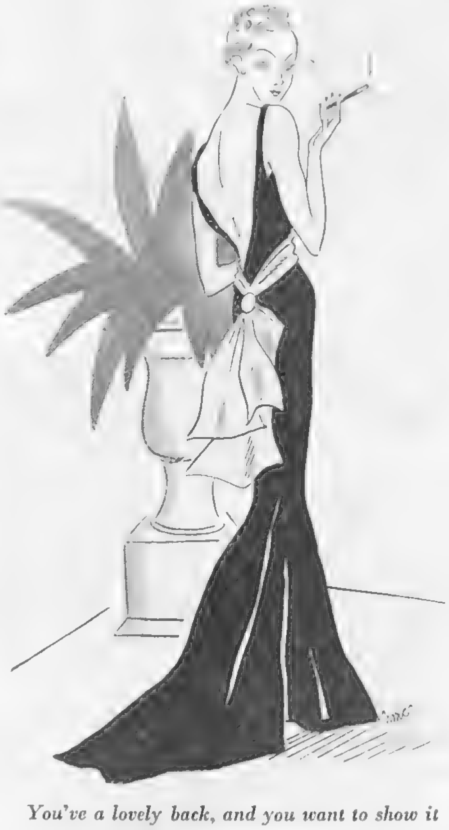
We are learning this too. Women's hands are beginning to look like something nowadays. It is not only manicures. They are very important, but the hand culture movement is spreading.

There is a manicure salon in London run by an imaginative woman who has looked after the hands of the smartest and most distinguished women in London and New York. Her salon treatment is famous, her preparations for home manicure unrivalled.

Her operators don't make a move without thinking of the ultimate good of the nails and skin.

None of your harsh scraping out of the nails to clean them (this widens the white nail tips and gradually shortens the look of the nails). No furious filing at the sides (this upsets the sensitive skin, causing it to grow ragged and break). No cuticle cutting, unless you insist.

Instead, a continuous soft, coaxing away of dead untidy pieces with their cuticle soap, which softens and cleanses at once. They use oily polish remover, to keep from hurting nail or cuticle.



You've a lovely back, and you want to show it

The polishes, dozens and dozens of them, include every colour you could possibly want, and a lot you couldn't, like black, sapphire green.

The manicure is only the start. Then a to-do-ment begins with the hands. A massage with lotions, softeners, whiteners, creams that leave your hands free, beautiful and supple, like birds. There is a really magical hand whitener to which the reddest hands respond. They rub it in, hold the hand down, so that the blood rushes down, to test it. Hold it up. Still white.

Drums—not of War. My scouts tell me that feminine America has a rave on some new drumstick powders and lipsticks.

They are miniature drums of varying sizes and heights, coloured a bright scarlet, with blue rims, and properly festooned with real white cord. Nice enough outside, inside even better.

The smallest drum holds a face powder, fine and velvety, papa drum, a grand bath powder, the tall drum a perfect talcum, all delicately perfumed.

I haven't tried them yet, but if they are anything like the drumstick lipstick they sent me, they'll be as good as any I've met.

The lipstick does just what you want it to. Goes on smoothly, looks bright, stays on, comes off with grease or water. Indelible lipsticks sound good, but when they're so indelible they won't move, we turn to the next one.

This lipstick's stable companion is a pocket powder case with a special slide container which releases just as much powder as you want without spilling a speck. Now on sale in England.

Here is a Find. Tell me. Powdering your face casually after a meal, between the acts, or any time a couple of hours after your original make up, do you see little greasy holey places at the sides of your nose? And if you powder over it, doesn't your nose look more like a pudding than a nose? I know both your answers. Yes and Yes.

Well, the reason is not that your skin's greasy, because it happens also to dry skins. It means that you are probably using a vanishing cream with glycerine in it. After a while, the glycerine gets bored with staying down at the bottom, rises to the top, and causes that greasy, holey look.

There's a glycerine-less protective day cream which stops all this. You can powder over it, all day long if necessary, and the nose and surrounds stay matt, look tidy.

Rejuvenating Cream. On a day when you are feeling extra tired, looking older, sallow, perhaps, and worn, it is a comfort and a hope to meet with a little jar which bears the simple legend "Rejuvenating Cream." I enquired about it, and found it was number two

It is a comfort to meet with a little jar which bears the simple legend "Rejuvenating Cream"

in a series of medicated creams prepared under the direction of a medical scientist and made of the purest materials in the world.

You cleanse the face with the first, subtly perfumed and economical to use, made of natural substances and actually edible oils. But don't eat it—just apply it. Then work in a pinch of the No. 2. It goes a long way. Leave on as long as you can. And, of course, use it at night whenever possible.

Number three is a foundation specially prepared for use with the first two. Very absorbent, a perfect base for make up. I don't pretend it's cheap, although, as you use so little, you can't call it dear. But what a course of this treatment does to wrinkled and blemished skins is something you thought money could never buy.

Open Pores. Aha! I have your attention. All this talk about dry skins and aging skins, and what not, nothing at all to hit you in the eye.

Well, here I am on to your own very special face trouble, one which gets worse daily.

It needn't. You know what causes open pores? They get obstructed with stale creams and powders and, unless you do something quickly, get clogged. Soon blackheads appear, which isn't pleasant.

Don't think you can get rid of open pores by using your astringent wildly, indiscriminately.

There are a cream and a lotion which, used together, are the open pore's worst enemies. Massage with the cream carefully for fifteen minutes. First it feels smooth, then it gets gritty, which means that the stale obstructions in the pores are being forced out.

Then cleanse the face, and apply the lotion lightly. Wonders are worked.

Mice and Dirt Hate it. And now, being as tired of skins and faces as you are, let me write about a little beauty treatment for the home.

Here is something, new, good, long awaited.

When you sweep your carpet or floors, either with broom or machine, a lot stirs. And that lot is dust and germs, happy to be released, longing to come out and infect the atmosphere, the nice friendly little devils!

Think of it. It's upsetting. And then think why nobody thought before of combating it.

Here is the means. They call it a germicidal sweeping compound. It looks like pink sawdust and has a pleasant disinfectant smell.

You throw it on the carpets and floors, and then do your sweeping and machining. It disinfects, absorbs the dust, kills the germs, purifies the air. And mice, if they happen to be living near, can't bear it.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope. Mary Young

Throw a new germicidal compound on the carpets before sweeping. It kills germs and purifies the air

Quality Furniture Polish. Blue Bloom . . . It sounds rather pleasant. But it isn't. It's the fancy name the experts give to that damp mistiness which you sometimes see on the surface of your furniture. It is a dangerous film of condensation that puts years on to young furniture, and shortens the days of old furniture.

There is a cream, distinguished by that something you can only call quality, which gives a hard glass-like polish that will make your furniture look fresh and beautiful. No stickiness, no smears, it won't show finger marks. Blue Bloom hates it like poison.

It has a brother, which polishes the floor quicker than you ever had it done before. The reason is you don't have to smear a heavy coating over the floor, and then work hard massaging it in.

You use the merest trace. Quickly it spreads a beautiful surface of fine wax around without any of the stickiness to collect dust. Quality again.

Opportunity. For women who are going to give the house a present this Spring: Robinson and Cleaver, famed Irish linen makers, will, in future, have the complete range of their merchandise in stock always and on show in the Linen Hall at Regent Street, London, and at their Belfast and Liverpool houses.

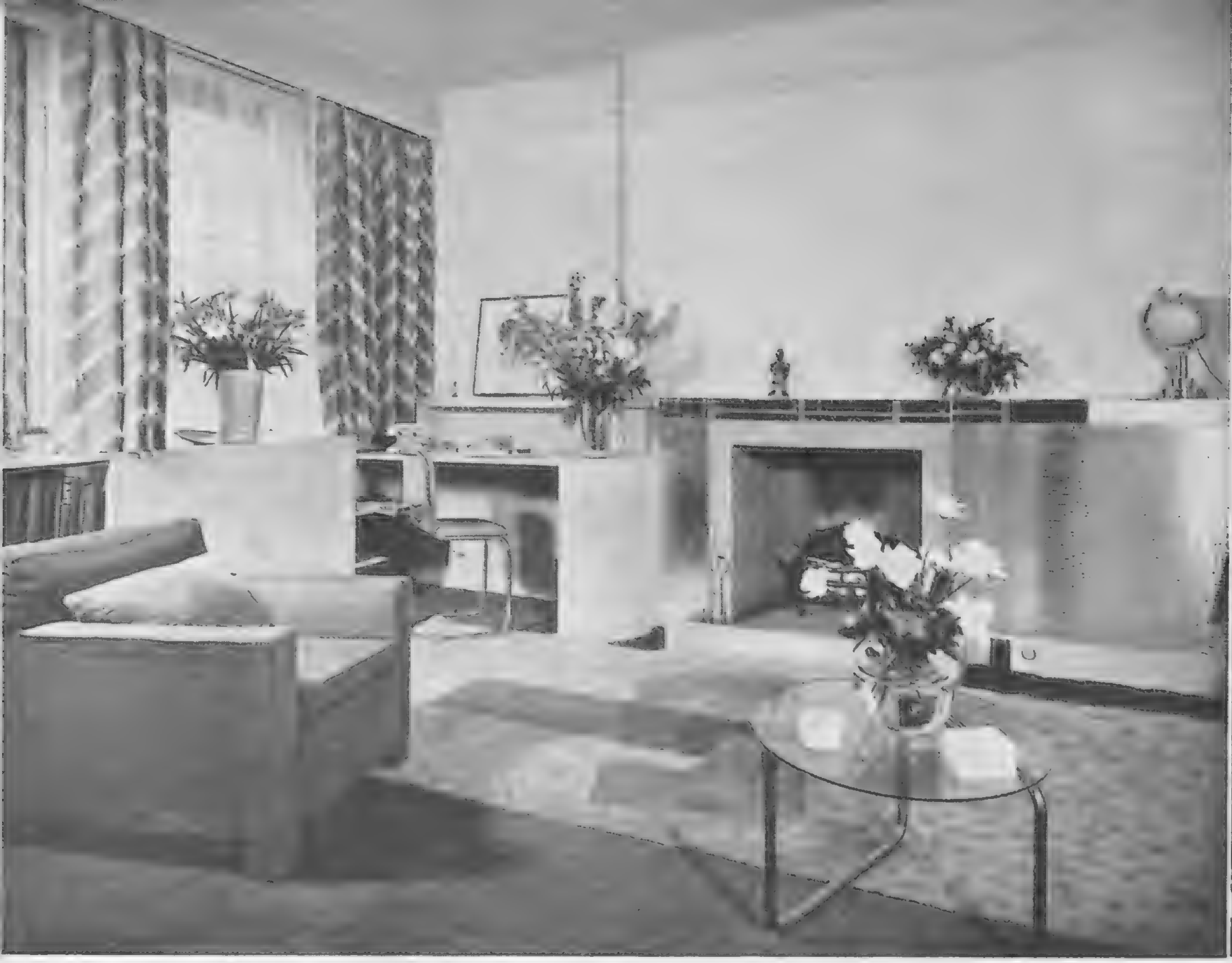
To inaugurate the scheme, they are offering £10,000 worth of the finest fancy embroidered linen and hand-made lace at thirty to fifty per cent. off.

I'll be seeing you there.

P.S.—Perhaps you saw a coupon on page 99, inviting you to send it up for samples of Pond's Face Powder.

And perhaps, like a lot of people, you don't care to mutilate your copy of this magazine, yet still want to send it. Write to them instead. They won't fuss if your address and so on comes on a postcard instead of a coupon. They are an understanding sort of people, as the quality and price of their products prove.

Here is the perfume for the woman who has tried many, and never yet found the one that says "I'm yours!" It is luscious, tantalising, a really clever blend of haunting fragrances into a perfect whole. The oxonised powder, fine, velvety, comes in nine shades



D

A delightful sitting-room which exemplifies the recent tendency for softer effects in decoration. The walls, ceiling and fitted furniture are a pale duck-egg blue. The curtains are blue fringed with cream. A cream rug has an over pattern of mushroom and a central design of blue. The open fireplace has a surround of reeded and plain mirror glass. Bird Iles, Ltd.

It has been certain for some while that something was happening to decoration. Geometrical forms were obviously not finding the favour that had been planned for them. The uncompromising severity of the past few years showed a determined tendency to soften, but it was difficult to see exactly where we were heading.

The Burlington House Exhibition of Art in Industry has given a good lead in this connection. The finest work of modern designers and craftsmen was exhibited under one roof. Moreover, they were selected for the purpose by a committee of persons who may almost be said to shape the public taste in these matters. The selections showed, unmistakably, that the austerity of recent convention has given way to rich textures, symmetrical shapes and a more unbending taste in colour combinations and contrasts.

The modern convention continues, which is to say that its best principles are sustained, while its earlier eccentricities are gone.

Plain backgrounds still find the most favour and seem likely to continue, though fabrics are softer in design and colouring. In combination with furniture of lighter colouring and more gracious design these effects are plainly pointing the way to a new spirit in interior decorating.

FABRICS shown at the Burlington House Exhibition were, in themselves, indicative of the new taste. There were many plain weaves in the new light colours and an even greater number of little fancy weaves which have shown themselves less susceptible to dirt. Striped designs were very popular, so also were raised and knotted textures. Many of the furnishing materials were woven so as to be usable on both sides and, in common with many dress fabrics shown, a great number of them were crease-resisting.

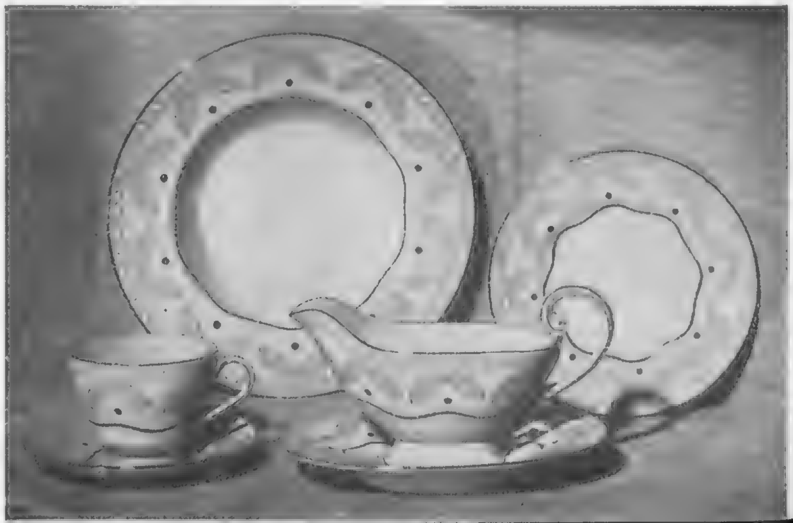
About seventy-five per cent. of the fabrics shown at the Exhibition were made by the manufacturers of the now famous Rosebank Fabrics. These were chosen by an impartial selection committee for excellence of design and manufacture as much as for practical qualities. Reversible cretonnes in small designs and fadeless colours, specially intended for casement windows, hung next to the soft glazed chintzes for which these manufacturers have become so famous.

IN furniture, light-coloured woods have largely superseded the more conventional oak and mahogany. This was specially noticeable at the Exhibition. Light Canadian maple is used in one of the specimen rooms and sycamore with bands of Indian padouk in another.

These light woods, inlaid with dark or painted at the base of the legs, have the effect of being an integral part of the colour scheme against which they are projected. There is a good deal to be said for them on this account.

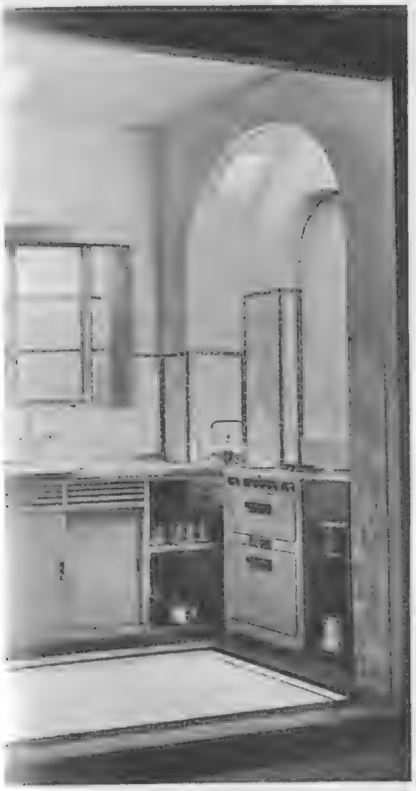
In the case of the second room referred to, which is a sitting-room, the rich cream colour of the sycamore furniture is well blended with the light beige of the rugs. Curtains and pelmet in diagonal stripe woven fabric tone with the beige floor covering and, again, with the furniture. Blue and pink are introduced in the design of the rug, a mirror in blue and pink and lampshades of pale bronze.

Silver, china and even utensils are sharing the attentions of the modern designer and craftsman. Here is a dinner service shown at the Burlington House Exhibition. It is of stone colour with a leaf and cross design of green and silver. Designed by T. Hassall



ECORATION · 1935

A Review of the Latest Tendencies in Design and Colour for the Home



Showing how happily the most modern standards of efficiency can be married to an appearance of charm and distinction. The walls of this kitchen are half tiled with white dull-surfaced glazed tiles patterned in red, grey and silver. The curtains are of red oil silk and the rubber flooring is grey outlined with black. There is a Monel Metal sink and the Parkinson gas stove is set in a tiled and ventilated recess

CURTAIN treatments show a decided relapse into the past. Though the curtains themselves hang straight, pelmets dip and hang in graceful gathers which give a pleasant softness to the effect without risking fustiness or fussiness.

Floor coverings are plain. That is to say, plain carpet of some neutral tone is used as a background for rugs in contrasting tones and with graceful sweeping designs.

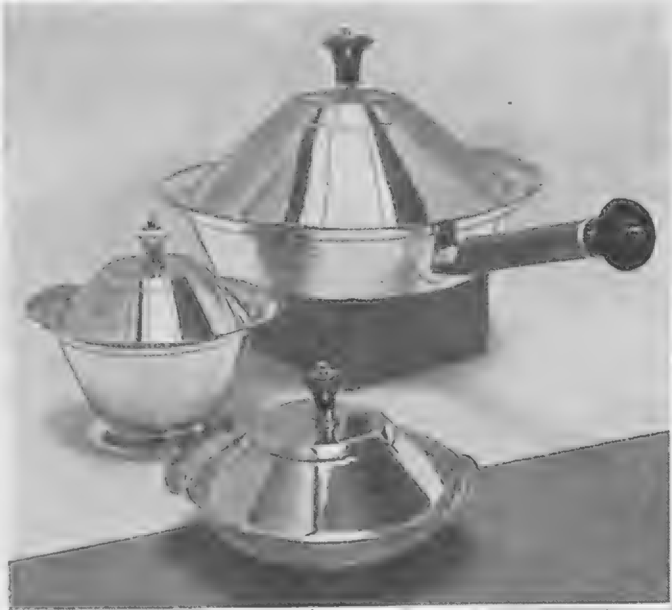
The sitting-room with the built-in fittings photographed on the opposite page typifies the new tendency for soft effects while retaining the principles of restraint.

The walls, ceilings and fitted furniture are a pale eggshell blue. The attractive curtains are in light blue fringed with cream, and the cream rug is over patterned with mushroom having a central design in shades of blue. The open fireplace is comfortably old-fashioned in conception, but completely modern in its surround of reeded and plain mirror glass.

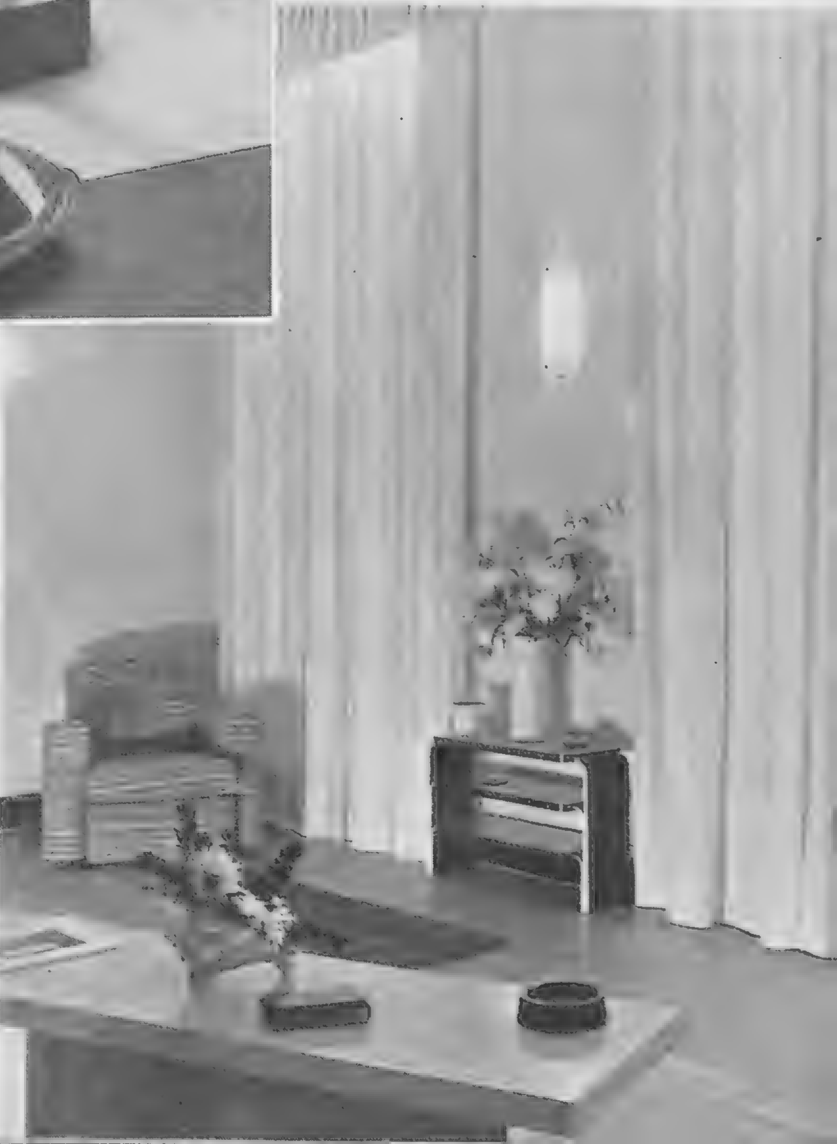
LIGHTING remains elusive and everywhere shows its preference for hiding itself under a bushel. As in the case of the sitting-room just described, lighting is almost invariably indirect. In this room panels let into the top of the fitted furniture conceal light which is diffused upwards into the flowers standing in vases over the spot. Thus the main source of lighting in the room is supplemented in a way which takes the best advantage of its decorative qualities.

CHINA and glass, silver and even aluminium utensils are all sharing in the attentions of the modern designer. China is plainer and less beflowered than formerly. Silverware, though not so geometrically severe, still steers firmly away from the ornate, and kitchen utensils are rapidly passing from the utilitarian to the decorative.

The illustration of electro-plate below shows how successfully the principles of design and craftsmanship are applying themselves to the mass-production article. This comparatively inexpensive tableware shows a definite advance in merit on the articles of proportionate cost to which we are accustomed.



This is an example of modern electro-plate table-ware shown at the Burlington House Exhibition. These comparatively inexpensive articles show an interesting advance in conception and finish on the things which are more commonly associated with a low price



Here a delicious modern colour scheme shows complete negation of austerity. The walls are white. Rugs of blue, green and cream are strewn upon the yellow oak floor and the upholstered furniture repeats the colouring of the rugs. The curtains are of plain white highly glazed chintz lined with yellow. Vases are yellow and the table of yellow Avodire. Bird Iles, Ltd.

Old Tales Re-told

Sir Robert the Condottiere

By J. S. Ross. Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

THERE roamed through Italy during the fifteenth century a company of adventurous soldiers known as Condottieri. They were the Foreign Legion of their day—as varied in nationality, as famous throughout the world.

From the shires of England and Scotland, from the departments of France, the states of Germany, from Bohemia, old soldiers and ambitious youths journeyed to add their lances to this strange company which, in making a true business of war, enjoyed constant activity and almost constant romance.

A relic of the high chivalry of the Crusades lingered about them, but their principal aim was commercial. Some few spoke of honour, but the greater part were inspired by pieces of gold, by red wine of Italy, by the dark eyes of her ladies.

Many are the tales told about these Condottieri. Machiavelli jests at their expense. Ammirato, the historian, defends them. Both agree on one point: that many of their battles—like those of the Chinese War Lords of to-day—were bloodless.

Once, in Naples, they fought simultaneously *for and against* the Pope. From sunrise till sunset they fought. The cries of their strife and agony resounded through the city. Yet, when hostilities ceased, not one man was killed, or hurt, or even discomfited. All, in fact, felt the exhilaration from the exercise—and the profit.

Again, at the battle of Zagonara, the sole casualty was Luddovicco delli Obizzi—who fell into the mud and was smothered.

Yet again, at Molinella, no one suffered hurt beyond bruises, but all enjoyed the kudos and the cash of so bloodless a campaign.

The Condottieri championed the cause of anyone who could pay for their service. They would defend Pisa in the morning and attack Pisa at night. The blinding rapidity of their volte-face made it a little difficult for anyone—save themselves—to know for whom they were fighting at any given moment. One day it was "Viva! Viva Firenza!" Another day, "A basso i Fiorentini!"

These conditions had not always prevailed. In their early days, under Sir John Hawkwood, who, when he fought, fought in earnest, honour was won in the chivalric manner, at the price of life. This knight blazoned on the banners of the corps a device gules: a picture painted in scarlet with sword for brush. He hewed and chopped and carved and lopped—a Berserk, demoniac warrior. And his regiment, like all regiments, were a true mirror of their leader.

Under this captain they became a force to be feared—and to be employed throughout the land.

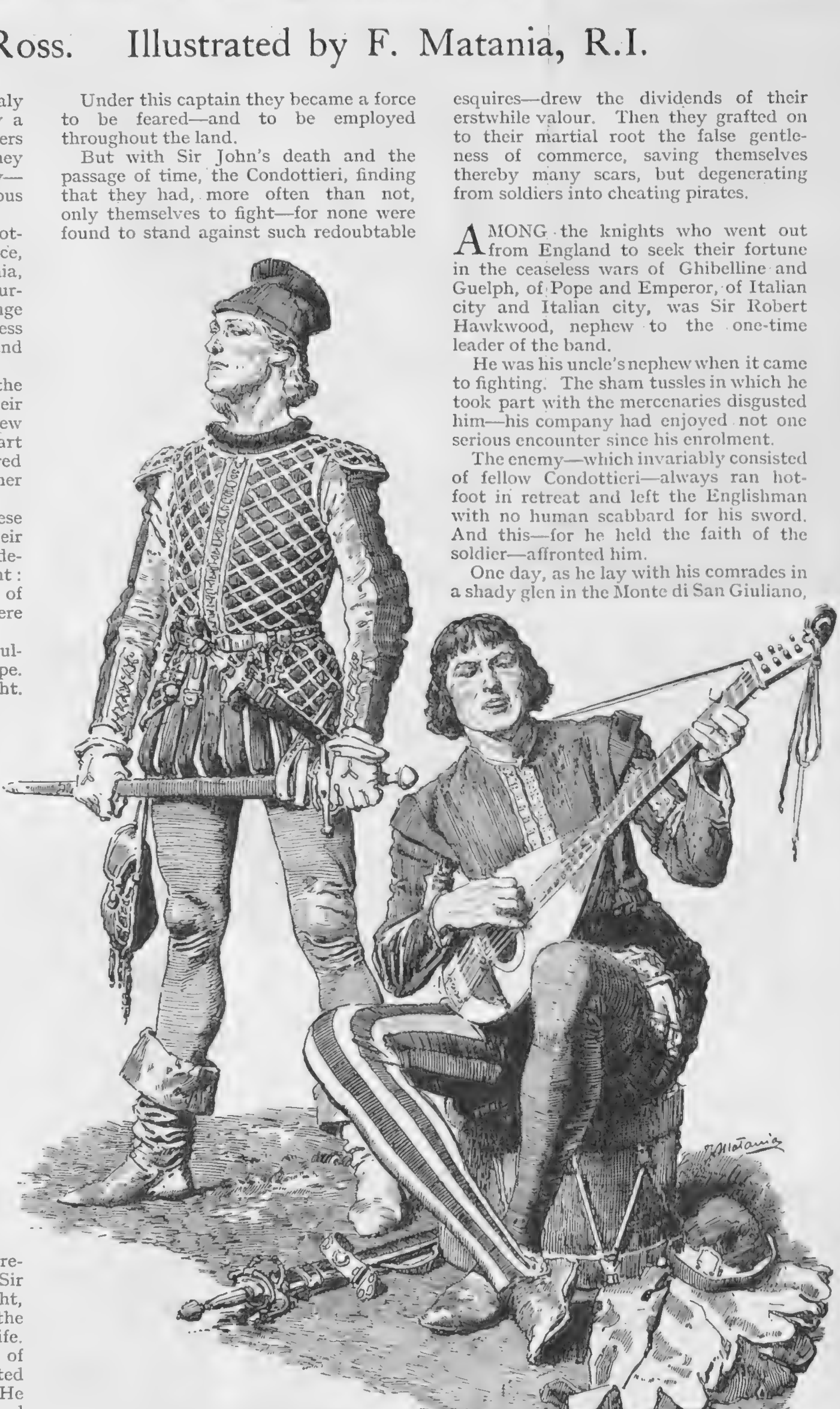
But with Sir John's death and the passage of time, the Condottieri, finding that they had, more often than not, only themselves to fight—for none were found to stand against such redoubtable esquires—drew the dividends of their erstwhile valour. Then they grafted on to their martial root the false gentleness of commerce, saving themselves thereby many scars, but degenerating from soldiers into cheating pirates.

AMONG the knights who went out from England to seek their fortune in the ceaseless wars of Ghibelline and Guelph, of Pope and Emperor, of Italian city and Italian city, was Sir Robert Hawkwood, nephew to the one-time leader of the band.

He was his uncle's nephew when it came to fighting. The sham tussles in which he took part with the mercenaries disgusted him—his company had enjoyed not one serious encounter since his enrolment.

The enemy—which invariably consisted of fellow Condottieri—always ran hotfoot in retreat and left the Englishman with no human scabbard for his sword. And this—for he held the faith of the soldier—affronted him.

One day, as he lay with his comrades in a shady glen in the Monte di San Giuliano,



FROM the vale came the sound of the Gascon's voice singing a gay song writ for the cosmopolitan Condottieri in four languages . . . .

he voiced his discontent. He complained that, when the spur of knighthood was stuck to his heel, he thought never to become merchant or mountebank. He had not been asked—or paid—to hazard his life; he had been invited to draw his dole by making a show of war and crying for mortal wounds he never received. This, to him, assoiled his honour.

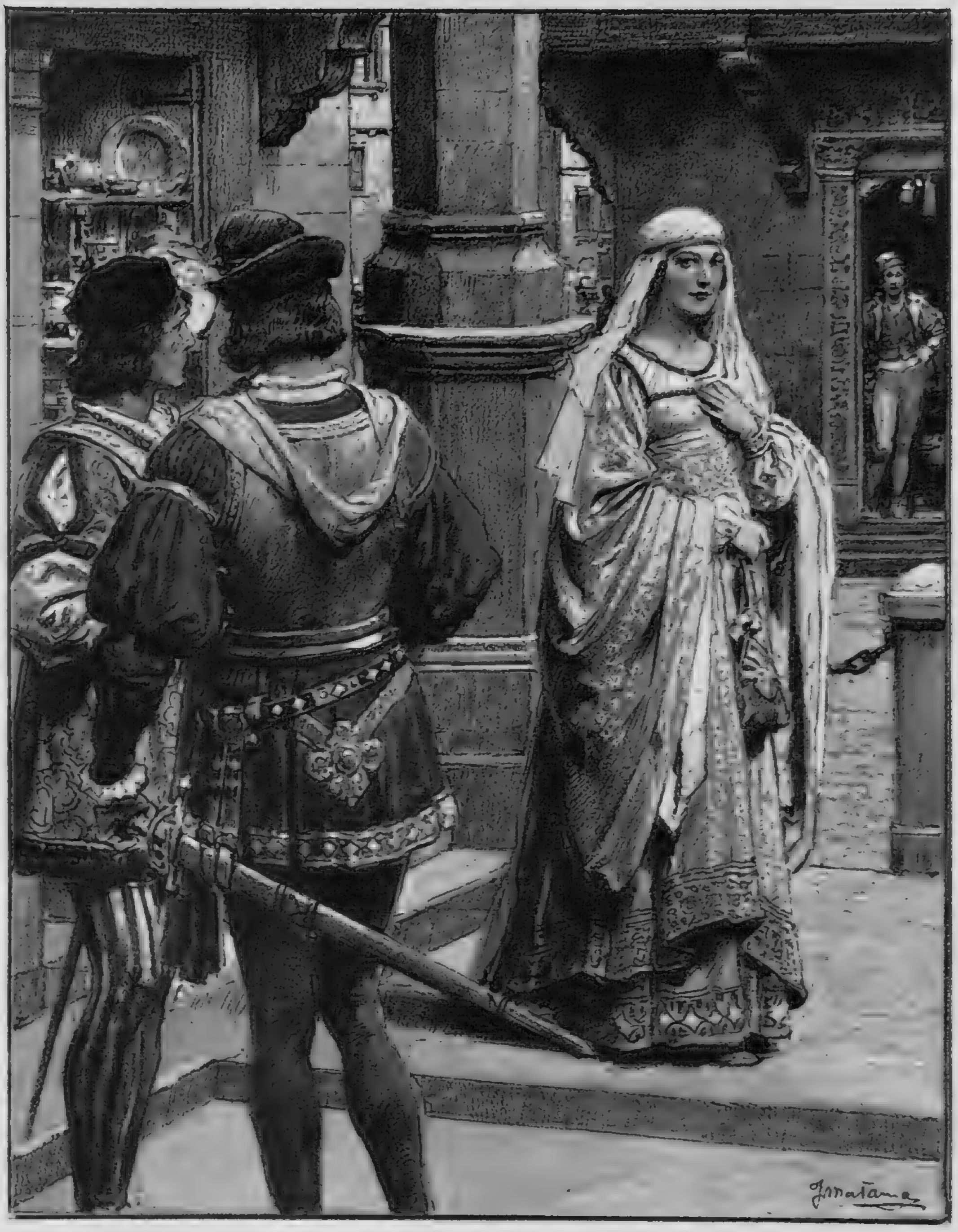
But the others, blunted by use, high living, low doing, laughed him to scorn.

These soldiers, by pragmatic sanction, found their spokesman in one l'Allegre, a Gascon: rightly named the Merry—or Light.

It seemed incredible to his mind, sunk in the content of sloth, that anyone should dream of complaining about conditions as ideal as those they now enjoyed. They had money, food, wine, women, the use of—though not the right to—uniform. And they were spared the risks inherent in a soldier's life.

And here, forsooth, was a youth who *complained* because no one had struck—nor even aimed—a blow at his beautiful head.

There followed a discussion between these two which can be heard to-day: the age-old quarrel between pacifist, contented with the sloth, not the productivity of peace; and the militarist of the old school, who holds to the soldier's honour lest, losing that, he lose all honour. Ideals were ranged against practical politics; humanity against chivalry; religion against blood-lust; it ended finally with an obscure reference to free will and predestination. In fact, as all such arguments must, it touched the fundamentals of humanity; and these two, rough soldier and crude hedonist, boxed the compass of metaphysics for all the world like two (illiterate) philosophers in the schools of Oxford or the University of Paris.



TURNING his head, Sir Robert saw the fairest vision of his life—a woman whose veil had fallen apart . . .

When the dissonance had wandered far from the original point—or, perchance, for such is the habit of soldiers, when he found himself beaten in the dialectic—Sir Robert rose. He announced haughtily that, far from being convinced, he had decided to detach himself from the main body of Condottieri and strike out for himself.

He would make for Florence, where they thought so highly of his uncle as to erect over his grave an equestrian statue—was he not *eques*, a knight?—which stands there to this day.

In Florence, rioting in its Medician wealth, they would surely engage his ready lance and give him the chance of adding glory to the name, as an augmentation to the achievement of Hawkwood.

Sir Robert made his views known to his commanders. They agreed to his release, stipulating only that, if ever they should meet on a field of battle, he should spare his former comrades. With considerable reluctance he gave his hand on this point.

But honour had not yet vanished from the rank and file. Give them a leader, and they would follow. A band of the more mettlesome of the young men split off to follow the banner of the English knight. Even l'Allegre, who, despite his facile Gascon praise of profitable peace—yet retained his Gascon fire—bridled his palfry to go.

When Sir Robert—a sentimentalist, like all English soldiers—held out his hand with a deceivingly gruff "Farewell, Provencal," the Gascon shook his head.

"Nay, thou stubborn Knight, methinks this place grows something dull. I too am weary of it . . ."

The Englishman did not protest. Though the Frenchman, like all foreigners, talked a lot and was too clever by half, yet he was a friend—a brother in arms.

At sundown, Sir Robert, at the head of his own company, struck camp. He moved at a leisurely pace down the slopes of the valley of the Arno. They passed out of sight. From the vale came the sound of the Gascon's voice, singing a gay song writ, for the cosmopolitan Condottieri, in four languages—strongly, dwindling, until it was still.

The veterans regretted the departure of l'Allegre. He was a goodly songster.

FLORENCE, the capital of Tuscany, numbered among her citizens the wealthiest bankers in the world. They numbered among their debtors even a King of England—who repudiated the debt. The powerful guilds—the Trade Unions of their day which maintained not only wages but the standards of work—controlled prices in many far-flung markets.

The passage round the Cape of Good Hope lay yet in the womb of Time, so that the city was a clearing-house for merchandise from the East, which, since the eleventh century, had poured increasing wealth into her lap.

Art and literature flourished. Science was applied to building. Palace after palace rose in that era, to remain as a pride of Italy to-day. Well-constructed pavements made walking a pleasure. The streets avenued with trees and plants—is not Florence the "City of Flowers"?

Printing had just been introduced from Germany. The classics were pouring from the presses. Greek scholars, dreading the sway of all-conquering Islam, fled westward from Constantinople. Silk was common wear. Unlike the modern centres of wealth, Florence decked herself in beauty . . .

It was the Renaissance.

Into this city rode Sir Robert and l'Allegre side by side. The latter still sang his song in four languages—but by now the burden of the song had become a burden to its hearers.

Florence was the Paris of her day. Her women were fair, famous, easy with their favours. Wandering through the streets, these knights came across many amorous adventures.

The Englishman was an awkward lover—complained that the Frenchman blew hither and thither like the wind after a skirt. . . . Yes, it was the fifteenth century.

A few weeks later, Sir Robert was appointed, by the Florentine Republic, Captain of a Company of mercenaries. He became firmly established in the favour of his employers. The city—for the time—was at peace with her neighbours. Sir Robert and l'Allegre profited from the enforced idleness. They spent their days marvelling at the soaring churches; then turned their attention to more temporal matters.

ONE day, when walking through a principal street in Florence, they stopped before a jeweller's window. Sir Robert, who was intent upon the gems displayed, suddenly felt a strong thrust at his side.

"By the saints in heaven, Robert," whispered l'Allegre, "look at the virgin at thy side."

Turning his head, Sir Robert saw the fairest vision of his life—a woman whose veil had fallen apart to show a face so pure that Lippo Lippi had made it less angelic than it was.

Her skin was Saxon-fair. Her eyes were dark. She brought to mind those exquisite flowers that bloom but an hour before they die: adding to their beauty the lustre of transcience.

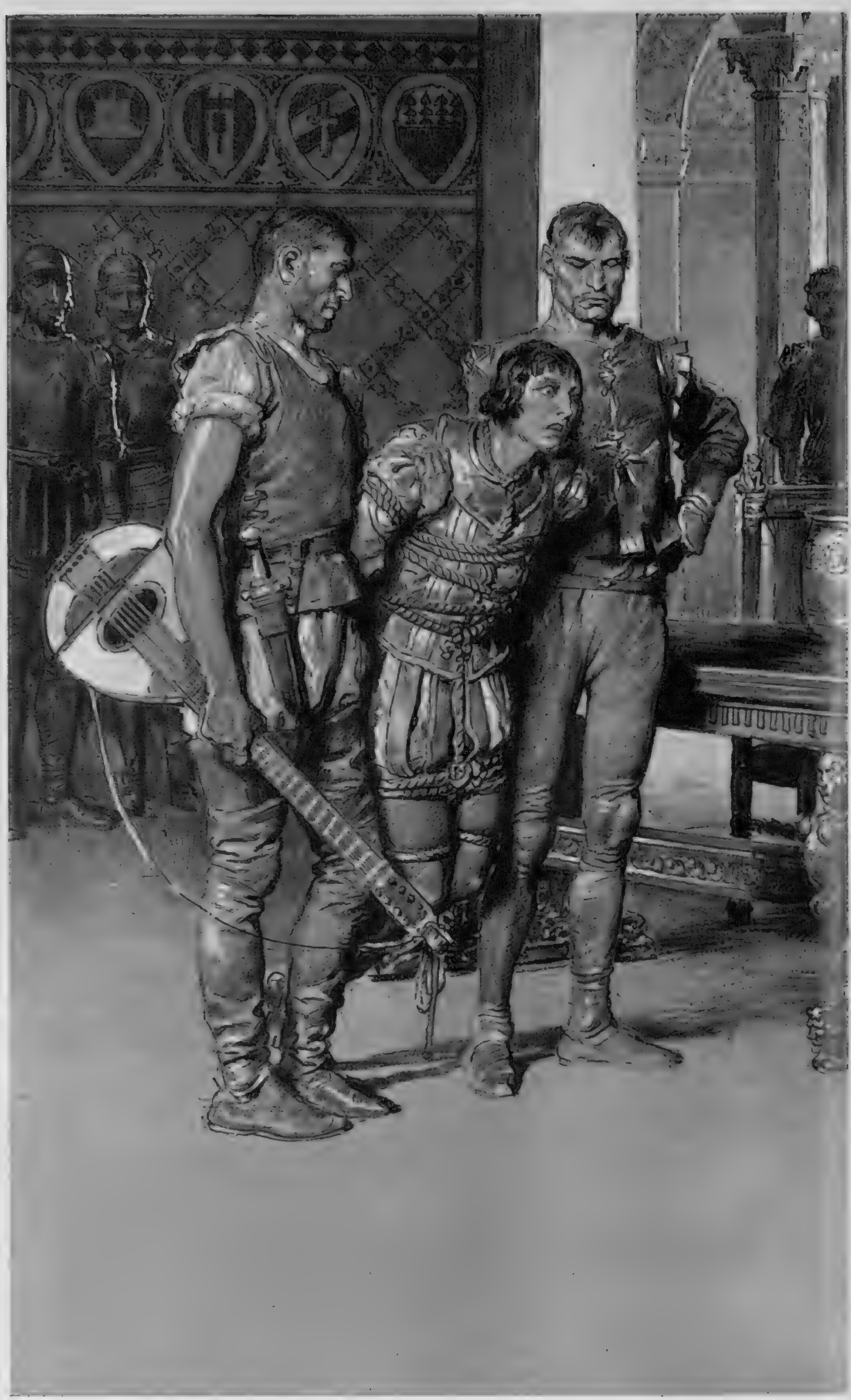
As if in prayer, Sir Robert muttered:

"Who but a god could hope to possess so rare a vision?"

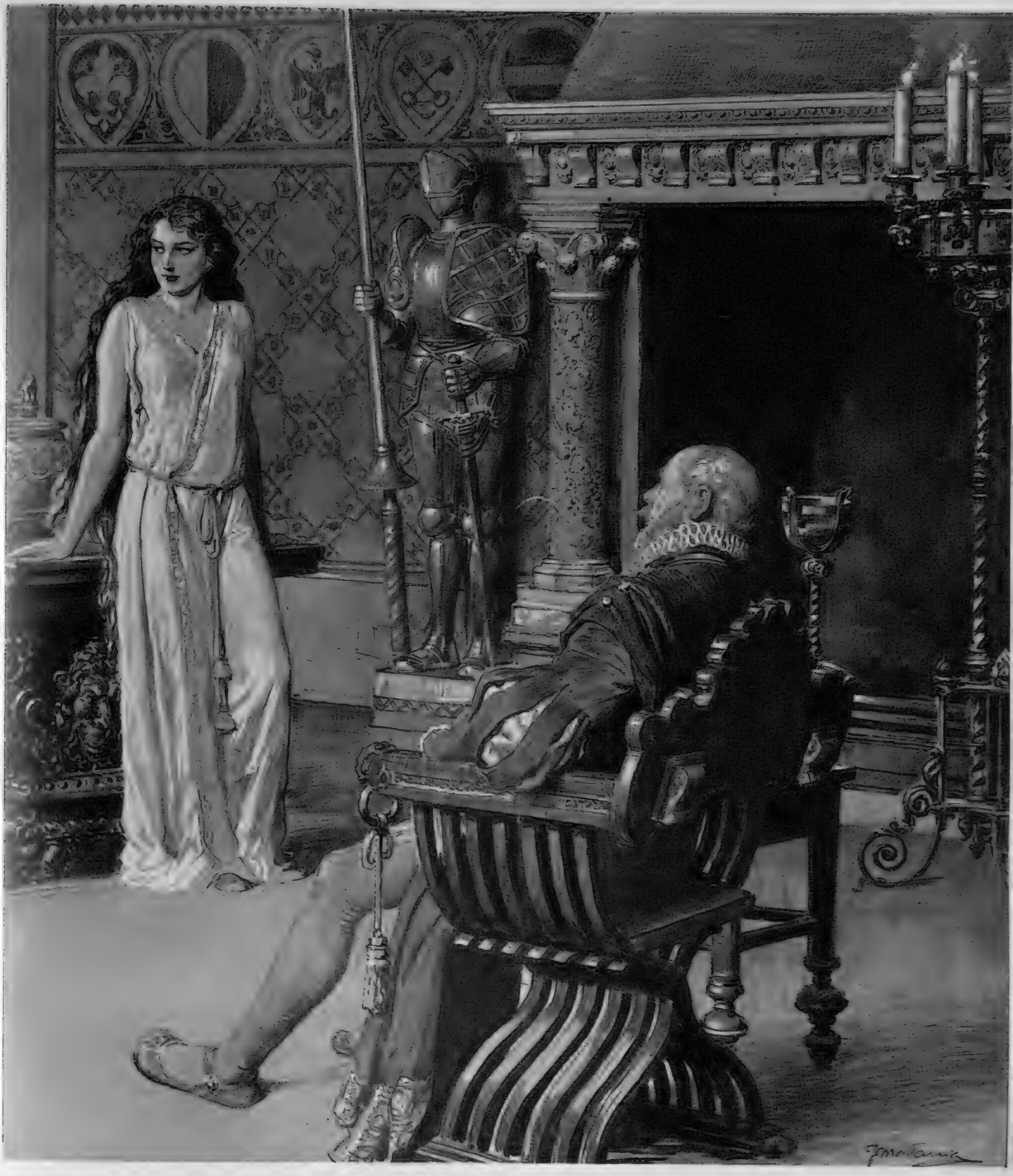
But the girl looked up with a smile that dimmed the brilliance of the jeweller's craft.

L'Allegre made to doff his cap when she turned and walked away. Sir Robert looked at l'Allegre. L'Allegre looked at Sir Robert. Then, with a bound, they followed.

The girl quickened her pace, as if conscious that she was being pursued. Presently she entered a tall building and disappeared from view.



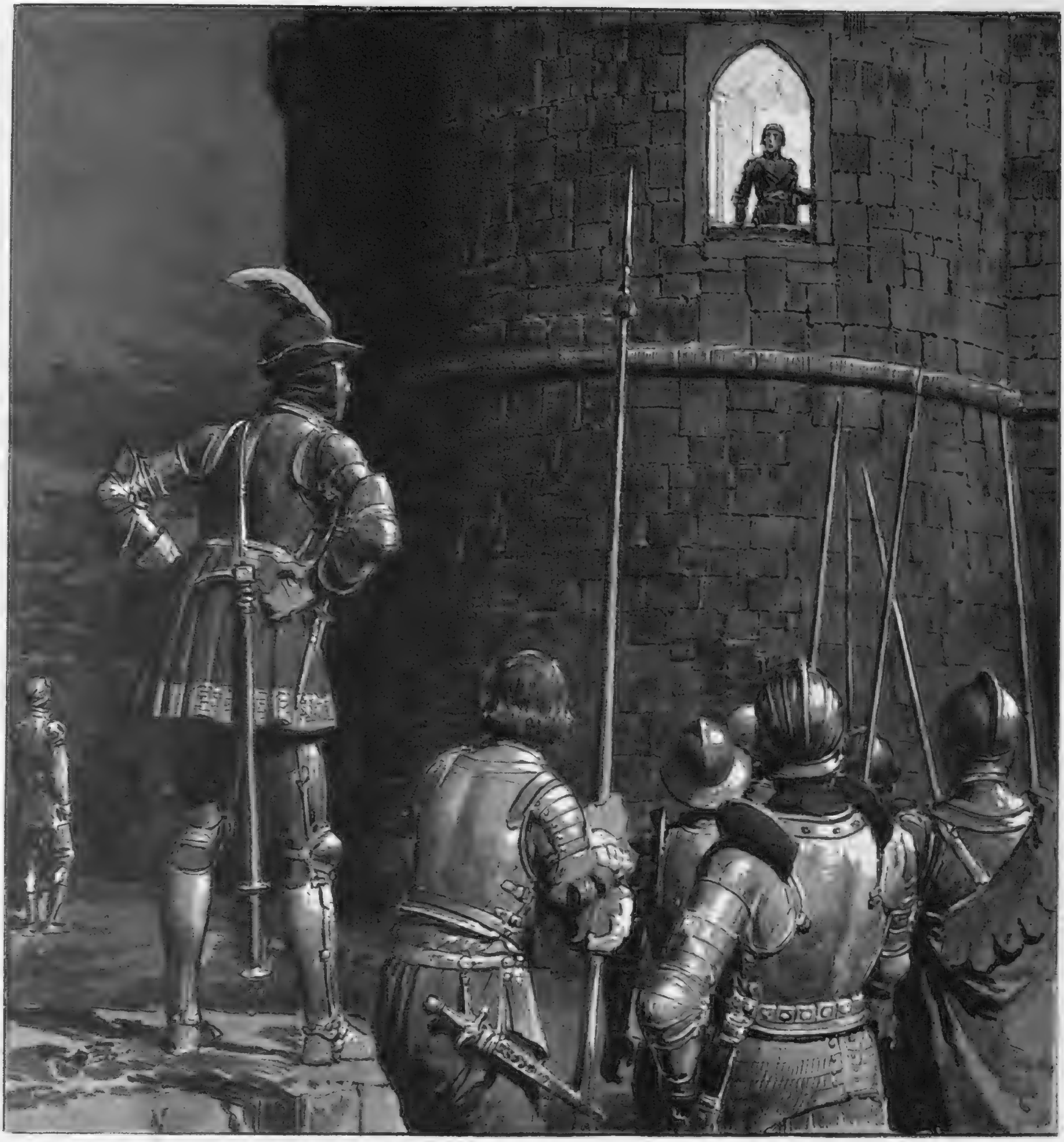
THE lord of Roccadura gave judgment:
tongue he would ask Sir Robert to
would be retained as a prisoner, his



l'Allegre was to be taken where all his friends could see him. By his own go home. Further, he was to inform his leader that, though he—l'Allegre—life would be spared as long as he composed fresh songs of love for Giuliva

The two men settled on a stone seat to wait for her return. They had often done the same thing. Their patience had always rewarded them with a handsome prize. Very few girls could resist the charms of the foreign Condottieri, whose reputation as lovers was second to none in the land. After all, this was Florence. Confident of an easy conquest, the soldiers waited, anxious only as to which of the two would be favoured.

At last the girl emerged—but by her side stood a tall youth whose powerful frame would give pause to the most courageous lover. Horses were brought by grooms. The two mounted,



A voice rang out from the battlements of the castle. A Roccadura herald stood, a superb silhouette, in the moonlight

caught up their reins, and galloped away.

One of the grooms answered their question. The girl was Giuliva, daughter of the lord of Roccadura ; the youth, her brother.

Roccadura was a byword for cruelty. He was the fiercest lord of the Ghibelline faction.

His last exploit had been to capture twelve of his hereditary foes and roast them where their friends could savour the feast of lust. Roasting was his favourite form of torture. Little wonder, then, that people said it was better to die than be captured by Roccadura.

For the time, however, he was at peace with Florence, though he continued to harass the merchant trains bound for the city marts. Thus it was that Giuliva and her brother made an occasional appearance in the city.

The two soldiers walked away digesting the information, oblivious of the many fair maidens who brushed their sides. They walked as in a dream. Each prayed that the half-smile that had escaped Giuliva's lips had been intended for him. Weeks passed—weeks filled with talk of her. But though Sir Robert and l'Allegre trudged the streets of Florence until they knew every shop and building, never once did their eyes fall on her again.

The weeks passed into months, and, despite the fact that these two had vanquished many hearts, neither forgot the face they saw by the jeweller's window for but a few moments. All men have some ideal of feminine beauty ; few ever perceive it manifest in the flesh. But once seen, it becomes an obsession—an obsession to possess it.

Lying a-bed at nights, Sir Robert would murmur : " She is pure. She is good. She is beautiful. She is stately."

Antiphonally—and characteristically, l'Allegre would complete the litany to his own taste : " And she is rich."

ONE day Sir Robert received instructions from the Republic to assemble his company and march against the Ghibelline lords. His orders were to subdue them for all time.

Whether or not he was specifically instructed to engage first against the Lord of Roccadura no one can tell. It is

History that he made Cruelty the point of his first attack.

Though the castle of Roccadura is to-day nothing but a heap of tumbled stones, alive only in the lichen that crawls across the granite, it was then the most impregnable fortress in Tuscany

Robert, a shrewd captain, would not imperil his reputation with an early failure.

He was searching his mind for stratagems when l'Allegre came bounding into the room.

" A ruse de guerre ! " he cried. " I have a ruse de guerre ! "

L'Allegre believed that a song might prove his lance and gain for him the mighty castle of Roccadura. Thus would the Condottieri achieve victory without shedding enough blood to fill a cupping glass. He would serenade Giuliva. She would admit him to her chamber. He in turn would creep downstairs, let down the drawbridge, admit his comrades.

At first Robert would have none of this plan. Eventually, having no better of his own, save a frontal attack destined to be repulsed, he was persuaded.

Truth to tell, he was anxious to know if Giuliva would be so base as to admit a stranger into her room. This matter struck at his ideals, and he had just enough faith—or little enough—to want them proven. Moreover, to scale the rock on which stood the castle of Roccadura—"hard rock" in very truth—was a hopeless task.

But if his friend were caught, his fate was certain—the spit revolving before the fire.

He remonstrated in vain. L'Allegre—Gascony ever bore braggarts who fulfilled their boasts—became more sanguine about his " ruse de guerre " with every minute.

ON the day appointed Sir Robert broke up his company into sections. He sent them out of the city by different gates to attract as little attention as possible—the Ghibelline lords possessed many informers in the city.

At sundown—since they intended to take the castle by night—they all met at a junction and set forth for Roccadura.

Only now did the troopers learn of their destination. They went down the valley of the Arno until at last they reached their objective.

Sir Robert and l'Allegre saw from the eminence they ascended the mighty castle of the Ghibelline lord.

" Now, Sir Robert, dost feel like matching thy strength against that giant ? " asked l'Allegre smilingly.

" And dost feel like matching thy voice against it ? " asked Sir Robert, wiping his brow, for the climb had been steep.

" Aye. That smile was for me."

He ordered his men into single file. He ambushed them in the bushes.

No light showed in the castle. Not even the guide—a Florentine who knew the castle like the palm of his hand, could tell them in which part Giuliva lay.

The full moon rose. A light appeared at a southern window. This, said the guide, was where Giuliva lay.

L'Allegre put aside his lance, and picked a mandolin.

" That light," said he, " shall lead me to fame and wealth." He slung the mandolin over his shoulder and bent his steps to the southern tower.

But Sir Robert, watching his friend draw near the castle, was troubled.

If l'Allegre succeeded his ideal would be shattered. If he failed he, Robert, would lose his venture and his friend. He strained his eyes across the blue landscape silvered by the pathway of the moon. L'Allegre, assured no sentinel kept vigil on the southern wall, tuned his mandolin. The golden voice of Provence soared up into the night.

Soon the lattice above him opened. A maiden's voice, whose sweetness promised success, bade him reveal his identity.

From where he stood Robert Hawkwood saw the maid of Roccadura—his ideal of purity—lower a rope fashioned from the curtains of her bed.

And the stern English mercenary soldier shed the tears of a knight-errant.

L'Allegre was quick to climb the rope. He stood in Giuliva's chamber. His eyes grew round with wonder at the beauty of the girl who stood before him, her white silken nightgown moulding her form like a skin. Her hair curled almost to her knee.

The hot Gascon blood swept, flooding from head to heart. His duty as a soldier banished, his hopes of gain discarded, his comrade forgotten, l'Allegre stepped forward. . .

AN hour passed. Sir Robert, who had not for an instant moved his eyes from the light opposite, began to sigh for death. The ribald jests of the soldiers touched in with crude colours a picture, etched in black, burned acid, on his mind—the picture of his faithless friend and his idol with heart of clay.

" L'Allegre is a man of taste," said one. " He keeps a light burning to see what he is about."

" But not discreet," laughed another. " Ladies like the dark. Now, I knew a wench who, by the light, was a saint ; yet in the dark . . ."

A voice rang out from the battlements of the castle. A Roccadura herald stood, a superb silhouette, in the moonlight.

" Sir Robert ! " he cried. And again, " Sir Robert ! "

The Englishman was puzzled. What to do but hear the man ?

" My lord wishes thee to know ; we are about to burn a Condottiere, by name l'Allegre."

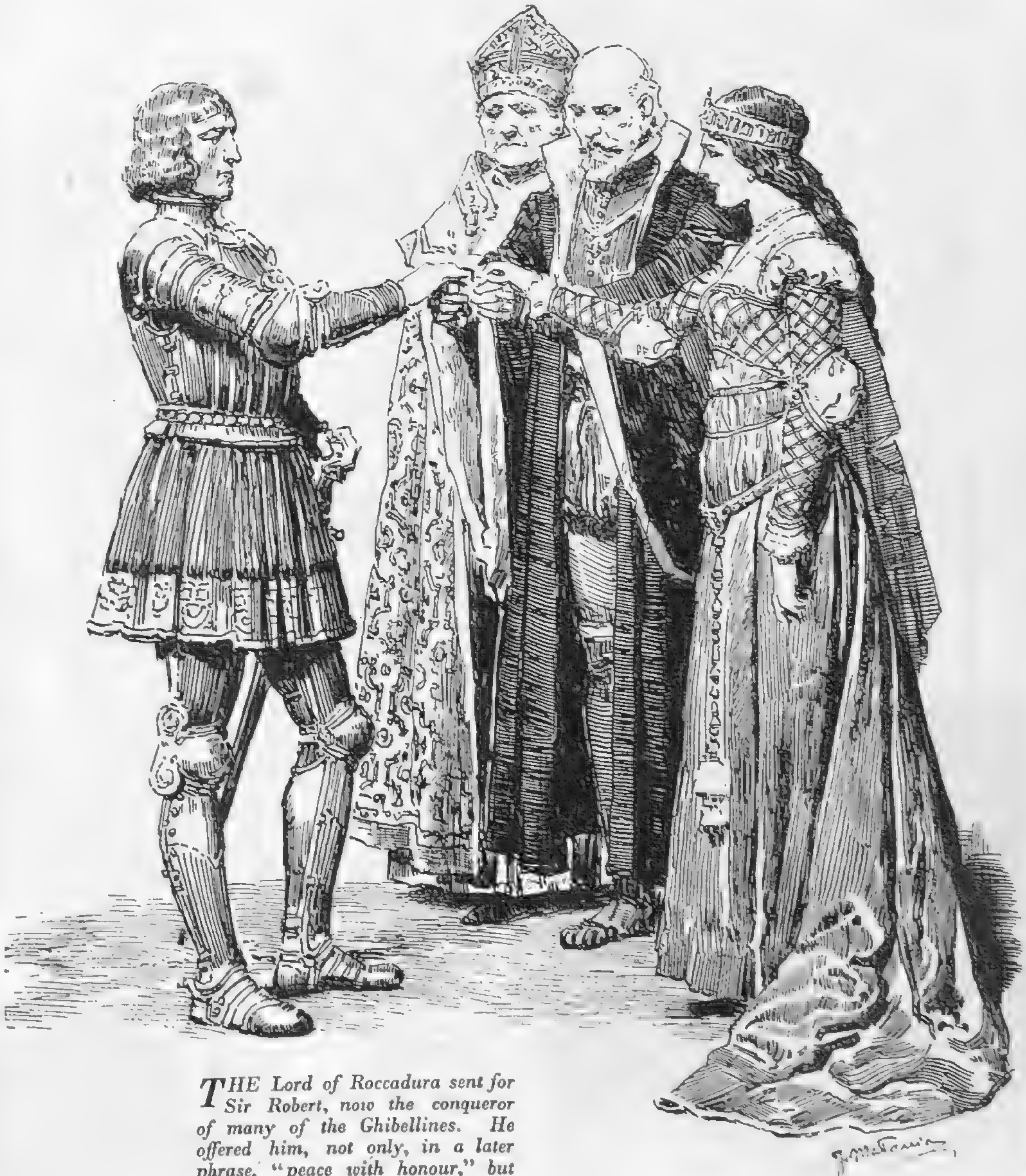
Sir Robert laughed, laughed till his sides ached, laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. . .

" Heard you not rightly ? " The herald was shocked. " We are about to burn. . ."

" Oh, aye, I heard. Ha, ha ! " Again the demoniac laughter reverberated across the craggy valley and splintered on the hard rock.

The herald went back to the hall of the castle. He reported that Sir Robert had laughed.

(*Continued on page* 96)



THE Lord of Roccadura sent for Sir Robert, now the conqueror of many of the Ghibellines. He offered him, not only, in a later phrase, "peace with honour," but the hand of his daughter in marriage

Left:

MISS BRYSSON MORRISON, *author of "The Strangers," a story of Italian refugees and native Gaels in an island off the coast of Scotland*

Right:

MRS. PEARL S. BUCK, *author of "A House Divided." This novel concludes a trilogy which began with "The Good Earth" and continued in "Sons"*

Some Spring Novels—and a few Everlastings

BOOKS

Reviewed by ARNOLD PALMER

GENERALLY we overrate or underrate the art of other countries, the different voices and accents giving an air of great originality to what is often quite old and hackneyed, or obscuring for us the meaning of what is really new. I have just been reading *Round Trip*, by Don Tracy (Constable, 7s. 6d.); and, whatever the reputation of the author in his own United States, I think that his novel will probably be overrated here. It is, on the surface, very "strong," full of sex and drink and violence. But anyone sufficiently curious to analyse this story of provincial American journalists will find it an extremely simple, extremely sentimental little tale, made up of familiar ingredients and a family recipe, with nothing new about it but the strongly flavoured sauce poured over the whole. I expect it will be popular. We all like a sheep in wolf's clothing, the delicious little shiver of apprehension and the absence of any serious danger.

Even a Scotch inflection may confuse us. North of the Tweed the estimates are not those of London. But I think that everybody must admire the work of Miss Brysson Morrison, who wrote *The Gowk Storm* and has followed it with *The Strangers* (Collins, 7s. 6d.). Her new novel tells of Italian refugees and native Gaels in an island off the coast of Scotland. It would not be difficult to find fault with this book, to point out that the earlier part, before the entry of Sir Torquil Kuld, moves easily and lightly, whereas the later chapters are enclosed by the boards of the bookbinder and

Egoists

"Secrets of a Royal House":
by Marie Louise, Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach
(John Long, 18s.)

"My First Life":
by Brenda Dean Paul
(John Long, 18s.)

"Two Months' Grace":
by Peter Stucley
(Selwyn & Blount, 7s. 6d.)

IT seems odd, for a moment, to hear Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach, niece of Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, speaking with a strong American accent; but, the Preface explains, American friends have helped her to write her book. She was a lady-in-waiting at the Austrian Court, and the first-hand account which she gives of it is, if not important, at least of lively interest. From a strictly personal angle the Countess also shows us the War and the downfall of the Empire. Miss Brenda Dean Paul may be said to show us, again from a strictly personal angle, other effects of the War. One does not have to be very old or priggish to be appalled at the picture of the life led by the (far from) Bright and (fairly) Young Things. In the desert they inhabited, anyone who showed the faintest traces of character or intelligence was worshipped as a god. No company of civilised beings can ever have been content with lower standards or more deficient in judgment. Old, disillusioned and experienced before their time, they beguiled themselves with infantile amusements. As the French philosopher observed, if you want to understand a man, watch what pleasures he flies to. It is a profound remark.

MISS BRENDA DEAN PAUL

PETER STUCLEY

Both the books mentioned so far would have been improved by rigorous cutting—in matter and, still more, in price. Mr. Stucley's book bears a just proportion to its contents. He is a young man who, suddenly wearying beyond endurance of office life, made an unplanned journey to the Near East. Although a rather self-conscious writer, he is an agreeably modest one, and one travels with him with a minimum of discomfort and fuss.

lose contact with the living world; or to trace the partial failure of the climax of the story to the author's omission to explore the character of the reticent Bernardo. But any weaknesses *The Strangers* may have are more than atoned for by the beauty which pervades the whole, the beauty bestowed by a well-poised and fastidious mind. Here again is a simple story, but, so far from being drowned in pungent sauce, it is served to perfection.

PERHAPS one has to be a Scot to appreciate *The End of the High Bridge*, by James Barke (Collins, 7s. 6d.). "Strong and virile," the publishers call it. Mr. Barke's strength is not like Mr. Don Tracy's—that is to say, it does not mask a fundamental sentimentality. But it leads him to describe aspects of Scottish life and character which repel English readers—the bigotry, narrow-mindedness and hypocrisy which are the psychological counterparts of ugly houses made of squares of grey granite, their slate roofs glistening in the rain. In the style employed by earnest Presbyterian preachers who keep themselves up to date by studying the lay sermons on the centre sheets of Sunday newspapers, Mr. Barke reveals to us the secret, sensual life of an elder of the kirk. His resonant tones may earn him the respectful attention of his fellow countrymen. Down in the degenerate South both his story and his method of narration seem almost unbearably ugly.

BY that most proficient and reliable novelist, Mr. Frederick Niven, and published also by Messrs. Collins at three half-crowns, *The Flying Years* is yet another story of Scotland—but not of Scotland only. The best part of the tale, qualitatively as well as quantitatively, passes in the far western districts of Canada, a generation back. Mr. Niven is a thoroughly satisfying author, always sensible, always interesting, always full of meat. I have no idea of the average sales of his books, but I should be surprised to learn that the public estimates him at his true worth. One seldom hears his name mentioned at luncheon, tea, cocktail or dinner parties; and if one remedies the omission, no shrill cries of excitement come from too-red lips. Yet among writers Mr. Niven's work is regarded with unvarying admiration and respect.

Of course, I may be working myself up for nothing. His sales may be vast. I hope they are. But I doubt it. He seems to have no ambition beyond writing better, not bigger, books. He is so genuine and single in his aim that he is still producing novels of reasonable length. What is one to do with a man who refuses to tell a story in 600 pages when 300 will suffice? And here is *Sole Death* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), a new novel by Mr. Stephen McKenna, another of these old-fashioned authors who remain so obstinately blind to the advantages of using two words where one will serve. In *Sole Death* he leads us once more through the world he knows so well—the world of High, and not quite so High, Society—following the trail of an unstable Duke and the three ladies who are entitled to call themselves Duchess of Luton. In the course of some thirty novels Mr. McKenna has painted a wonderfully full picture of aristocratic England at the beginning of the twentieth century; his is precisely the type of faithful, unexaggerated work on which future historians will draw—always provided that they know their job. He has never achieved the popularity of a Galsworthy, yet he has done for his peers and statesmen very much what Galsworthy did—not without certain errors of detail, such as are never found in the McKenna books—for his merchants and magistrates.

As the publishers point out, *Love Song*, by Rupert Hughes (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), is far longer than the average novel. It is, in fact, about twice as long. Why only twice? Why not twenty times? Then it would last the reader for a year, and save no end of time at present wasted in visits to the circulating library. I make Mr. Hughes, and many other contemporary novelists, a present of the suggestion. *Love Song* is the story of a female singer's fight for Fame. It begins with a piano-tuner tuning a piano, note by note; and it goes (*Continued on page 98*)

GILBERT FRANKAU, author of "Three Englishmen," a romance of married lives

Petticoat Government

"The Cardinal's Niece":
by Faith Compton Mackenzie
(Secker, 10s. 6d.)

"The Scandal of Sophie Dawes":
by Marjorie Bowen
(Bodley Head, 15s.)

THE Cardinal is Cardinal Mazarin, and of his seven nieces Mrs. Compton Mackenzie has chosen Marie Mancini, who enchanted Louis XIV, but married Prince Colonna, Constable of Naples. From the pages of this well-written, well-produced book the reader will obtain an oblique but engrossing view of French, Italian and Spanish affairs during the second half of the seventeenth century and the early years of the eighteenth.

In Mrs. Mackenzie's book one meets people who, whatever their morals, were of gentle birth and accustomed to the position they occupied. Miss Bowen's chronicle, which resumes the story of the Royal family of France after an interval of a hundred years, has a very different heroine. Sophie Dawes, or Daw (she had no right to either, or to any, name) was the daughter of an Isle of Wight smuggler and an unmarried woman called Jane Callaway. Without influence, help, or great personal attractions, with nothing but indomitable ambition to aid her, this young woman became the domiciled mistress of the last of the Princes of Condé and the accomplice, or at least the protégée, of Louis Philippe. She was not an admirable woman in any way, and her lack of chastity was one of the least of her failings. By her vile and violent manners she made herself universally detested. She bullied and robbed and deceived the aged Prince to whom she owed her worldly success; and after making miserable his declining years she, it seems fairly certain, had him murdered in the end. Indeed, the career of this relentless monster is inexplicable unless we really do believe what we often say we believe, that to people with sufficient determination nothing is impossible. That is evidently Miss Bowen's opinion, and it is a weakness in her otherwise admirable study that she makes no very energetic attempt to explain the ascendancy of a coarse, uninteresting Englishwoman over the second highest household in France.

FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE

Dancing for Money on
Grand Duke, especially
too, with a Million

A Dinner

By N*ancy*

"THE total," said the Grand Duke Maxamillian, "is just one thousand francs."

Then he put his two hands into his pockets and rocked gently to and fro on his heels.

The Grand Duchess looked up at him. Her hair clung around her delicate face like a soft veil, and she looked very lovely sitting there.

"And after that?" she asked.

Maxamillian cleared his throat.

"—And after that, my sweet—we starve," he said.

There was a long silence. The Grand Duchess looked around her with a queer little smile.

The room was shabby. It was, like most bedrooms in cheap French hotels, furnished with cracked gilt and worn cane furniture in the Louis XV style. An enormous bed, an arm-chair badly in need of repair, a table and a few odds and ends. Littered around the room were the last of Maxamillian's things. Pathetically small they were. Two suits and his evening-dress clothes. The rest had gone long ago—

Abruptly she got up and went over to where his shoes were lying at the side of the bed. Picking them up she stared at them, saw the thinness of the soles worn to brown-paper strength, yet with a catch in her throat she noticed that they were polished until they shone.

Her vision blurred. . . . "Dear Max—" she thought. "Oh, dear Max—."

But when she turned round to him her scarlet mouth was still smiling that same brave smile. She was very gallant.

"We can find work—" she said. "We must be able to work."

Maxamillian shook his dark head. He felt in his pocket for his cigarette case, remembered that its shining gold with the jewelled Imperial Eagle was displayed behind the plate-glass window of a pawnbroker's shop, and drew out a plain cardboard box.

Then, slowly twisting a cigarette between his slender fingers, he said gently:

"It's no use, my sweet—we've tried. We have no references. You see, we can't do anything."

She said, dimly, "You were a very brave soldier. . . ."

"In the Imperial Guard—" he interrupted. Then smiled. "No, Alex. No army would take me now."

She cried fiercely, "We can learn!"

"Learn what?" His smile was very gentle. "You to be a typist, and I to be a clerk in an office—cramped over a desk all day? We couldn't stick it."

He did not add that he could have done it—done more than that if it meant that he could give her all the expensive luxuries that she had been used to. But on a clerk's salary? It was absurd. . . .

Alex was on her knees beside the chest of drawers.

"I'll sell something," she cried. "Darling, there's my coat. I don't need it now—it's getting so warm—"

And she held up that ridiculous little evening coat of ermine that had so often been wrapped around her shoulders at the opera.

Max snatched it from her fiercely and crammed it back into the drawer.

"Those can't go," he said. "If you catch pneumonia it will cost us more than we can get on the coat. . . ."

He was joking, making a joke out of a heartbreak.

Then he said quietly: "Alex, you're so beautiful—" And bending his head he kissed her white fingers softly.

Her lips quivered. She began to talk very quickly, because she knew if she didn't she would break down. Tears were so perilously near. . . .

"I'll start a shop—what about that, Max? Or perhaps get a job as a mannequin. We'll find something, Max, darling . . . . Hush, my sweet, you are hurting my hand—Oh, Max!"

Then because she was very young, and because in spite of everything the wolf really looked as though it might be coming through the door, she clung to him very tightly.

It was difficult to find anything. The Riviera at the best of times doesn't offer much, but when trade was bad as well . . .

Each day Max's face grew more haggard, and tiny hollows appeared in Alex's neck and shoulders. They went out separately and came home to each other with cheering lies. There was the day when Alex discovered that Max no longer smoked his after-dinner cigarette. He said he didn't want it—

And the day, not so much later, when Max found out that Alex was doing without her lunch—

Then one evening about six o'clock when things were looking their very blackest Max came back to her in a state of high elation. He had got a job. For both of them.

She stood up excitedly.

"Both—?" Her pale cheeks flushed with pleasure. "Both? Oh, Max, how wonderful—" Then she cried, "But what sort of a job—what do we do?"

Max laughed. When he laughed she forgot how haggard he had looked, and knew only that he was gay. Nothing else mattered. . . .

"Darling," he cried, "darling, we're dancers. I always said you danced divinely. . . . At the Splendide Hotel, Juan les Pins, for the princely salary of four hundred francs a week. How is that?"

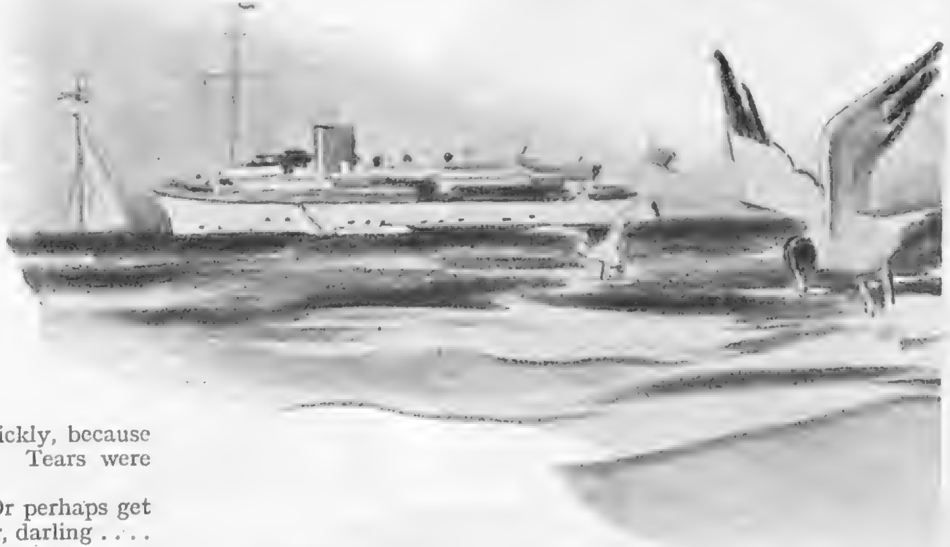
Her eyes shone. "All that money—?"

"And a percentage of all the lessons we give," Max explained. "We move to-morrow."

Folding a dress carefully into their suitcase a little later, Alex said speculatively: "I wonder to what sort of people we'll have to give lessons?"

Max looked up from the small pile of clothes.

Illustrations by



"I'VE just met the owner of that yacht. A nice man, Max—you will like him. He's asked us to cocktails on board to-night." "The Marienne?" Max said, "I would like to be able to give her to you . . ."

the Riviera isn't a Sinecure for a penniless
when his Duchess has to dance
aire to call the tune

# of Herbs

Yates-*Smith*

"Horrible, darling—I expect. Fat Jewesses for me and dried-up English colonels for you."

His face changed. He was very still. He was thinking. Wondering how he would feel when he would see some fat old man's arm encircling Alex's slender waist. Anger flooded over him. But it went swiftly as he saw Alex's face bent happily over her packing. He dismissed that thought resolutely.

THE manager of the Splendide Palace greeted them himself on their arrival. He gave them a brief summary of their duties and showed them to their room at the top of the hotel. Alex stood at the window and looked down at the lovely scene beneath.

Their window overlooked the bay, the pine trees growing right down to the water—water so blue that the white buildings of Juan les Pins seemed startling in contrast to it.

She flung her arms out wide. "Oh, Max—the loveliness of this makes me want to cry."

It was then that Max began to realise how much she had missed all the lovely luxurious things of life. At the Splendide Hotel with all the comforts and pleasures of a perfect hotel, Alex bloomed like a rose that has been starved of the sun. Each day she seemed to grow more lovely. Their days were not hard. Three or four lessons

Albert Bailey

Albert Bailey

each morning and a few in the afternoon followed by *thé dansant* and then the supper dance at night. In between that they swam out to the float and sunbathed on the private beach of the Splendide Palace. They were happy.

Then Randall Hirst appeared. The Match King, he was called.

One morning they woke up to find his white yacht lying anchored in the bay. It was quite a small yacht as millionaires' yachts go. But then Randall Hirst was not an ordinary millionaire. He did not speak badly or dress in a flamboyant style. A self-made man certainly, but a cultured one.

Alex met him first. She had been swimming and then sunbathed on the beach, when suddenly Randall Hirst appeared—walking out of the water. She was startled. The little beach had been empty, and then there was somebody rising out of the sea! It was too much for her.

She sat up and frankly stared.

" I've heard," she murmured, " of Aphrodite rising out of the foam . . . but I didn't know there was a male version of that as well."

Randall Hirst smiled at her. After all, she was a pretty woman, and to Randall Hirst all pretty women deserved attention.

" You must be thinking of Narcissus," he said. " He looked out of the window and fell in love with his reflection in the lake below him. When he leaned over to embrace it he fell in and was drowned. Only, unlike Narcissus, I swam to the shore. . . ."

He stretched his long length out on the sand beside her.

" The real reason was a magic spy-glass. . . ."

Alex leaned over on her elbow lazily.

" Oh ? "

Randall watched her for a moment in silence.

" I was watching you from the yacht," he said. " I thought you looked lonely."

Alex shook her head. " I wasn't," she told him; " I was enjoying myself."

" A beautiful woman," Randall Hirst said, " ought never to be allowed to enjoy herself alone."

" It's so rarely that I am alone," Alex said lazily. " A large stockbroker has been treading on my toes most of the morning. I came out here to recover." Then she added: " I teach dancing, you know, at the Splendide Palace Hotel."

" Then you ought to be rescued," he said firmly. " I'm glad I came. What is he like ? "

Alex closed her eyes. " Utterly dreadful," she admitted; " he has an idea that he is a great success with women."

" And is he ? "

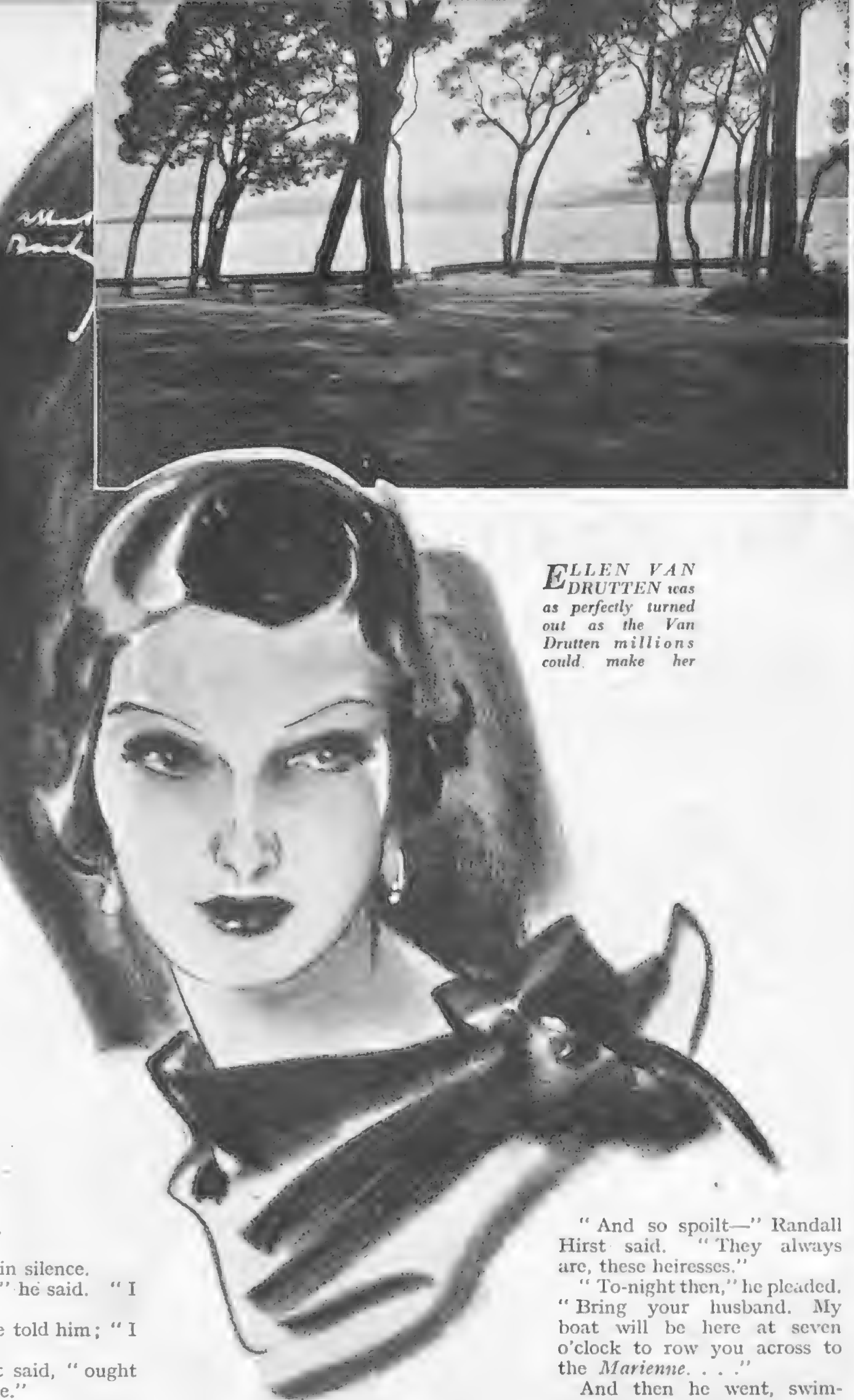
" Not with me."

Randall Hirst looked into the distance. " It would be nice," he said inconsequently, " to be a success with you."

There was a short silence. Alex noticed that his eyes were vivid blue in contrast to his lean, tanned face. Then he got up abruptly.

" Will you have a cocktail with me ? "

" Now ? " Alex was surprised. " No, thank you," she smiled charmingly. " I must wait for my husband. He's teaching an American heiress to tango." Then she said dimly, " Such luck—she's very beautiful. . . ."



ELLEN VAN DRUTTEN *was as perfectly turned out as the Van Drutten millions could make her*

" And so spoilt—" Randall Hirst said. " They always are, these heiresses."

" To-night then," he pleaded. " Bring your husband. My boat will be here at seven o'clock to row you across to the *Marienne*. . . ."

And then he went, swimming far out towards the yacht with clean, swift strokes.

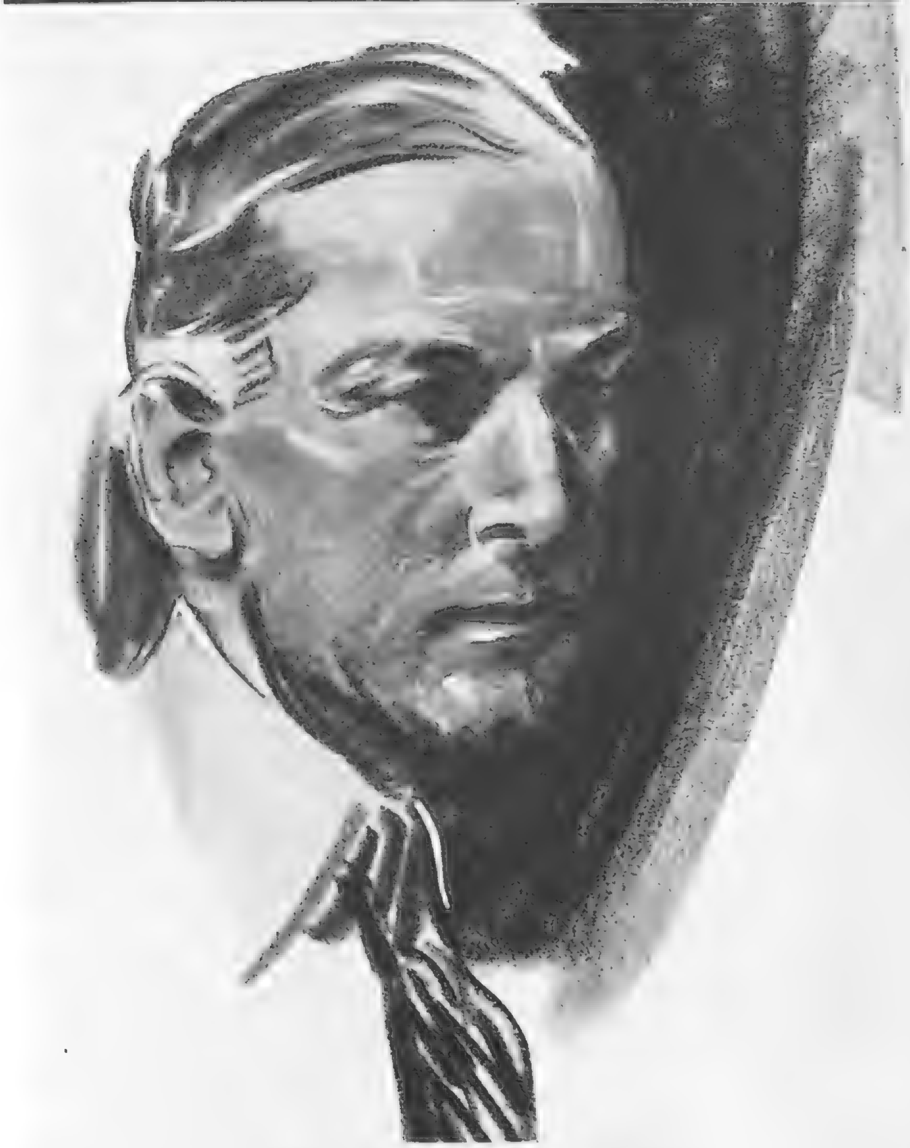
MAX was tired when he joined her. Ellen van Drutten had taken up two hours of his morning. Tireless herself, she had been as fresh at the end as when she had started. Max, irritated, had wanted to get out on the beach. . . . It had been difficult, especially as Ellen van Drutten had shown him quite plainly that it was not only to learn the tango that she had engaged him all the morning. " If she only knew," he thought. . . . But he dared not lose a good client. The manager had impressed that on him when they had arrived.

He couldn't, he found, share this trouble with Alex. Better to say nothing and hope that the van Druttens would leave shortly. . . .

He glanced at Alex. She was smiling to herself.

" Dear Alex," he thought, " I love her so. . . ." And he put out one hand, drawn by an irresistible impulse to touch her white arm.

But Alex took no notice. She was thinking of Randall Hirst.



RANDALL HIRST was a charming and courteous host, and he had travelled far

"Max——"

Max withdrew his hand.

"What, darling ?"

"I've just met the owner of that yacht. A nice man, Max—you will like him. He's asked us to cocktails on board to-night."

Max asked, "Shall we go ?"

"Of course, darling. I've always wanted to go aboard her since she arrived."

"The *Marienne* ?" Max said, "I would like to be able to give her to you. . . ." He sighed and decided that he would loathe Randall Hirst. . . .

But Randall Hirst was not the sort of person that Max could loathe. He was a charming and courteous host, and he had travelled far. He seemed to have a host of agreeable friends, and was an amusing talker. Max soon noticed that he was singling Alex out of the party to pay little extra attentions to her. He showed her over the yacht. It was she whom he asked to play hostess and arrange the seating of the guests for the dinner party the evening following. It was all done quietly, unostentatiously, but Max saw it. With the sharp perception of his love he knew that Randall Hirst was falling in love with her.

He knew that Alex was aware of that fact, too. There had been a faint questioning expression in her lovely eyes as she had looked at him. Suppose that Alex should fall in love with him——? Max's heart contracted at the thought. Desperately he shied away from the idea. His lovely Alex. . . . But resolutely he forced himself to face it. What right had he to stand in the way if she was given the chance of security ?

Max stared across the dinner table. He looked stricken. He was thinking dumbly: "She ought to be free. . . ."

Free to enjoy all those things which she needed so much. She ought to have a yacht like the *Marienne* and cars and beautiful furs. She ought not to be worried with the stockbroker. Max disliked his fat, greasy face. But the man was rich and a good client. . . .

Yes. She ought to be free. Dear, beautiful Alex. . . .

Then, turning, he spoke to Ellen van Drutten.

"There ought to be a moon," he said smiling. "Shall we go and see ?"

ELLEN VAN DRUTTEN got up at once. She was pleased, and she showed it. Never once had she wavered in her plan to get the Grand Duke Maxamillian for herself. A Grand Duke in Pittsburg. What a sensation it would make back home. He was attractive, too, which made her more stubborn in her resolve. There was pique, too, for never once had she found difficulty in acquiring a man. Followed by legions of impecunious young men, she had only to lift a finger to have them flocking to her side. Max was a different proposition. He had a beautiful wife—but then Ellen van Drutten had a certain hard, bright beauty. From the top of her head, with her shining lacquered hair, down to her slender feet with their blood-red nails, she was as perfectly turned out as the van Drutten millions could make her.

They went up on deck and smoked cigarettes, leaning over the side. The faint elusive smell of some expensive perfume came from her blonde hair. And after a time, as though casually, she slipped her arm through his.

She said suddenly: "This is no life for you, Max."

Max shrugged his shoulders. "It's not so bad," he said. "It's a living. What else can I do ?"

There was a short silence.

"Come to Pittsburg. Daddy would be glad to give you a job—he always does anything I want him to——"

"And Alex——"

Ellen looked around. At the other side of the yacht Alex was standing apart from Randall Hirst. He was talking quietly, urgently to her. They presented a picture of unconscious intimacy that Ellen was quick to seize on.

"Alex seems to have other ties . . ." she said dryly and insinuatingly.

Max turned away in silence. He felt slightly sick.

"Please, Max——" Ellen said eagerly. "I do want you to come—terribly."

Max shook his head. "No." And that was all that he would say.

Ellen stirred. She flung her half-finished cigarette into the water. It made a tiny hissing sound as it went out.

"Think it over," she said. "Now I'll have to get back to the hotel."

And she left him.

Alex stirred.

"Max," she called. "Max—Randall wants us to go to Eden Roc to-morrow morning—cocktails, bathe and lunch. Sounds marvellous."

Max joined them. The moonlight

(*Continued on page* 100)

Spring News *from* Paris *and* London

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve"

HOW much would you like to know that you are going to wear shorter skirts to your evening clothes? Not much? Nor me. But what are we all against *them* all?

There is more than a whisper about it. It gets louder and louder, becoming a shout.

The principal, I think only, offender, up to the time of writing, is Marcel Rochas, brilliant designer who usually runs neck to neck with Madame Schiaparelli for novelty, ingenuity and impertinence.

Well, to tell you the worst first, he is showing peacock-tailed evening gowns, long and full at the back, up to mid-calf and even higher in front.

The rest of the evening dress news is pleasant. Other Rochas evening gowns are lovely. Highish necks, demure, tailored effects, bell skirts, exciting materials, big sleeves.

You still have no hips in the evening, still wear short trains, slits in your skirts (these are lasting surprisingly), high in the front, low in the back necklines, intricate shoulder drapery, the slipping, off-shoulder décolletage, fluffy tulle and net ruffled shoulder capes. Some evening dress skirts take the straight road all round, and then their fullness is bunched up at one side. Some start fullness just below the belt, from shirring.

Norman Hartnell's evening dresses nearly all fit tight to hips or knees, then billow, or split, some to the knee. He has square, low backs with high square necks. Full chiffon sleeves gathered at armhole and wrist; pretty this.

One satin star-patterned dress is sewn so delicately and infrequently with sequins that you are not certain they are there; the tantalising glitter is like something seen in a dream. Worn with a blue tulle cape, the same elusive sequins adorning its ruffles. A poetic dress, a dream of a dress, for a soft-voiced dream of a woman.

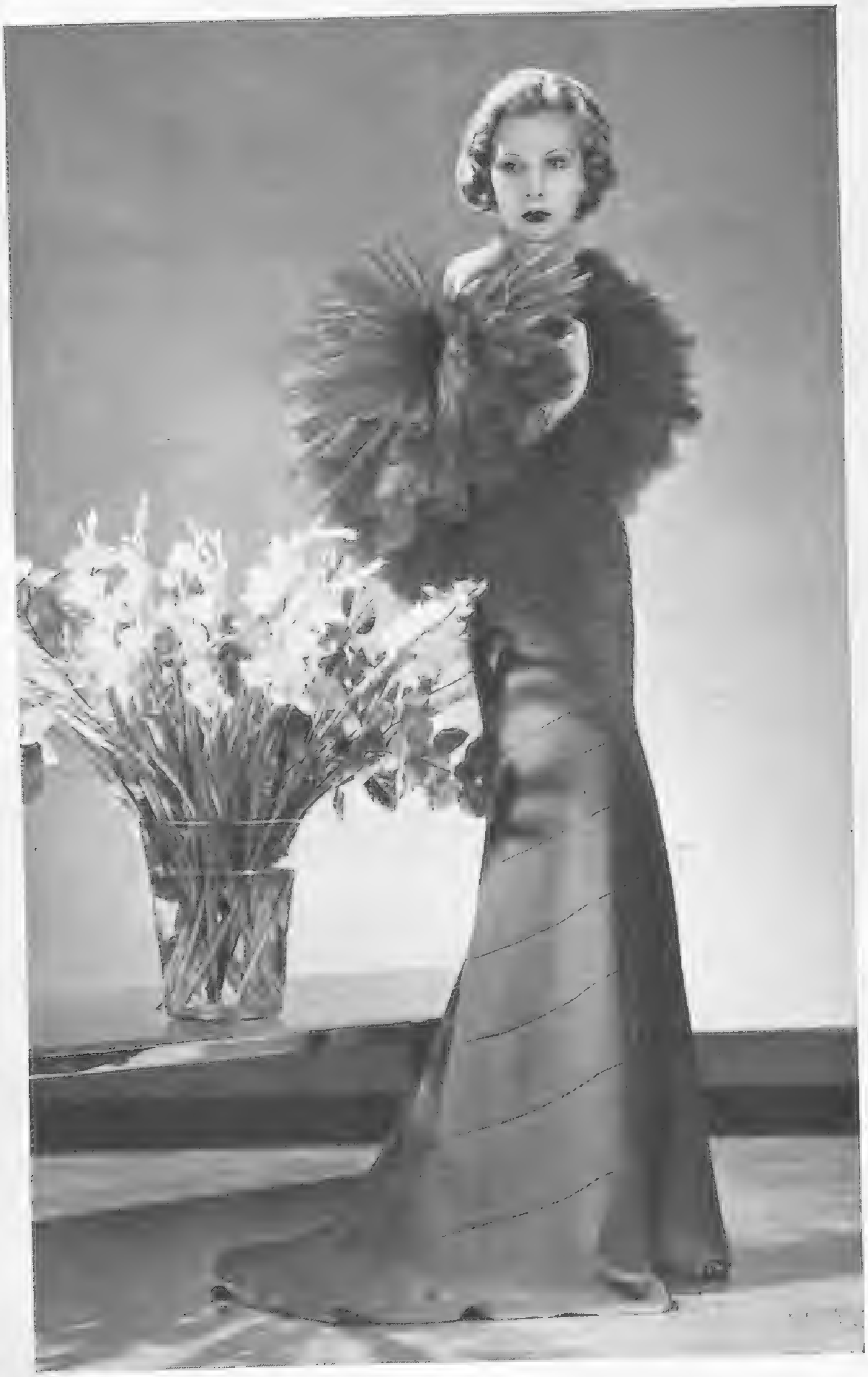
* * *

I shall give you the rest of the dress news straight from the shoulder, with no frills, if I may mix boxing and dress parlance, because there is such a lot to say and not much room to say it in.

Colours.—Greige, natural tones, sandy, beige, through all the half tones to warm deep brown. Pastels, hyacinth blues, pinks and mauves. A soft blue called Windsor—it's Jubilee year, remember. All greens, of course, navy, of course, black, of course. Blotting paper pink, light yellows.

You'll wear your pastels as light tailored suits, with

(*Continued on p.* 98)



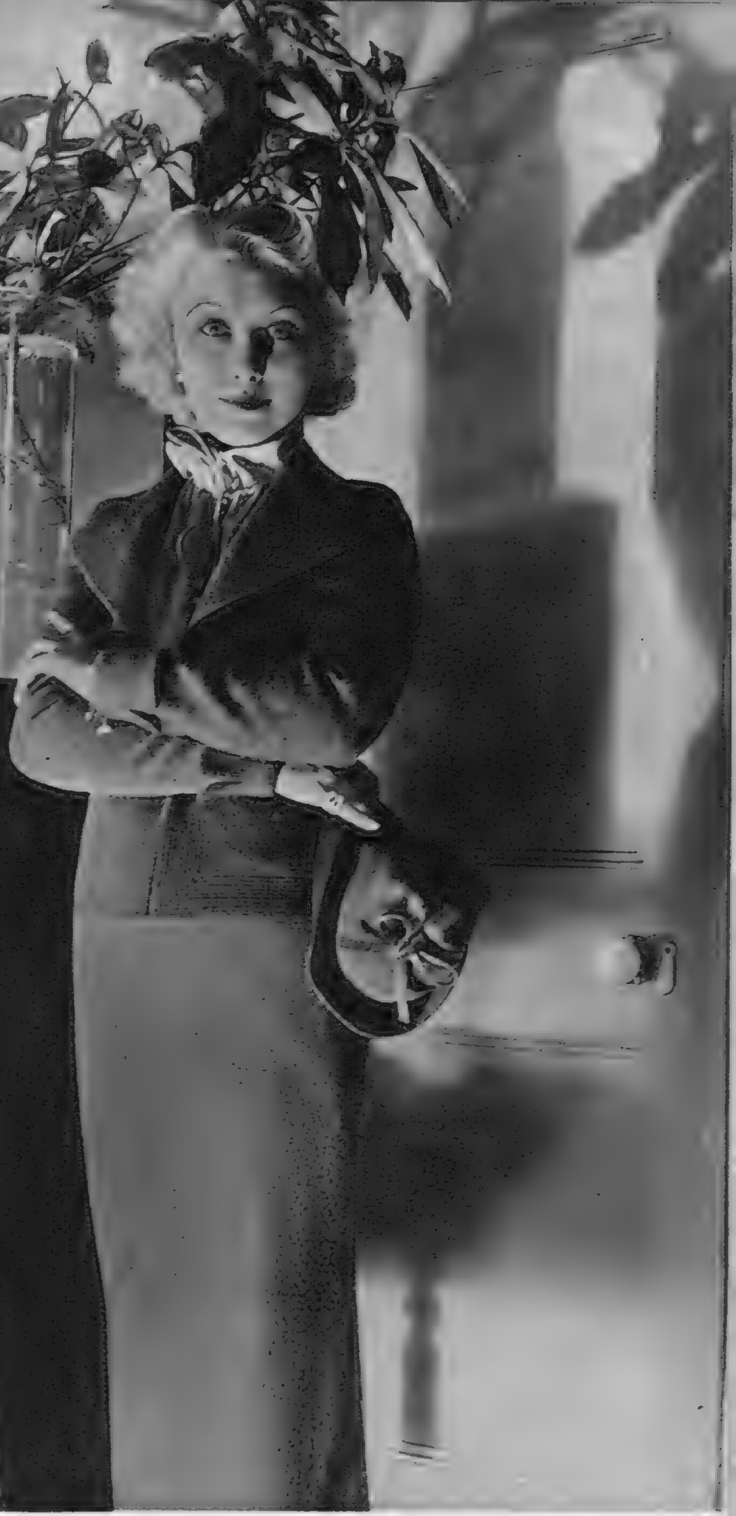
PRINCESS NATALIE PALEY, a beauty and a film actress—the two do not always go together—poses in an evening gown made for her by Lucien Lelong. It is violet, a flat crêpe, dead plain but for the sectional, ever-widening seaming; clever with the backward dipping, which gives it grace and movement. The ruffled tulle cape is the same colour. Photo: Dorvyne, Paris

Trim *and* Prim . . .

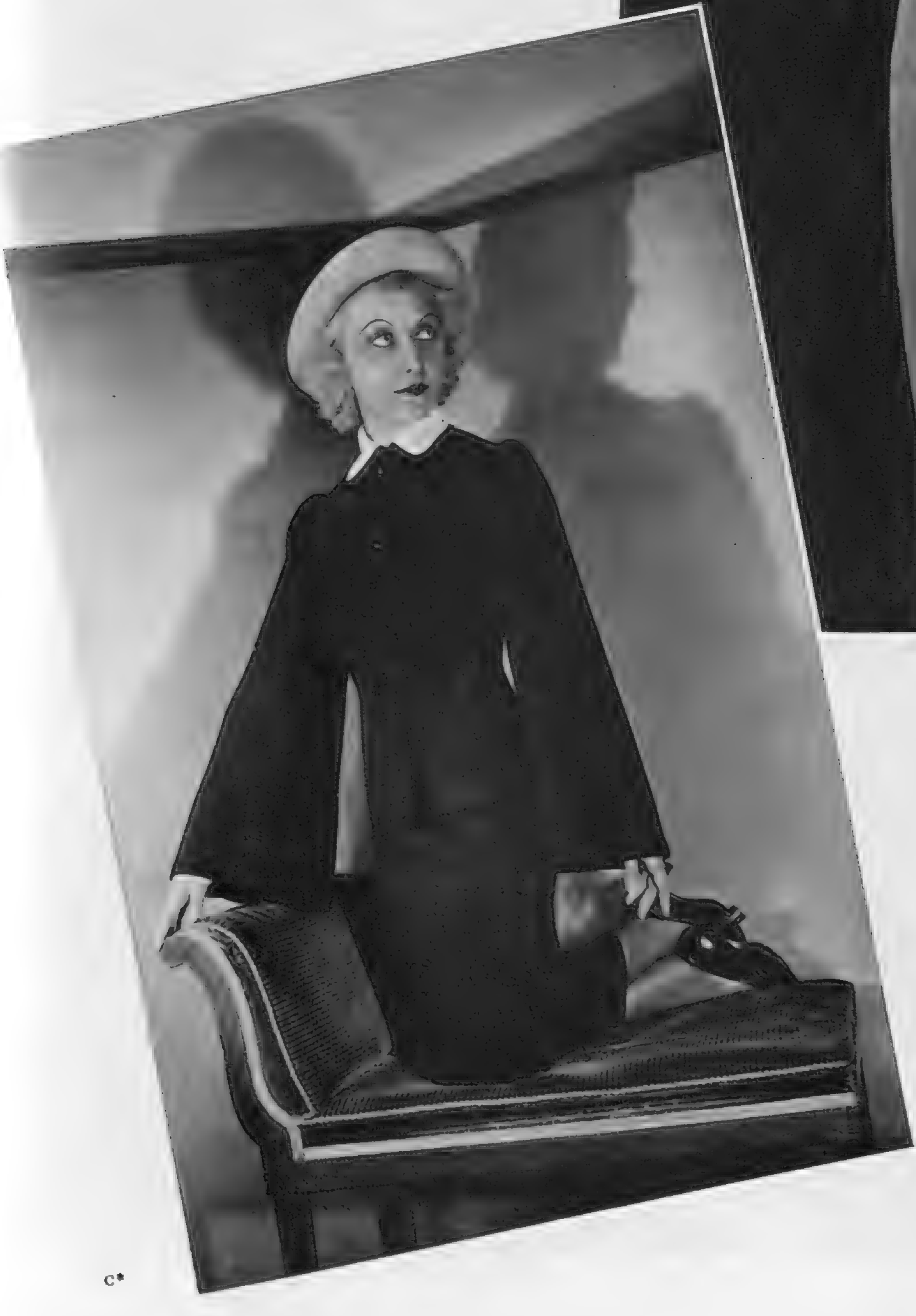
FRANCES DAY, fascinating, effervescing star of " Jill, Darling ! " wears two day suits in whose lines you can read the spring story of trimness, primness, and a dash of the unexpected.

The woollen suit on the right looks demure enough in the picture, doesn't it ? Straight skirt, with side pleats for freedom, little box jacket, slightly fitting, wide revers and cuffs, stitching all round. Little green blouse with a ruffle drawn round the throat. You get your dash, your surprise, in the colour. Skirt and blouse are green. Coat, *vivid orange*. One of Victor Stiebel's fancies to make London's streets gayer this year.

As for the other suit, see for yourself how quiet it is, how severe. A soft, black ribbed, woollen shaped coat, high collar, with a white schoolboy over-collar. Couldn't be simpler. And then look at those wide sleeves, making it audaciously like a Salvation Army costume. Indeed, Spectator Sports, its sponsors, call it " Evangeline." Worn with an exaggerated poke-bonnet, it was the sensation of their recent dress-show.

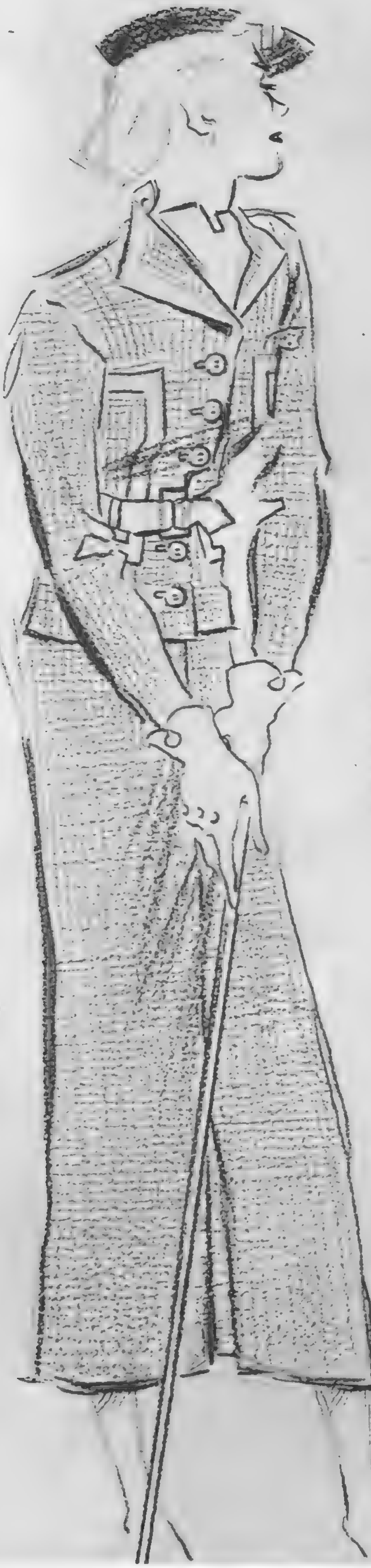


Photographed by Helen MacGregor

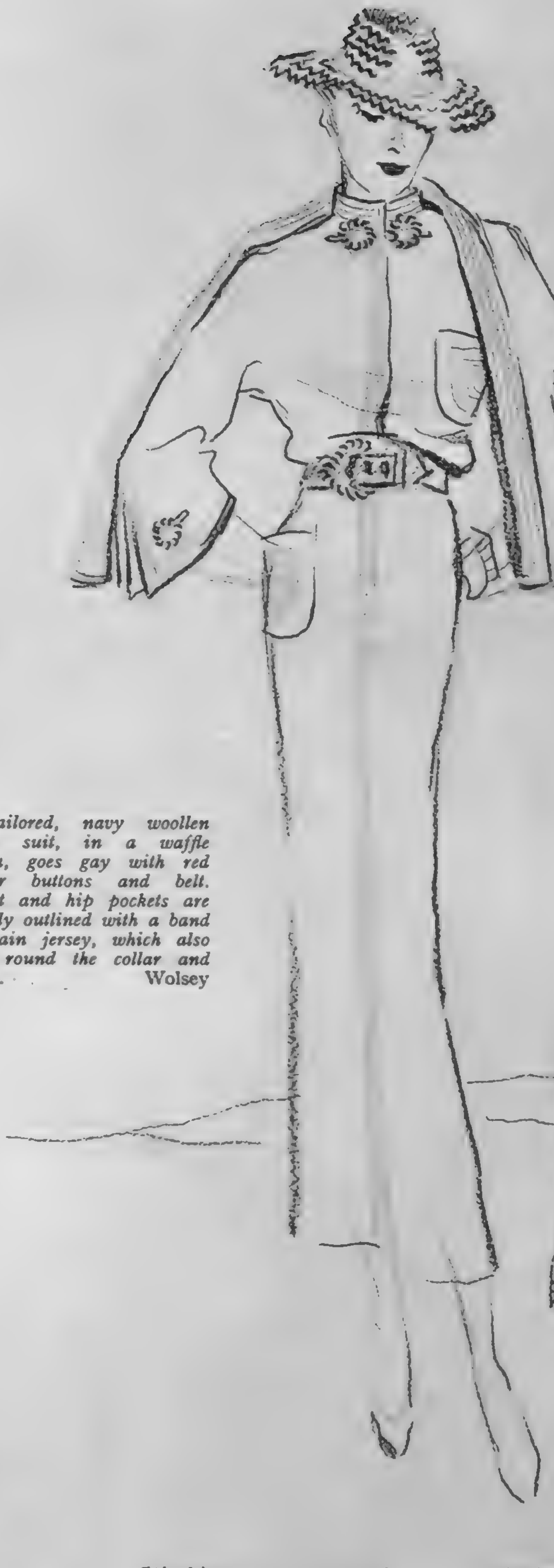


Six Well-

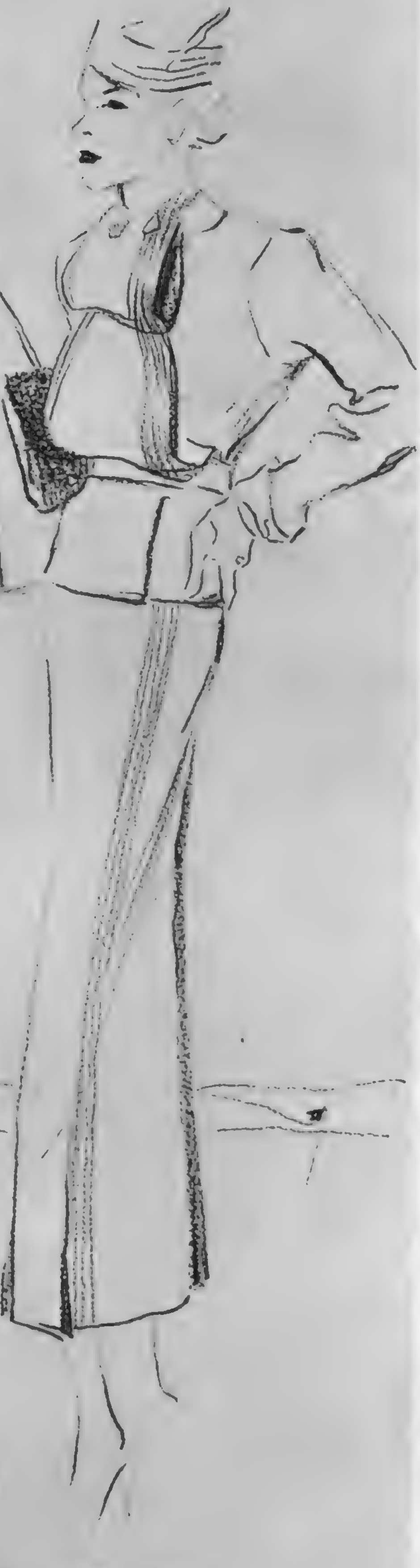
By Day



A tailored, navy woollen jersey suit, in a waffle design, goes gay with red leather buttons and belt. Breast and hip pockets are smartly outlined with a band of plain jersey, which also runs round the collar and revers. Wolsey

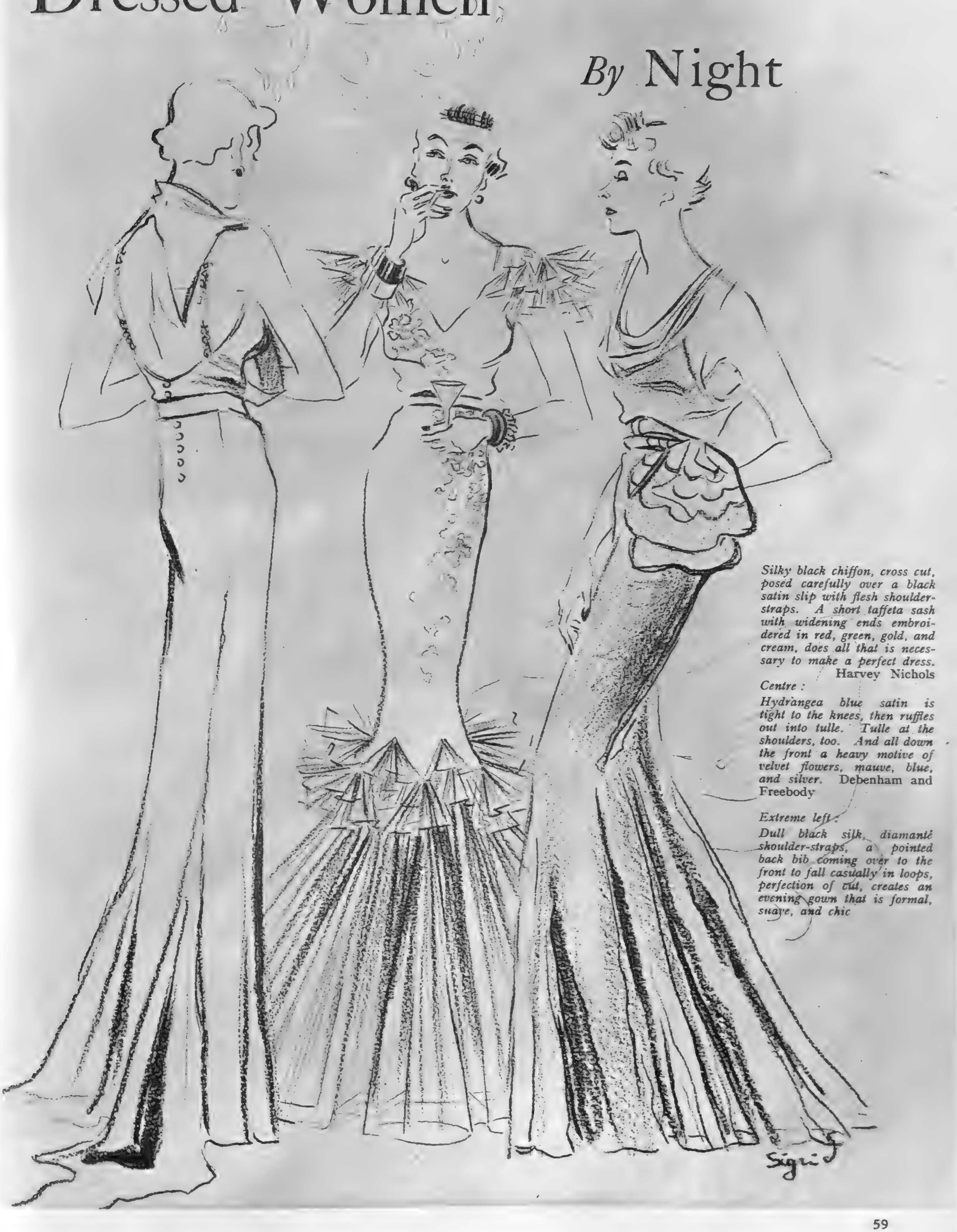


Stitching, two eccentric pockets and thonged leather buttons trim this dress and cape of yellowy-maize woollen. Marshall and Snelgrove



Stitching is again featured on the looped front panel of an otherwise severe, beautifully-made short coat and skirt. Marshall and Snelgrove

Dressed Women By Night



Silky black chiffon, cross cut, posed carefully over a black satin slip with flesh shoulder-straps. A short taffeta sash with widening ends embroidered in red, green, gold, and cream, does all that is necessary to make a perfect dress. Harvey Nichols

Centre :

Hydrangea blue satin is tight to the knees, then ruffles out into tulle. Tulle at the shoulders, too. And all down the front a heavy motive of velvet flowers, mauve, blue, and silver. Debenham and Freebody

Extreme left :

Dull black silk, diamanté shoulder-straps, a pointed back bib coming over to the front to fall casually in loops, perfection of cut, creates an evening gown that is formal, suave, and chic

A Cottage *in the* Country

This delightful house was once two tumble-down cottages, with peaked roofs, acquired, with 2 acres and a field, for £700. A clever architect and an expenditure of £1300 have converted and adapted the small estate into an ideal country home

The stairway cleverly conceals the dip between the two separate cottages

Here are Facts and Figures about Something which is Everybody's Dream

By Joan Woollcombe

It was a Charles II. cottage; and it stood—and still stands—in its almost perfect orchard and garden. It looked irresistible on a brilliant summer's day.

I took it.

The rent was low, for, including rates, it cost just £26 a year, and is within easy reach of London.

It has led me into detailed researches into the pros and cons of getting back to the land, if only for twenty-four hours in every week.

You can either buy land and cottage complete—and the market for country houses and cottages still favours the buyer—and equip and convert. Or you can buy land and build.

If your tastes as well as your bank-balance are modest, you will do as I have done, and rent a cottage in one of the still unspoilt near-London counties, and equip it within your means, effectively.

If the rent is modest, in all probability so are the sanitary arrangements, heating, lighting, water supply, and cooking equipment. You will have to allow for the occasional woman's wage when she is needed to get ready and to tidy up the cottage and light fires periodically during the damp seasons. The garden will need more than week-end attention. These things, then, must be thought of and budgetted for, long before the delights of colour-schemes and equipment are indulged in.

By spending some £700, two friends of mine acquired a rather tumble-down pair of cottages and 2 acres of garden and field.

For a further £1300 they have converted and adapted the small estate into an ideal country home.

The interest in this house, apart entirely from its charm, is that, in initial cost, it represents an income sacrificed of about £100 a year.

At that it is about twice as large as one would need for the week-end cottage of one's dreams, and more lavishly furnished and equipped.

The smaller cottage-in-the-country remains as a possibility for any of us, provided that certain mechanical adjustments are made that will render life healthy and comfortable. Labour-saving, in the home that is meant for rest, is as essential as anywhere else.

Sanitation. . . ? A subject not as decorative as colour schemes, but more vital. If your ideal cottage has not indoor or main-drainage sanitation, decide upon some such satisfactory substitute as the "Elsan" chemical lavatory, and, if this is situated outside, go to the small additional expense of concreting a pathway to it.

Water? If it is a question of pumping up every drop by hand and you have a cottage that will hold, say, yourself and the two children and a couple of friends, remember that, for about £14, you can acquire a mechanical pump, if you are within reach of the "grid" to run it!

Refuse? You may not think this a problem until you come to dispose of wastage of every sort, without even a pig or chickens to help you—and dustmen few and far between. There are various types of incinerator: the "Robot" is reported good and efficient for under five pounds.

Cooking: The varieties of equipment for cooking that

(*Continued on p.* 102)

You look from a small study through an archway (once a door) into the sitting-room, with its beams left in their original state, and the old baking-oven behind the fireplace

I go *Shopping* in an Island *Paradise*

And find all I want comes in a can

By Lady Lawford

On the way to Honolulu, I imagined it to be an island something like Tahiti, and that I should live on "chop suey," yams, and fresh-water prawns, as I had done there.

Then I found that the Honolulu food was exactly the same as in Los Angeles, which is one of the most up-to-date cities I have ever visited.

Of course, it is much hotter in Honolulu, so "King Can" has come into his own.

In the large stores, from floor to ceiling, there are tins and tins and tins of every sort of food in the world. You see women doing their shopping for the entire week all at one go.

Imagine a large shop with only about six attendants. One at the bread and cake counter, another at the ham and cold meats, another at the cash-desk, the rest to wrap up parcels.

At the door, just inside a turnstile, is a large pile of baskets of all sizes. You pass through and help yourself to one, then begin your tour, basket on arm. On the shelves there are packets, jars, cans, bottles: everything you want.

The price of every article is plainly marked on a metal disc at the side, so there is no confusion, nothing loose, unwrapped, or uncovered.

All articles are divided into section—jams, soups, coffee, and so on.

Now you pass before large, glass-fronted electric ice-boxes, containing milk (in sealed, dated bottles), eggs, cream, and cheese. These you open yourself, and extract what you want.

If you require cooked ham, or raw fish, or bacon, the man at the counter cuts it from the goods displayed in great glass tanks, kept at a certain temperature.

You pass on to the bread counter, and there you see the loaves and cakes, arranged in a glass case, glistening in their envelopes of cellophane.

When your basket is filled, you arrive at a cash-desk and a turnstile that *does not turn* until your bill is paid.

The attendant then checks up on the articles you have bought, weighs the fruit, vegetables, etc., takes your money, and gives you a ticket with the price of what you paid on it. He then takes the basket from you, and off you go with your arms full.

In Honolulu stores there are no polite salesmen. After several visits you may receive a friendly "How do, folks," from the man at the cash-desk. You may not.

In other types of shops, where they "send parcels" (at the cost of 7½d. per parcel), a title is quite a stumbling-block.

You say: "Please send this to Lady Lawford, Blank Hotel, Blank Street." This arrives addressed to: "Mrs. Lady Lawford," and the salesman says: "What a queer Christian name your folks gave you, sister."

(*Continued on page* 93)

TOWERING palm-trees line and shade the streets of Honolulu . . .

NATIVE girls do their celebrated dance . . . .

PINEAPPLE culture is an Island industry . . .

SUNSET in Honolulu . .

Safe Slimming

Drastic reducing may ruin your health, but there is a gentle, harmless way to smart slenderness

By Chrysis

Photo.: Sasha

THIS is the sort of figure that makes every woman in the audience sit up and resolve to do something about hers. La Jana, the dancer, in "Streamline"

SLIMMING fever rages fiercer than ever.

Women diet drastically, exercise madly, turn to any violent method of reducing that has been known to remove an inch or so from some other woman's middle.

You can't blame them. These days every woman wants to look like a sylph, and will pay heavily to be able to do so. But the price is too high if health suffers, as it often does.

Drastic dieting can be extremely dangerous, lowering the vitality and inducing nervous and physical debility. The ravages of rapid reduction are flabbiness, wrinkles and lassitude.

The same objections obtain in regard to other violent methods of reduction, such as very hot baths, which may have a harmful effect on the heart, and *strenuous* exercise, which is seldom acceptable physically or temperamentally to the subject.

Drugs and gland extracts should never be resorted to except under medical supervision.

In any case, slimming cures are only temporary, unless the body itself is brought to that condition in which it can deal with such fats as are contained in a normal diet.

Happily, these destructive criticisms of slenderising methods can be supplemented by a constructive programme.

There is now a method of slimming which has been called Nature's cure and has the inestimable merit of being a tonic and assistant to general health and digestion and the elimination of toxins.

This cure takes the form of an admixture of herbs, and is taken as a tea or infusion. It contains forty-two different ingredients, brought from all over the world, carefully and scientifically blended.

These include valuable metallic salts, vitamins, glucose and many other constituents of medically acknowledged curative and stimulating character, so that metabolism is assisted and toxins and superfluous fat dissipated.

The good effect is perceptible after a few days treatment. Not only does weight begin to diminish, but energy and a general sense of well-being assert themselves, and the eyes and skin become clear and healthy-looking.

THE simplicity of this treatment is greatly in its favour. Boiling water is poured on to the prepared herbal leaves, and the resultant tea—resembling the *infusions* or *tisanes* so popular in France—is allowed to draw for five minutes before drinking.

The strength of the infusion and the frequency of the doses is decided by the particular needs of the case under treatment. In six weeks it is possible to reduce fifteen to twenty-five pounds if a cup of the tea made with a full teaspoonful is taken regularly three times a day after food.

For further particulars of this treatment, write to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply

If a lesser reduction is desired a fortnight's treatment may be sufficient, after which the patient can take a cup of the herbal tea after the morning and evening meals only until the desired weight has been attained and the general tonic and rejuvenating effects fully established.

APART from slimming, a modified course has excellent effect in cases of nervous debility, headaches, biliousness, even insomnia.

To those who have martyred themselves in the cause of the modern streamline ideal, denying themselves all the pleasures of the table, rolling and rubbing to the point of exhaustion, only to find that the results were not commensurate with the effort or with the ensuing lassitude and run-down condition, this new and simple way of attaining healthy, youthful grace and vigour will come as a revelation.

The preparation can be obtained in packets, which provide either a six weeks' or a ten weeks' treatment.

Emaciation is as unhealthy (and unbecoming!) as excessive fat, and it cannot be too strongly stressed that sudden and drastic reduction is eminently unwise. This treatment is gradual and essentially beneficial, and can be regulated according to individual reaction.

MODERATE, congenial exercise, fresh air and a *sane* diet, not overloaded with fats and carbohydrates, are, of course, salutary.

The patient can drink as much as he or she wishes to; in fact, plenty of water and fruit juices are excellent, but it is advisable to limit the amount of liquid taken with meals, and to take any long draughts at least half an hour after or before eating.

Walter Bird

Have You a Dry Skin?

Turtle Oil forms the basis of a wonderful new nourishing cream that solves a prevalent beauty problem

SPRING is particularly trying to the typical English complexion. Climatic changes of temperature and seasonal winds play havoc with fine, fair, sensitive skins.

At all times this kind of complexion needs and merits particular care and nourishment, but perhaps most of all at this time of year.

It should, therefore, be of special interest to those who have dry skins that there is a new skin-food particularly rich in nutritive and feeding properties, of which the basis is turtle oil.

The nourishing and restorative qualities of turtle meat have long been famous, but, hitherto, mayors, aldermen and invalids have absorbed his excellence in soup!

NOW comes the discovery that, combined with certain other ingredients, these virtues can be assimilated by the pores of the skin with admirable results.

The new skin-food, which is called *Crême des Isles*, is fairly thick, particularly suave and smooth in texture, and extremely penetrative, so that its effect is not only to make the surface of the skin soft and clear, but actually to feed the underlying cells and tissues.

Animal fats are notoriously more nourishing than mineral fats, but in the past many of those used in creams and skin foods had the demerit of promoting any tendency to hair-growth.

Turtle oil has not this disadvantage. It is a valuable emollient for all types of skin, since it keeps the complexion in excellent condition, firm and resilient, and prevents and cures lack of tone and wrinkles.

It is, I think, particularly indicated in cases where the skin lacks natural oils and needs a smooth, easily assimilated skin-food.

Naturally, the good effects of the cream will be accelerated and increased if the pores are kept scrupulously clear of all impurities and the skin stimulated to activity and absorption.

Few dry and sensitive skins support soap and water well. In many parts of England the water contains a high percentage of chalk and lime, which is drying, clogging and, in some cases, a definite irritant, so that it is advisable to use a cleansing cream or milk instead of washing.

The specialist who makes the turtle oil cream has a particularly good cleansing lotion of milky consistency.

If this is used before the *Crême des Isles*, the driest skin should be conditioned to defy the elements and the years, and remain smoothly fair, healthy and unlined.

ANOTHER valuable and, as far as I know, unique beauty-aid from the same house, is a lip lotion. Dry lips, with a tendency to crack or peel, are the unfortunate concomitants of a dry skin, and are not only uncomfortable, but entirely spoil the effect of mouth make-up.

If you have a make-up or beauty question to ask, please write to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

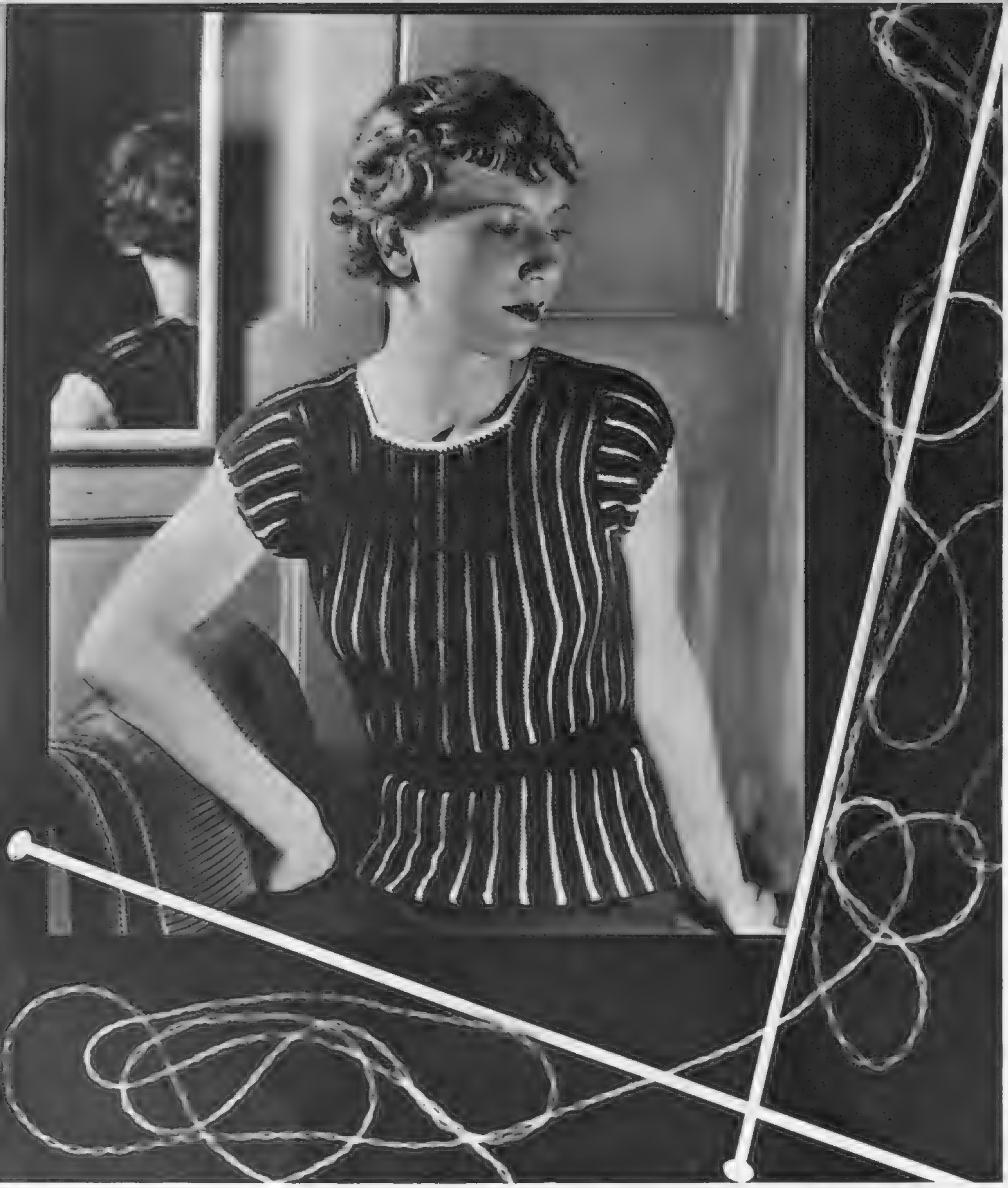
The pleasant and salutary innovation is a pink lotion applied to the lips with the finger tips and allowed to dry on before using lipstick, and again at night if desired.

It makes the lips soft, fine-skinned and supple, and is a splendid base for lipstick, which goes on smoothly and evenly after its use.

WOMEN who have dry and sensitive skins are often those with the most charming complexions and colouring, so that it is well worth their while, almost obligatory, to care for and protect their natural beauties and prevent the harshness and wrinkles which come from impoverishment.

A visit to the charming, centrally situated salon of this specialist, who has proved herself so understanding of this particular beauty problem, or even enquiries by letter, would elicit much helpful information and assistance.

I have concentrated on this new skin-food because it seems to me of particular and seasonal interest, but this specialist has, of course, a large assortment of excellent beauty preparations which maintain the highest standard of scientific efficiency and purity, and are designed to meet each and every cosmetic need.



Knitted *in* a New Manner

A Distinctive and Original Jumper

THIS jumper with the new squared raglan sleeves is knitted in an entirely new manner.

Instead of working up and down, front and back separately, you work right around, from side to side in one piece, with one side seam, obtaining a clever striped effect with knitting's simplest stitch, purl for the dark stripes, plain for the white stripes.

When finished, you do not press this jumper. Its distinction lies in the raised effect of the dark stripes on the recessed white ground, and this would be destroyed by pressing.

Materials required: *4 oz. three-ply navy wool.*
2 oz. three-ply white wool.
Pair No. 9 knitting needles.
Medium-sized crochet hook.

Measurements: *Width all round under arms, 32 in.*
Length, shoulder to lower edge, 22 in.
Length of sleeve, 3½ in.

Tension: *15 sts. and 23 rows to 2 in.*

Using the dark wool, cast on 100 sts. Knit into the back of the sts. in the first row.

2nd row: Knit.

3rd row: Purl, increasing once at the end of the row.

4th row: Knit, increasing once at the beginning of the row. Repeat these two rows twice.

9th row: With the white wool knit, increasing once at the beginning of the row.

10th row: Purl, increasing once at the end of the row.

11th row: With the dark wool knit, increasing once at the beginning of the row.

12th row: Knit, increasing once at the end of the row.

13th row: Purl, increasing once at the beginning of the row.

14th row: Knit, increasing once at the end of the row.

15th row: Cast on 28 sts. Purl to the end of the row.

Continue in stocking stitch for 3 rows.

* Change to white wool, knit 1 row, purl 1 row, change to dark wool, knit 2 rows, purl 1 row, work in stocking st. for another 5 rows†. Repeat from * to † twice.

Cast off 12 sts. and repeat from * to † 6 times. Change to dark wool. Cast on 12 sts. Continue in the stripes until 3 white stripes have been worked. Change to dark wool.

1st row: Knit.

2nd row: Knit.

3rd row: Purl.

4th row: Knit.

5th row: Cast on 28 sts. Purl to the end of the row. Continue in the stripes, decreasing once in each row at the armhole edge until 100 sts. remain. Work the white stripe on these 100 sts. Change to dark wool. Work the back to match the front, but do not cast off the 12 sts. for the neck. Work right across, level with the shoulder.

Sleeve.

Cast on 12 sts. Working in the stripes, increase once at the beginning of every alternate row until there are 20 sts. on the needle.

Continue in the stripes until 7 white stripes have been worked from the beginning. With the dark wool, knit 20.

Next row: Cast on 20 sts. Knit to the end of the row. Work 3 dark and 2 white stripes on these 40 sts. Cast off the 20 sts., and work 6 white and 5 dark stripes, then decrease once at the end of every alternate row until 12 sts. remain. Work 1 row. Cast off. Work the other sleeve to correspond.

Sew up the under-arm seams and set in the sleeves. Work 3 rows of d.c. around the neck and sleeves, drawing in the work slightly.

Carefully darn-in all ends.

BLESSED EVENT...

Trousseau for His Majesty the Baby

By

Len Chaloner

PREPARING a layette still remains the most enthralling job in the world for the mother-to-be.

The waiting months are not so trying for her as they used to be. The simplicity and efficiency of the modern layette have banished the long hours she devoted to fine sewing. Often long clothes are omitted altogether from the layette, and the child starts life right away as a "woolly" baby; while, thank goodness, stays, binders, and head shawls are long ago forgotten.

She is able to go about her normal social round,. because her own clothes, carefully chosen from a house that specialises in such garments, adroitly cut in the prevailing mode, no longer announce their special purpose

During any enforced inactivity she might enjoy knitting or making a few little things herself. But a well-known "baby" shop has such an excellent selection of everything mother or baby could possibly want, so reasonably priced, that home-made garments are hardly an economy.

Everything is ready and well thought out beforehand, nothing left for disturbing last-minute decision and purchase.

It was once considered unlucky to buy the perambulator before the event. To-day we are more sensible. It is earmarked in advance, chosen for its style and colour and price, so that just a post-card ensures delivery as soon as it is required. This saves the possibility of an irritating wrong choice by a deputy.

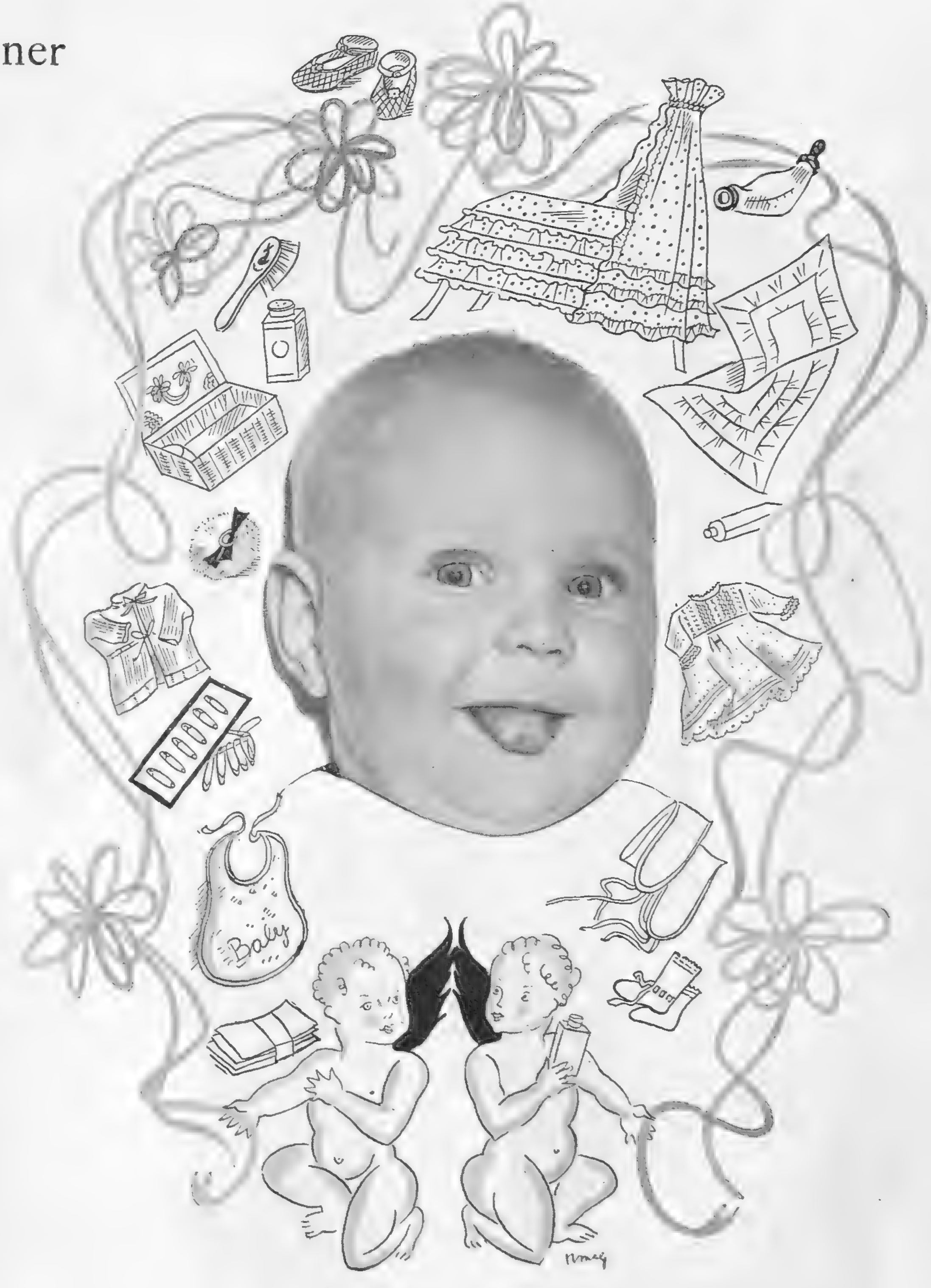
Here is a minimum layette for practical purposes, to which you can add as much as you like:

Four wrap-over vests in fine wool or silk and wool; four nightgowns in fine flannel or woollen; four day gowns in silk, nunsveiling or lawn; four petticoats in material depending on the frocks. Viyella would be excellent under silk or lawn. It saves the wearing and washing and ironing of *two* petticoats.

An alternative to petticoats is long knitted overall trousers. With these a lawn frock would be too transparent. A silk or spun silk would be better.

Four matin coats in fine wool. Three dozen nursery squares, medium size, to last, in good towelling. One dozen Harrington squares.

One large carrying shawl and one rather warmer matin coat for outdoor wear. Two or three indoor shawls in which the baby will live during the first month or two.



If trousers are not worn, woollen bootees should be provided. The caps or bonnets are not usually bought until the baby is born.

Pram covers, pillowslips, a covered hot-water bottle, special handkerchiefs or gauze face towels, all make useful presents to give to a new baby.

The mother's own needs for the event will be included in her nurse's list, but her more personal requirements may be summarised as follows:

Six nightgowns (one rather old one), *(Continued on page 86)*

Calling All Home

464

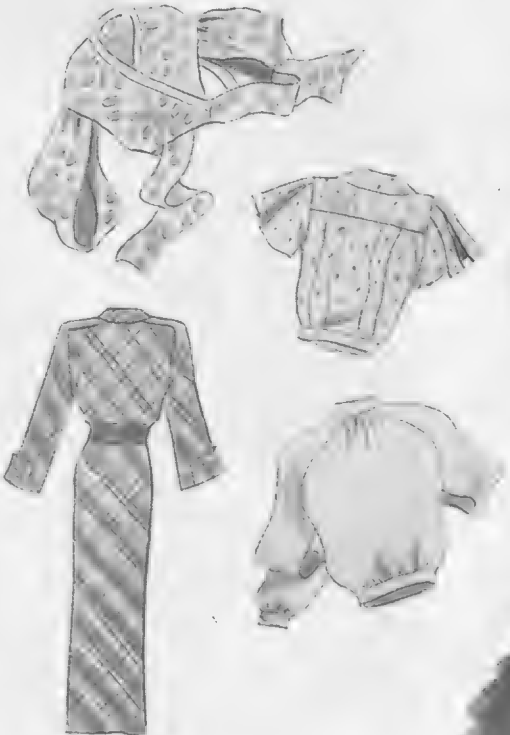
THIS is sprigged taffeta, salmony pink mushrooms, if you please, nodding on slender stalks. An evening blouse or coat (as you will) crossing at back and front, and tying at the waist. Pretty sling sleeves. Price 1/- Material required: 2⅛ yards of Tootal's 7231

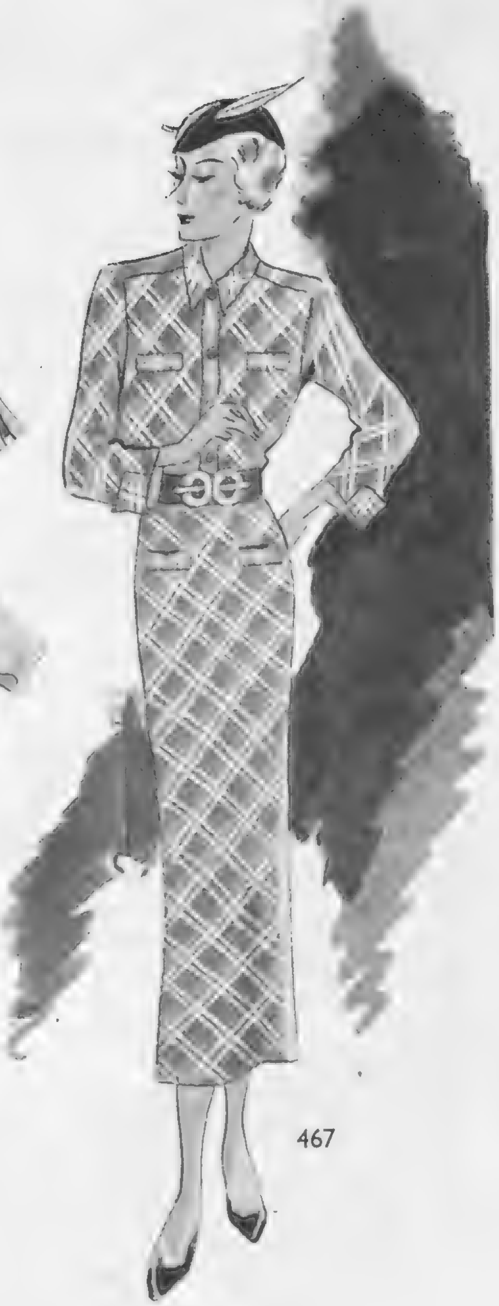
465

THE crisp little blouse you'll want to wear under your new spring suit on the first mild day. Delicate, fresh voile, flesh coloured, chenille spotted. Box pleats front and back, schoolboy collar, and loose pleated sleeves. Price 1/- Material required: 1¾ yards of Tootal's D.A. 1245

466

A NEW kind of sports over-blouse. Raglan sleeves. Yoke slightly gathered into neckband, the whole blouse gathered into waist band. Wrist bands to match. This is in vivid orange, a rayon and cotton mixture that looks like a smooth flannel. Price 1/- Material required: 2 yards of Tootal's 65





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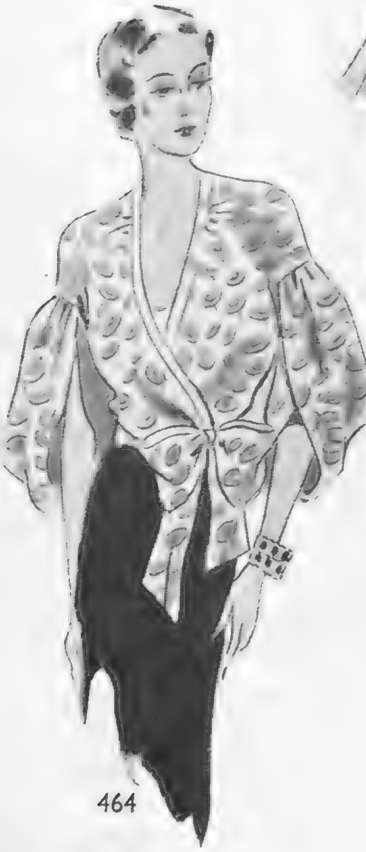

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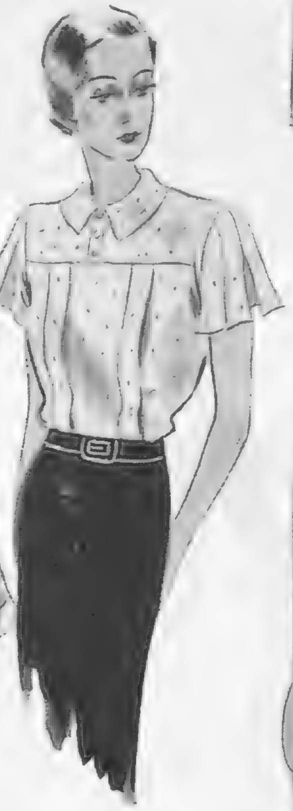

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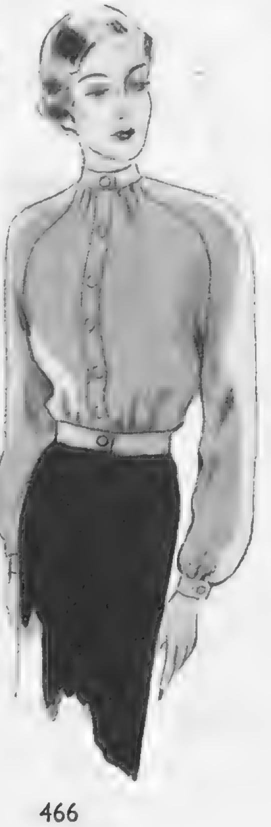


466

467

A STRAIGHT shirt waist dress with squared raglan sleeves. Four pockets. Fabric is navy, light blue and white plaid (again rayon and cotton mixed to look like woollen). Price 1/- Material required: 3¾ yards of Tootal's 311

All the fabrics on this page are crease-resisting

Dressmakers....

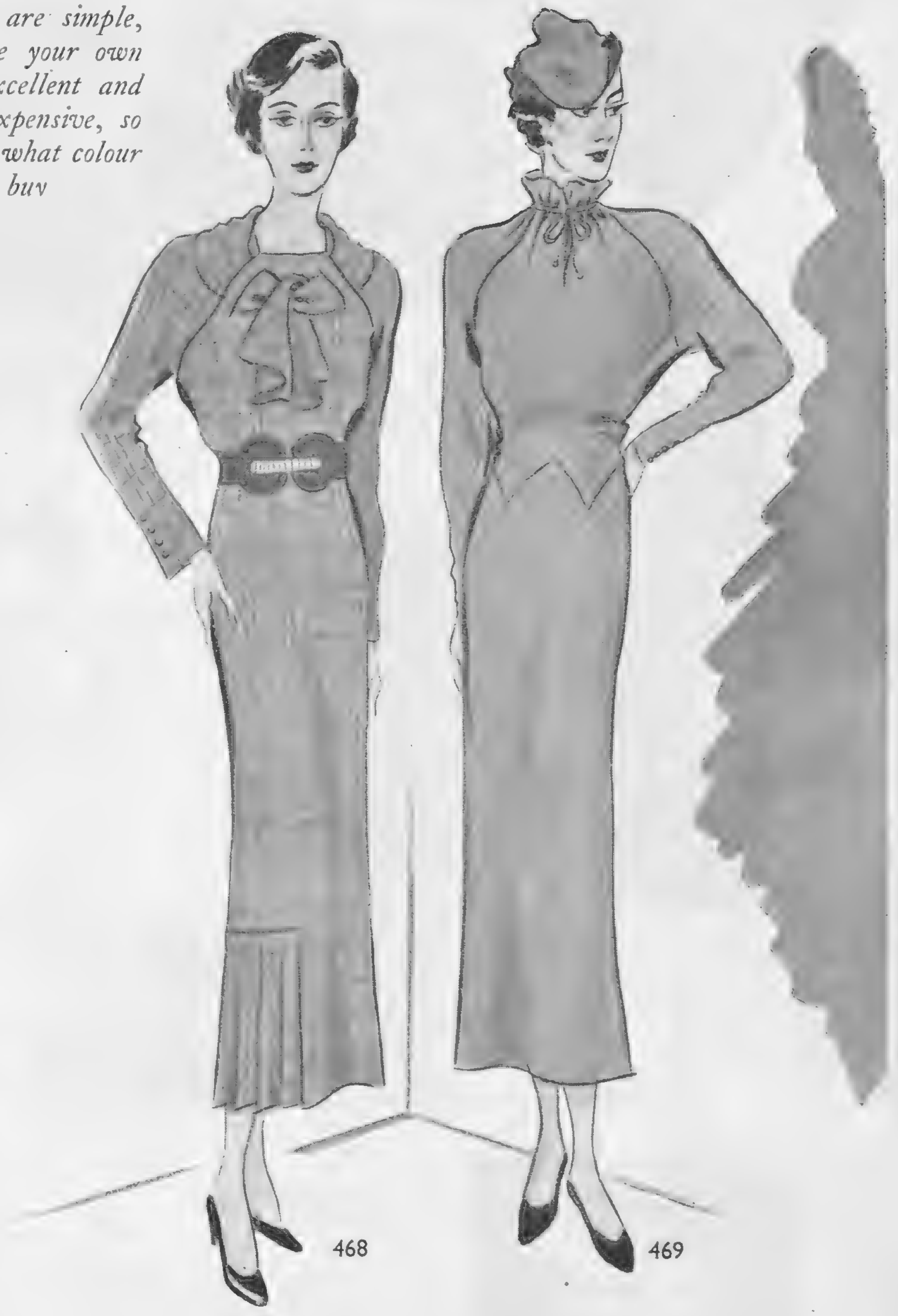
Three blouses and three dresses that call out to be made. The patterns are simple, easy to make and unless you've your own ideas, we also suggest some excellent and suitable British fabrics, all inexpensive, so you needn't even bother to think what colour to have, what material to buy

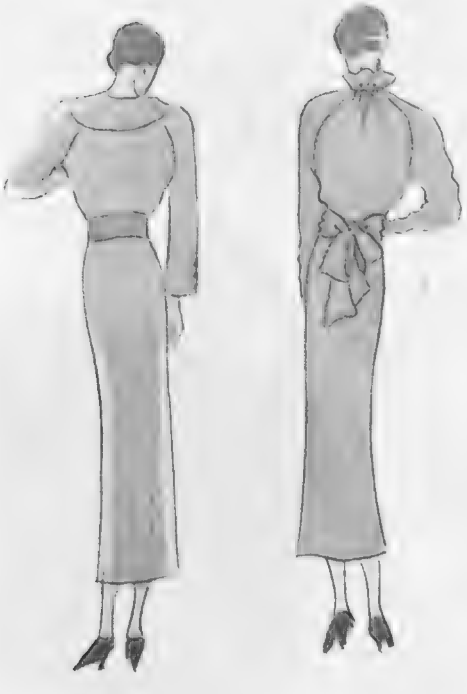
468

MORNING or afternoon frock in Visylka (of the Viyella family with silk in the weave, softening it). The greyish blue that suits most people, with a darker blue check design. The wrap collar slotting through the fronts can be initiatively treated in many ways. Price 1/- Material required: 4½ yards of Visylka 1008

469

A FASCINATING blistered silky fabric, revealing itself as Celanese, makes this dress, which is cut entirely on the cross. Frilled neck on a drawstring. Price 1/- Material required: 4½ yards of Acier Grain crepe 4739





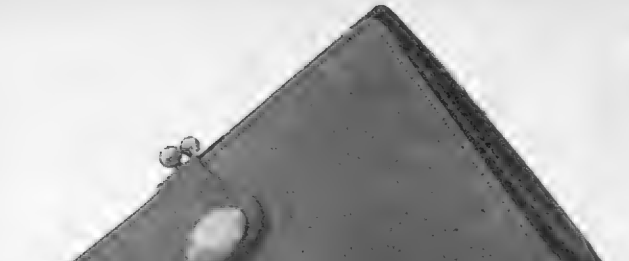
How to Buy

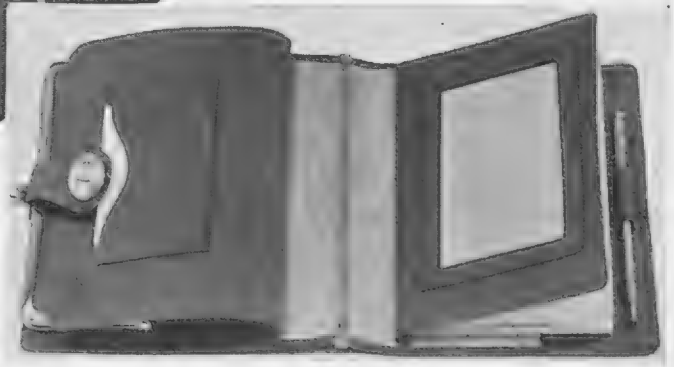
The patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

What I *have* Bought *this* Month

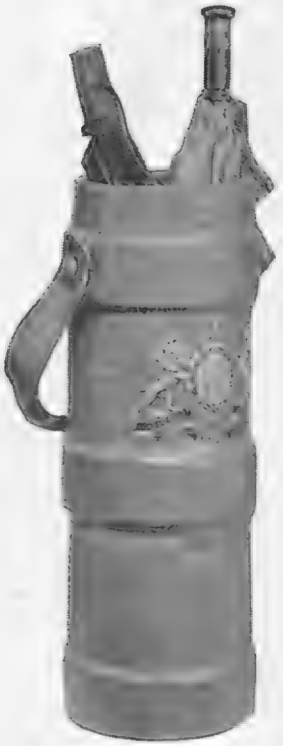
WRITE to The Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

If you would like us to buy for you, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given in each case, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

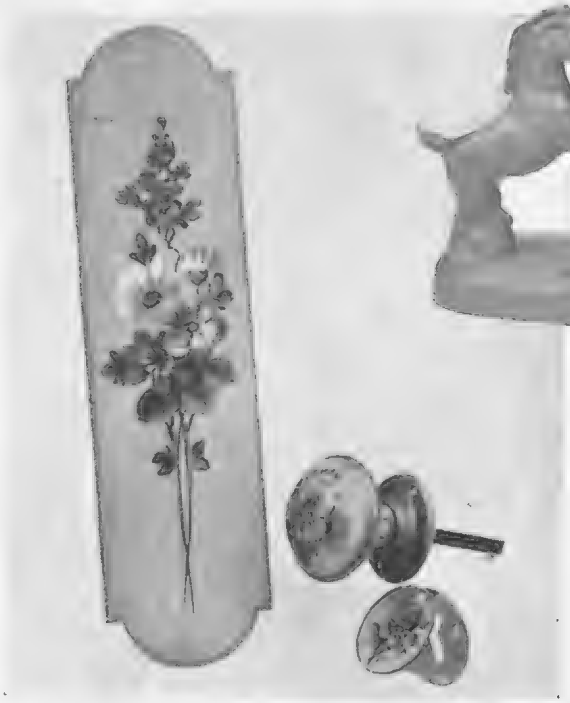


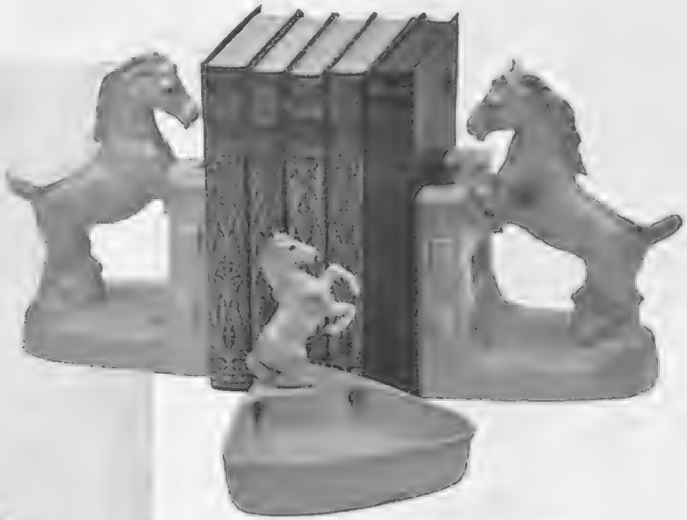


THE flat-racing season will soon be here again and all regular racegoers will welcome this neat handbag. When opened it reveals a useful bag at one end, a rod through which your race card may be slipped, and beneath the mirror is a Cecil betting book in which an accurate account of the season's gains or losses may be kept. It is obtainable in red, green, brown or blue. Price 21/-. (Post free)



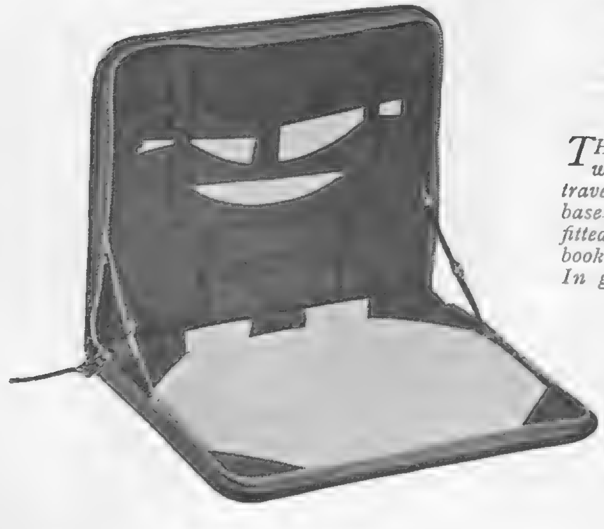
OLD naval shell cases made of canvas and with strong leather handles make most original and decorative umbrella stands. They are painted in red, green or black with the Royal Arms on the front. Price 9/11. (Postage 1/6)



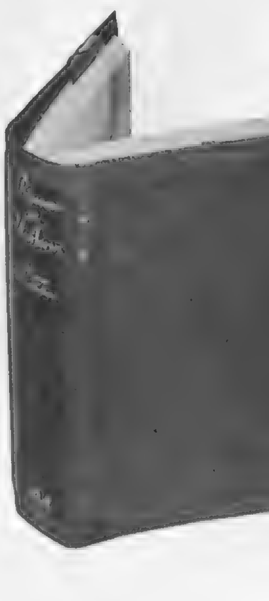


GLAZED china horse book-ends in an attractive shade of pink mottled with grey have a matching ash-tray. The book-ends are 7/6 and the ash-tray 2/6. (Postage 10d.)

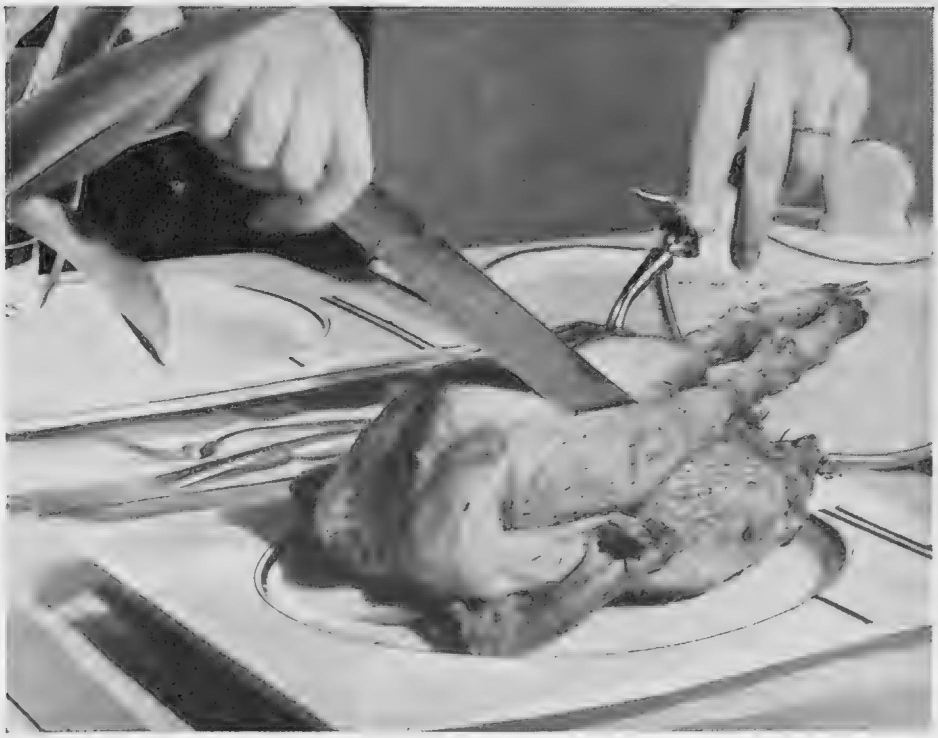
THIS novel three-piece door set, comprising a handle, finger-plate and key-flap, is hand painted and crackled on a metal foundation. Any colour may be obtained to order, and the complete set costs 10/11. (Postage 9d.)



THIS morocco leather zip-fastening writing case with steel hinges is ideal for travelling, being very compact and light. The base is stiffened for writing on the knee. Well fitted with partitions for stationery, an address book, blotter and slot for fountain pen. In green and red. Price 24/6. (Post free)

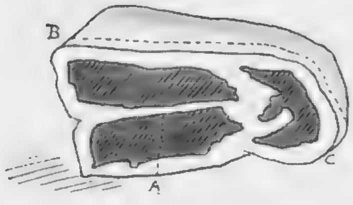


BOOK-LOVERS will appreciate the "Transpara" book cover. It is made in waterproof leather with a talc inset, enabling the title of the book to be seen. It has a permanently fitted book marker which marks the page as the leaf is turned. In blue, red, green and brown, price 2/3. (Postage 6d.)

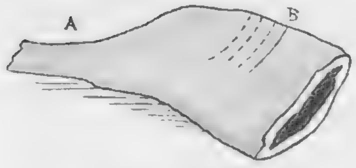


Make the Joint go Twice as Far by Good Carving

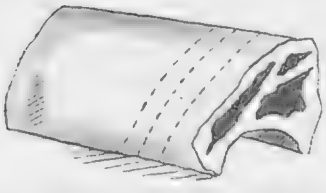
By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett



Sirloin of Beef



Leg of Mutton —or Pork



Loin of Mutton —or Pork

GOOD carving, like any job done with skill and precision, is a pleasure to behold. And a good carver is an economist, for he can make a joint go twice as far.

If carving is to be well done the implements for it must be in first-class condition.

The knife, which should be kept solely for this purpose, must be sharp, and the fork should have two prongs and a strong spring. A steel should be in readiness, although it is not always necessary.

During operations the knife should be held firmly, but used lightly, and the meat must be cut in thin even slices so that the joint will not look ragged, but will be left in a tidy condition for next time.

The cook can help the carver a lot. If the meat is not correctly jointed in the kitchen and the skewers, string and other accessories not removed, then the task is more difficult.

The joint must be placed on a dish quite large enough to hold it, and the slices of meat carved from it. At the same time there must be room in the dish to turn the joint as required. Gravy poured round a roast is rather a nuisance. It should always be served separately.

The carving of a bird is perhaps the most complicated. Whether it is game or fowl, the main principle is always the same. Place the bird on its back on the dish, with the legs to the left.

Fix the fork firmly either in the leg or across the breastbone—this method is steadier, and the fork can remain in the same position throughout the whole of the carving.

Start with the leg nearest the carver and sever it from the carcase by following the natural curve of the leg.

Next remove the wing with a slice of the breast, using the point of the knife to sever the joint. Then divide the wing in two. Proceed to cut the breast in neat slices, then carve the whole length of the bird as evenly as possible before beginning to serve.

If the whole bird is not required it is better not to touch the second side, but if it is necessary, insert the knife at the point A and cut down the dotted line to remove the wishbone, turn the bird round and carve the second half in the same way.

A small slice of breast should be served to each guest with part of the wing or leg, also a little of the garnish and stuffing which is generally found in the breast.

SMALL birds, such as snipe, plover and quail, are served whole, but partridge, grouse and pigeon are generally cut in half. Pheasant and guinea-fowl are carved like a chicken, but with turkey, goose and duck it is better to carve the breast first, and the legs afterwards.

When the legs are disjointed they should be cut in slices, otherwise the portions would be too large.

A sirloin roast should be placed with the thickest end to the left-hand side as in the diagram.

It is usual to carve the undercut first. To do this the carver must turn over the joint and cut down horizontally from A to the centre bone, in fairly thick slices, a small portion of fat being served with each slice.

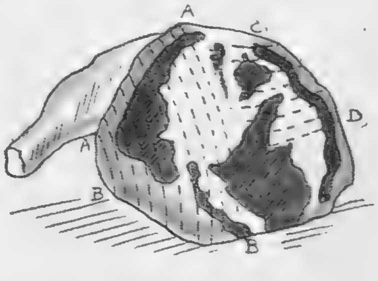
The joint should then be turned over to its original position and the upper part should be cut along in thin slices from B to C.

Insert the knife between the centre bone and the meat to loosen the slices.

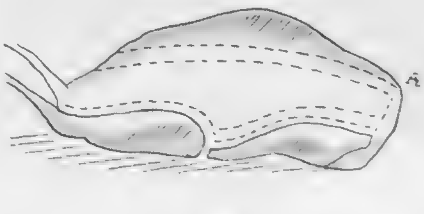
Ribs of beef resemble the upper part of the sirloin, and are placed on the dish in a similar position, then carved in exactly the same way.

Leg of mutton and pork are carved alike.

Place the joint on the dish with the shank at the left hand. The simplest way to carve it is to take hold of the bone, which should be covered with a frill for this purpose—the fork could be inserted near that point if preferred. Make an incision at the knuckle marked A and another from the point B down to the centre bone. Proceed to carve even slices slantwise as shown by the dotted lines from B to A, then loosen the slices by passing the point of the knife along the centre bone. (*Continued on page* 96)



Shoulder of Mutton



Bird

Feather Fingers

Good pastry is made by light hands and keeping to the rules

TO make good pastry you must have plenty of time and a light hand.

I do not mean that all pastry is specially difficult to make; for everyday wear, so to speak, a quickly made, homely paste is quite suitable.

A friend of mine in Devonshire had a very good cook who, whenever her mistress asked if she could produce something quickly for unexpected guests, would always reply: " Yes'm, oh *certainly'm*; we'll knock up a bit of pastry." And very good it was too.

However, I am dealing here with pastry of a more elaborate kind; something to be proud of on special occasions.

For this you must stick to the rules, faithfully, and cultivate a delicate lightness of touch—feather fingers.

Then they will say of you, approvingly, " She has a light hand with pastry."

Whether you are making " puff " or " short " pastry, they must be light. To obtain this result you must have as much cool air in the mixture as possible.

In the case of puff pastry, the air is in between the layers of paste, put there by repeated folding in a cool place, and when rolling you start by lightly pressing the edges of the folded paste to imprison the air.

For short crust you do not roll frequently. The lightness is partly caused by the addition of baking powder, as you do not want a paste composed of several very thin layers or " flakes."

Flour for flaky pastry must always be sieved and the paste allowed to stand in a cool place for one hour before using.

You can make a supply of paste which will keep for several days if you wrap it in buttered paper and stand it on a marble slab or a thick china dish in a cold larder free from damp. *Not* in a refrigerator.

Flaky Paste

TAKE half a pound of flour and pass it through a sieve into a basin. Make a hole in the middle and put in a coffee-spoonful of strained lemon juice. Now add cold water (about half a tumblerful) little by little, working it to a paste with the fingers (remember the feather touch), and then put the paste on to a marble slab or smooth wooden board and knead it until it is very smooth.

Have also half a pound of butter or a mixture of butter and lard, form it into a square of about four inches and roll out the paste to a strip slightly broader than the butter.

Stand the butter in the middle of the strip of paste, fold this over to enclose the butter, press down the sides lightly and put it away in a cool place for ten minutes.

Now roll the paste lightly away from you until you have a strip about three times the original size. Fold it in three again and turn the folded end towards you. Roll out once more, after which you fold in three again and place aside in the cool place for another ten minutes. This double rolling and folding must be repeated five or six times.

Each time you roll, the pin must be well floured without allowing flour to stick unevenly to the paste.

Use a really brisk oven and bake for about half an hour.

Short Crust

PUT half a pound of flour into a bowl and rub into it, lightly and little by little, six ounces of butter or a mixture of butter and lard. Add a pinch of salt and a coffee-spoonful of baking powder, also the yolk of an egg and a few drops of cold water, just enough to make a thick paste, which you turn out on to a board and roll out twice only.

Sunday Pie

CUT the left-over flesh of a cold roast chicken into small pieces and brown them in butter with salt, a little cayenne pepper, and a shallot, finely chopped. Add twice the amount of cooked spaghetti that you have of chicken, and mix well.

Moisten with tomato sauce and put the mixture into a buttered pie dish. Cover with flaky pastry; paint the top with beaten egg and bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

Rissoles à l'Américaine

MAKE a mince with cooked chicken or veal and ham in equal proportions, adding one onion and a small bunch of parsley, salt and pepper. Bind with a yolk of egg and mix well.

Have ready some flaky paste rolled very thinly, and cut it into squares of about six inches.

(*Continued on page* 93)

DELICIOUS tartlets, made with a short crust, and filled with chestnut purée

The Best Dishes of Other Countries

By A. H. Adair

ALTHOUGH volumes have been written about that very much worried bone—French cooking—there is still, and always will be, a lot left to be said. It is a subject as inexhaustible as its resources are without limit.

Travelling through France diagonally from Calais to St. Jean de Luz, say, or from St. Malo to Nice, you will find that the food of each Département is as varied as the scenery.

Every time you enter a new Province, the food of the country changes character, merges, as it were, into the background of forest, mountain or seaboard, with the great difference from other countries that the basic principles of French cooking are employed all over the land.

PAIX
GRILL ROOM

Food for a Dinner Party Prepared As In France

In the North, Brittany, Paris, the cooking is all "au beurre." The housewives of the south-west use "graisse de porc," while in Provence, as everyone knows, olive oil is employed for all frying.

Thus from the very start you have an unmistakable difference of flavour, you then discover that in Burgundy delicious cream sauces are the speciality of the country, that south-western cooks use a lot of pimentos; that on the Mediterranean shores dishes are often flavoured with saffron, and that if you journey all round the coasts of France you can taste a great number of local fish soups, all of them delicious, but not bearing the slightest resemblance to each other.

It is from this rich store of local dishes that La Cuisine Française is compiled, and out of which I have taken a few typical examples which would very well serve as a menu for a dinner party. In which case I would serve just potatoes with the chicken and the endives by themselves as a separate course.

Pot au feu

PUT two or three pounds of stewing beef into a large saucepan with a knuckle of beef and a few marrow bones. Add three quarts of cold water, salt and pepper, and bring very slowly to the boil, skimming constantly.

When there is no more scum left, add two or three carrots, leeks, an onion stuck with two cloves, and a head of celery, all the vegetables cleaned and cut into pieces. Bring to the boil, remove to a cooler part of the stove and simmer for six hours.

Remove grease, and pass the soup through a fine strainer. Serve with pieces of carrots and leeks.

The beef, of course, is not thrown away, but used in some made-up form as a luncheon dish.

ENDIVES MORNAY. *Serve these alone, after the chicken, as a separate course*

Filets de Sole à la Crème

HAVE the soles filleted by the fishmonger, but see that you get the heads and bones. Put these in a flat saucepan with one onion, one carrot, cut in pieces, and a little bunch of herbs tied together—thyme, parsley and a bay leaf.

Add salt and pepper, a tumblerful of vinegar, and almost fill the pan with cold water. Bring to the boil and cook for twenty minutes, by which time you will have a well-flavoured stock.

Put in your fillets—one large or two small ones for each person—either rolled, folded in two or flat, according to your fancy and poach them for six minutes. Put them in a hot dish with enough of the stock to keep them hot and moist while you proceed with the sauce.

Strain the rest of the stock into a clean saucepan through a very fine strainer. Bring to the boil and boil until most of the liquid has evaporated, leaving about two tablespoonfuls of thick and highly-concentrated essence of fish.

Into this pour—for four people—a teacupful of fresh cream and boil it fiercely for a few minutes; it will neither burn nor curdle.

Now put the fillets of sole, well drained, in a hot serving dish and pour over the cream sauce.

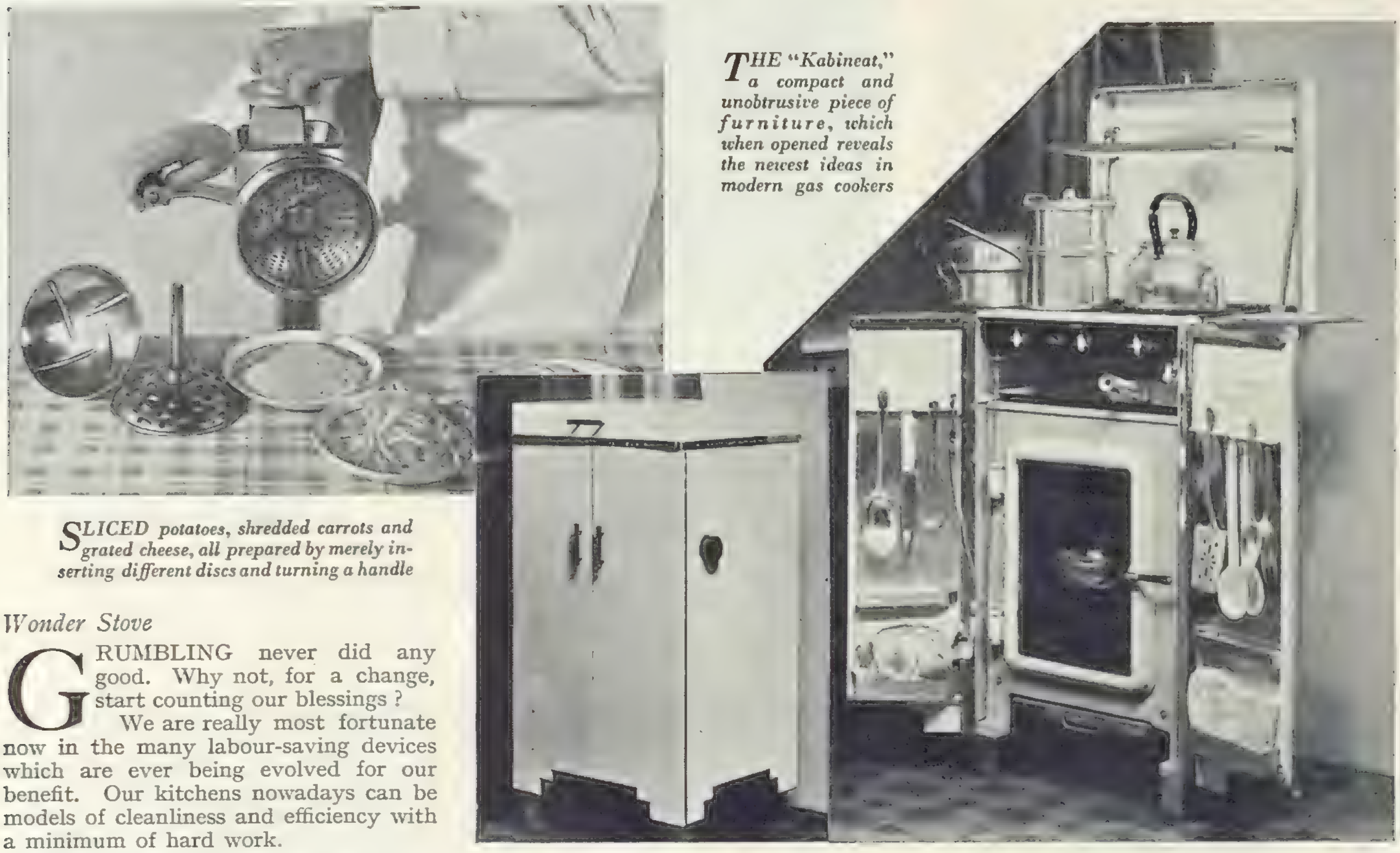
Poulet en Casserole

CARVE the chicken raw, keeping the best parts on one side. Take a thick casserole of earthenware and put at the bottom the carcase and other odd bits of chicken. Add a carrot and one large onion cut in small pieces, also the usual bunch of thyme, parsley and bay leaf, salt and pepper, a teacupful of water, and a glass of sherry or Madeira.

Meanwhile, melt a small piece of butter in a frying-pan and brown in it the good pieces of chicken, after which you put them in the casserole on top of the rest. Cover the pan tightly and simmer gently for one hour, after which you remove the carcase, odd bits and herbs, also as much of the fat from the gravy as possible. (*Continued on p. 93*)

A Page *of Kitchen News*

Especially *for* Housewives



THE "Kabineat," a compact and unobtrusive piece of furniture, which when opened reveals the newest ideas in modern gas cookers

SLICED potatoes, shredded carrots and grated cheese, all prepared by merely inserting different discs and turning a handle

Wonder Stove

GRUMBLING never did any good. Why not, for a change, start counting our blessings?

We are really most fortunate now in the many labour-saving devices which are ever being evolved for our benefit. Our kitchens nowadays can be models of cleanliness and efficiency with a minimum of hard work.

At the top of this page are illustrations of the newest word in kitchen equipment, the "Kabineat" gas cooker. When closed it is the neatest piece of furniture, mounted with stainless steel and finished in heat-resisting durable enamel.

Open the twin doors and they reveal a most efficient cooker with automatic cooking control, oven door of armour-plate glass, a set of "Pyrex" ovenware, and a set of six kitchen implements suspended from detachable aluminium racks and with drip troughs below.

Deductions in price are made when the full range of equipment is not desired.

The hotplate, on either side of which an extension plate may be fitted to give additional working space, is provided with a large and fast double grill.

On the left is a boiling ring and, adjacent, a small simmering burner. The exceptionally deep oven is provided with three grids, a Yorkshire baking-tray and drip-pan.

I will let the photographs speak for themselves and tell you of my other finds.

Versatility

FOR sheer versatility I have seldom come across any kitchen utensil that can compare with one I recently saw demonstrated. It certainly merits its name of "super shredder"—in fact, to give it a name that really would incorporate all its various uses would be almost impossible.

In construction it is much like an ordinary mincing machine, but it has three separate discs, each of which has its special function. Disc No. 1 *slices* potatoes, carrots, cucumbers, apples, etc. Disc No. 2 *chops* the same things and can also be used for cutting up oranges and lemons for marmalade and for making breadcrumbs with new bread; and disc No. 3—the hardest worker of all—*grates, grinds, mashes, shreds* and *presses* anything you want to prepare in any of these five ways.

And when I tell you that, unlike most graters, it can be washed with the greatest of ease and that it is guaranteed for twenty years, I feel sure you will hurry to buy one.

I must also mention that this wizard of the kitchen has an iron frame covered with a double coating of pure acid-resisting tin, and the shredding and cutting discs are of stainless steel with chromiumed spindles.

Taking into consideration the many uses to which this machine can be put and the number of kitchen utensils for which it may be substituted, it is really remarkably cheap.

ENQUIRIES relating to anything illustrated or mentioned on this page should be addressed to The Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and a stamped envelope or postcard enclosed for a reply

Finger-grip Coal Tongs

COAL is such an elusive product. Try to pick it up with a pair of tongs, and nine times out of ten it will fall with a clatter on to the tiles before it ever reaches the grate, probably cracking the tiles and certainly making a mess of your hearth. A coal glove doesn't really help much: it always seems to get as dirty on the inside as it does on the outside.

Here's good news. I have just found a little pair of finger-grip coal tongs. They have serrated teeth which grip the coal and make it impossible for it to slip out until you release your grip to place it on the fire. They are strongly made and finished in red, blue, green, grey or black.

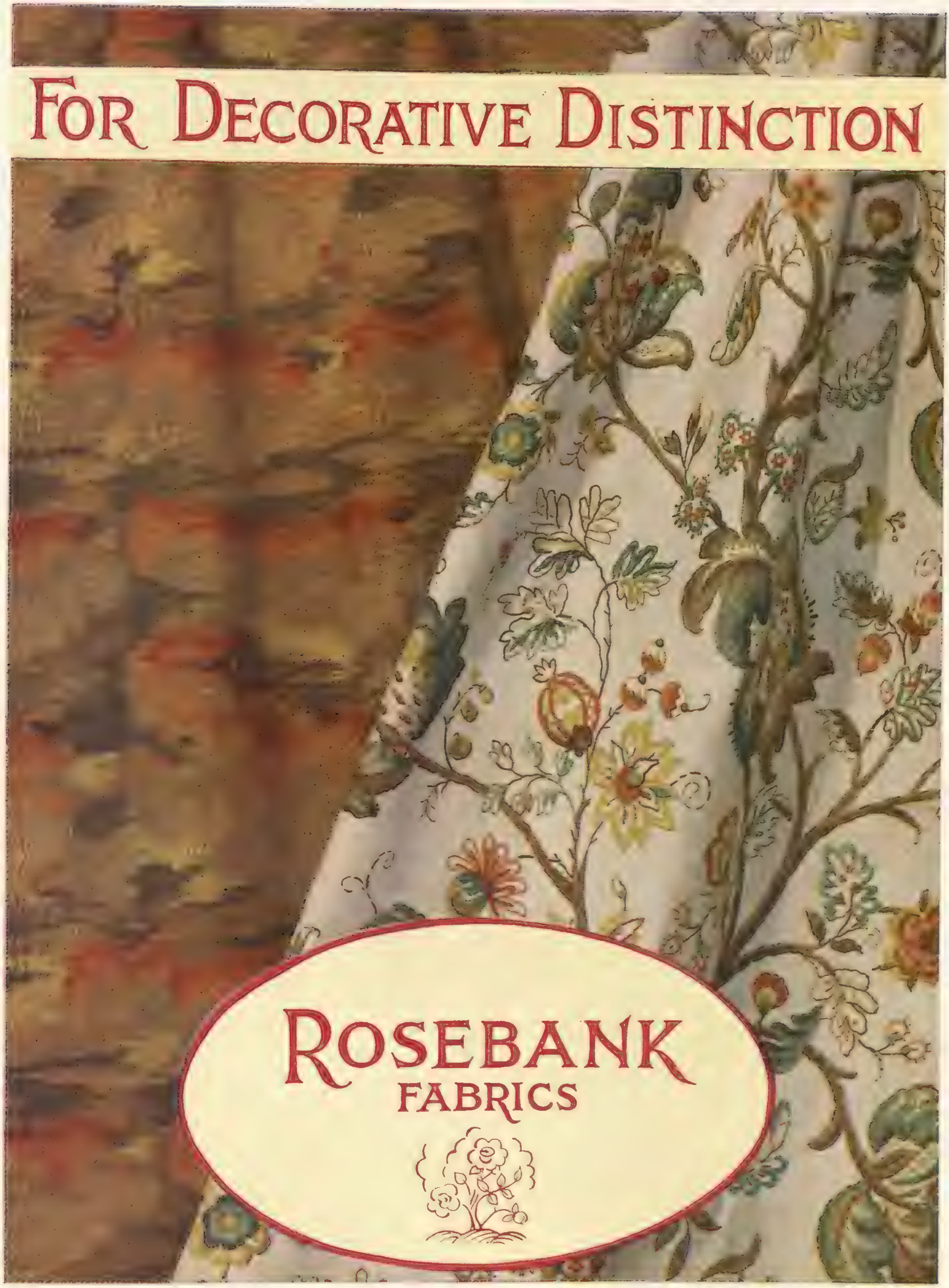
Quick Firelighter

I WAS certainly never cut out to be a Girl Guide, for to light a fire with one match is a feat I seldom accomplish. The "Eezee" firelighter and container was made for people like me—and probably you.

The container is attractively finished in oxidised copper and has a well-fitting lid which prevents evaporation and smell. The firelighter — don't ask me what its composition is, for I haven't the vaguest idea—you just soak in paraffin (which you keep in the container), place it in the grate and apply a match.

When the fire is well kindled remove it, but remember to let it get cool before placing it back in the paraffin-filled container. This firelighter will last for months, and is a boon for reviving fires that have gone out.

M. F.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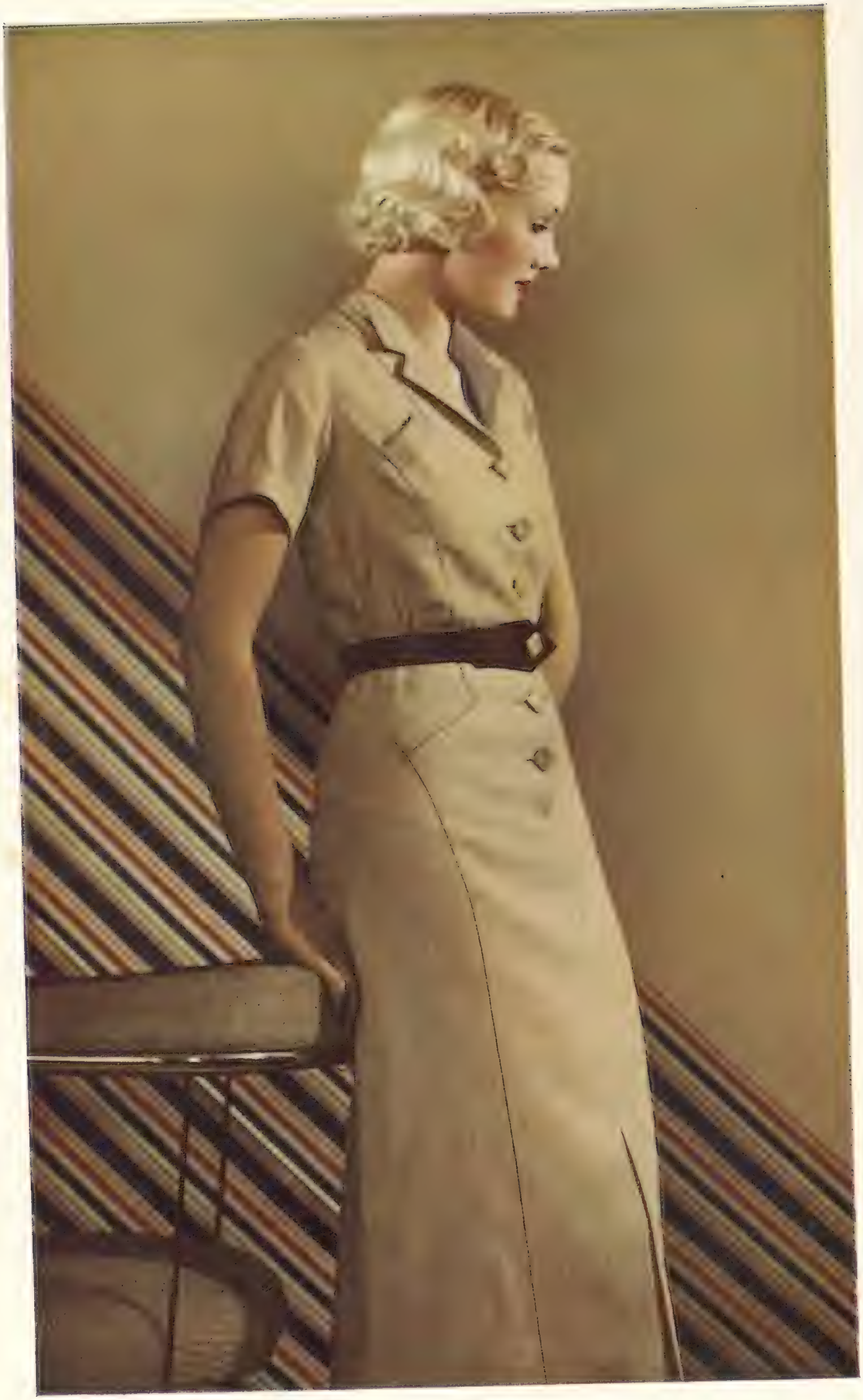
1935

has brought us nothing lovelier than Tootal Linen, and the photograph shows how beautifully it tailors. The principal Tootal Crease-Resisting Fabrics are listed on the opposite page.



1935

has brought us nothing lovelier than

TOOTAL Regd. **LINEN**

The charm of Tootal Linen is well suggested in the picture opposite. It has all the virtues for which linen is famous. It tailors perfectly; it washes; it is cool and charming.

One additional virtue — all its own — distinguishes Tootal Linen. Tootal's scientific crease-resisting process has given it a power to resist and recover from creasing similar to that naturally possessed by wool. It keeps this remarkable power even after washing. It will need washing less often than untreated linens — when it does, simply wash as wool and iron while damp.

Tootal Linen offers the most delightful prints as well as very modern shades. Width 36 inches. Price 2/11 a yard for standard weight. Also a heavy quality, suitable for coats and suits.

Tootal Linen carries this Guarantee: 'Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material, Tootals will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making up.' For easy identification the brand name is stamped on the selvedge. If you can't get just what you want write us as below.

TOOTAL Regd.
LINEN
resists creasing

THE TOOTAL CREASE-RESISTING RANGE INCLUDES:

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ROBIA A BEAUTIFUL NEW STYLE OF COTTON
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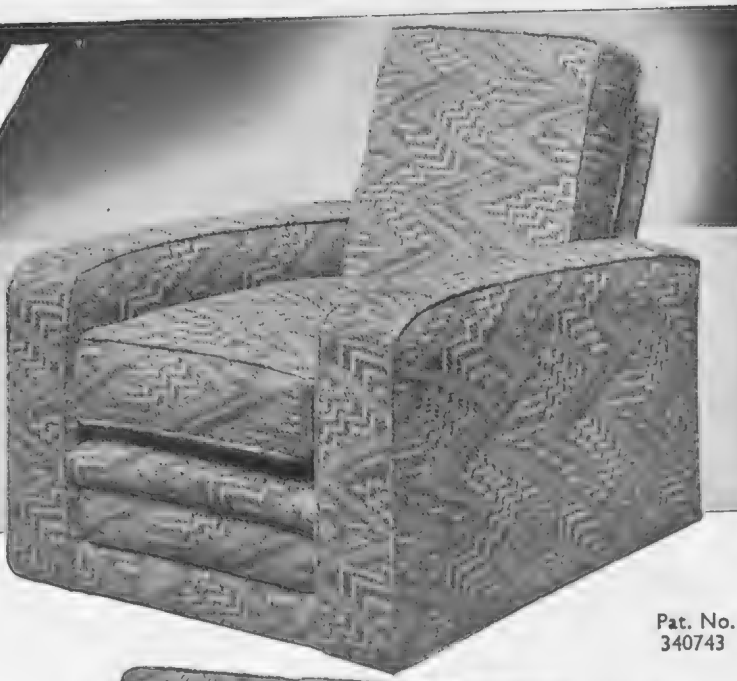
TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. (DEPT. La6) 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER

MINTY

CLUB CHAIR



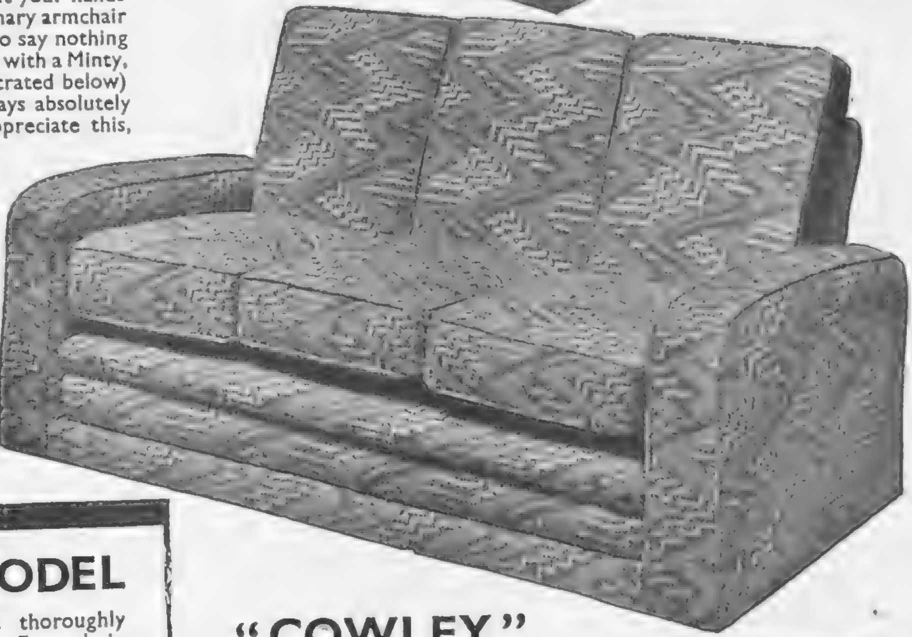
Pat. No.
340743

The moment you sink into its deep cushioned comfort you experience a complete sense of ease and relaxation.

But that is not all. Have you ever put your hands down the sides of the seat of an ordinary armchair and raked out odd coins and things, to say nothing of dust and fluff? This cannot happen with a Minty, because it "takes to bits" (as illustrated below) to be cleaned and is therefore always absolutely Hygienic. The women-folk will appreciate this, especially if loose covers are desired. Seasoned Hardwood Frames. Patent Springing and Hair Stuffing throughout.

COWLEY MODELS

The luxurious lines and the beautiful colours appeal immediately to the eye. There is a wide choice of coverings to choose from.

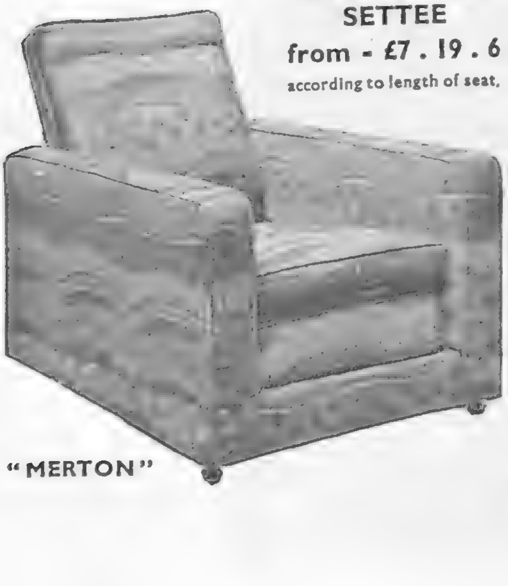


THE MERTON MODEL

The "Merton" Economy Model is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout.

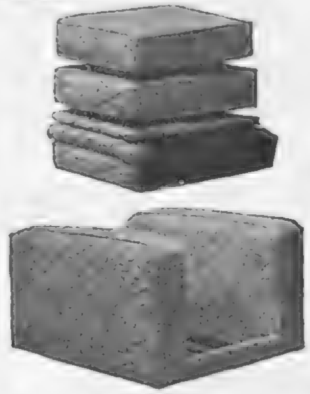
"MERTON" CHAIR from £3. 19. 6
according to length of seat.

"MERTON" SETTEE
from - £7. 19. 6
according to length of seat.



"MERTON"

"COWLEY" SETTEE



Prices of "COWLEY" Model

CHAIR - from £7. 7. 0
according to length of seat.

SETTEE - from £12. 12. 0

Two Chairs and one Settee form an admirable suite.

DEFERRED TERMS CAN BE ARRANGED.

Write for Catalogue of the MINTY "COWLEY," "MERTON," and "ISIS" Chairs and patterns of coverings.

Minty (Dept. 86), 44/45 HIGH ST., OXFORD
London Showrooms:
123 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
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5, EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER

Your Daily Bread

By Jean Burnup

Dixon Scott

THE picture above reminds you, or it should, that a field of growing corn, waving in the wind, is one of the most beautiful sights in the world.

And you need only a bowing acquaintance with your agriculture to be reminded also that it represents the most nutritious form of food in the world.

Yes, I mean your daily bread.

And what, asks young Winnie, who already shows a promising interest in horticulture, turns this beautiful field into my dinner roll ?

Well, Winnie, it's like this. Millions and millions of golden ears of corn fatten and ripen under the sun. Presently along comes the Binder, cutting and bundling the corn in one action, leaving the field full of sheaves.

Next comes the threshing machine, which separates and sifts. A steady stream of grain pours out into sacks, the best of the wheat divided from the only less good, proceeding to the grindstones—to be ground into flour. Then the hot, careful ovens, the scientific baking.

And there on the table, crystallised result of all this sun, wind, air, fruitful soil, activity, science, is your loaf of bread, black-brown crust and tasty crumb, which you must eat before you have your cake, my child; because it is not only the nicest food in the world for a hungry girl, but because it is so astonishingly good for you.

If you want to know the reason why it is so good, I will give you a few fairly simple facts.

Perhaps you have already learned at school that the body needs energy if it is to perform its daily job adequately.

Well, energy supplied to the body by food is measured in calories. A man in a sedentary occupation, like your stockbroking father, my dear, needs around 3,000 calories a day. He can get a third of this number out of a pound of bread, which constitutes that half a loaf which is better than no bread. Not bad, Winnie, considering that to get the same number of calories out of other food he would have to eat, say, twelve eggs, or three pounds of fish, or a pound of rump-steak.

This pound of bread yields 32·7 grammes of protein, 0·9 gramme of fat, 218·2 grammes of carbohydrate.

Protein is the material from which body tissue is built. You know, muscle, bone, that kind of thing. Carbohydrate—starch, if you like—has the property of burning in air, and of giving out heat, acting as fuel to the engine of the body.

This makes it invaluable as a food. Some of the heat is required to keep up the temperature of the body; the rest provides that enerrrrrrgy necessary to carry on the movements which keep you alive and kicking.

If your interest is flagging, Winnie, you can think back to the lovely field. And you can make this your exit too; I'm tired of dragging you in every other sentence.

WHEN I wrote about a black-brown crusty loaf I began to feel hungry—thinking of bread I have eaten from farmhouse tables.

Haven't you ever had to stop for an emergency meal at some farm or the nicer kind of country pub where they don't serve motorists or walkers; at least, they say, not really?

But . . . "We can give you some bread and cheese, m'm, and the missis made some fair-to-middling pickles, if that'll do. And would you mind having it in the kitchen, because the children are doing their homework in the parlour ? "

The best food in the world nourishes and does not fatten

If that'll do . . . And do we mind . . . Sitting in that low, raftered kitchen, with the right sort of country smells coming in through the open window, eating that divine bread and crumbly cheese, it's all we can do not to shout and tell them this is the best food we have ever had in our lives, and the kitchen finer than the Ritz or Buckingham Palace.

We don't though, because they would get self-conscious and go in for proper lunches and teas, and spoil everything.

Blissfully replete, you look at the empty bread board; for of course you have wolfed the entire loaf, and think how good it is that you are not one of those women who think they dare not eat bread because of keeping slim.

And you think also that has always been a fallacy and a legend. Women, eager to blame anything, except laziness and indiscretion, for extra inches, picked on bread. Bread contains starch, doesn't it ? they asked. Starch fattens. Therefore no bread. Therefore a good waistline.

Too bad they didn't go into it more thoroughly. Then we should have seen less haggard faces around, belonging to bodies that have been consistently denied the requisite carbohydrate and proteins (see a few paragraphs back).

If bread is fattening, how do you account for the fact that a whole host of delicate little film girls, who have to keep their weight down to about eight stone, never dream of doing without bread?

I can name them, if you challenge me. There's Sylvia Sidney, Mary Astor, Claudette Colbert, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan.

None of us would mind having shapes like theirs, I imagine.

They are only a few of the wise girls who, eating carefully, for they have to keep their figures to keep their jobs, know that bread in the diet supplies and maintains that vitality, that physical and nervous energy so essential to their work. They eat their bread to earn it.

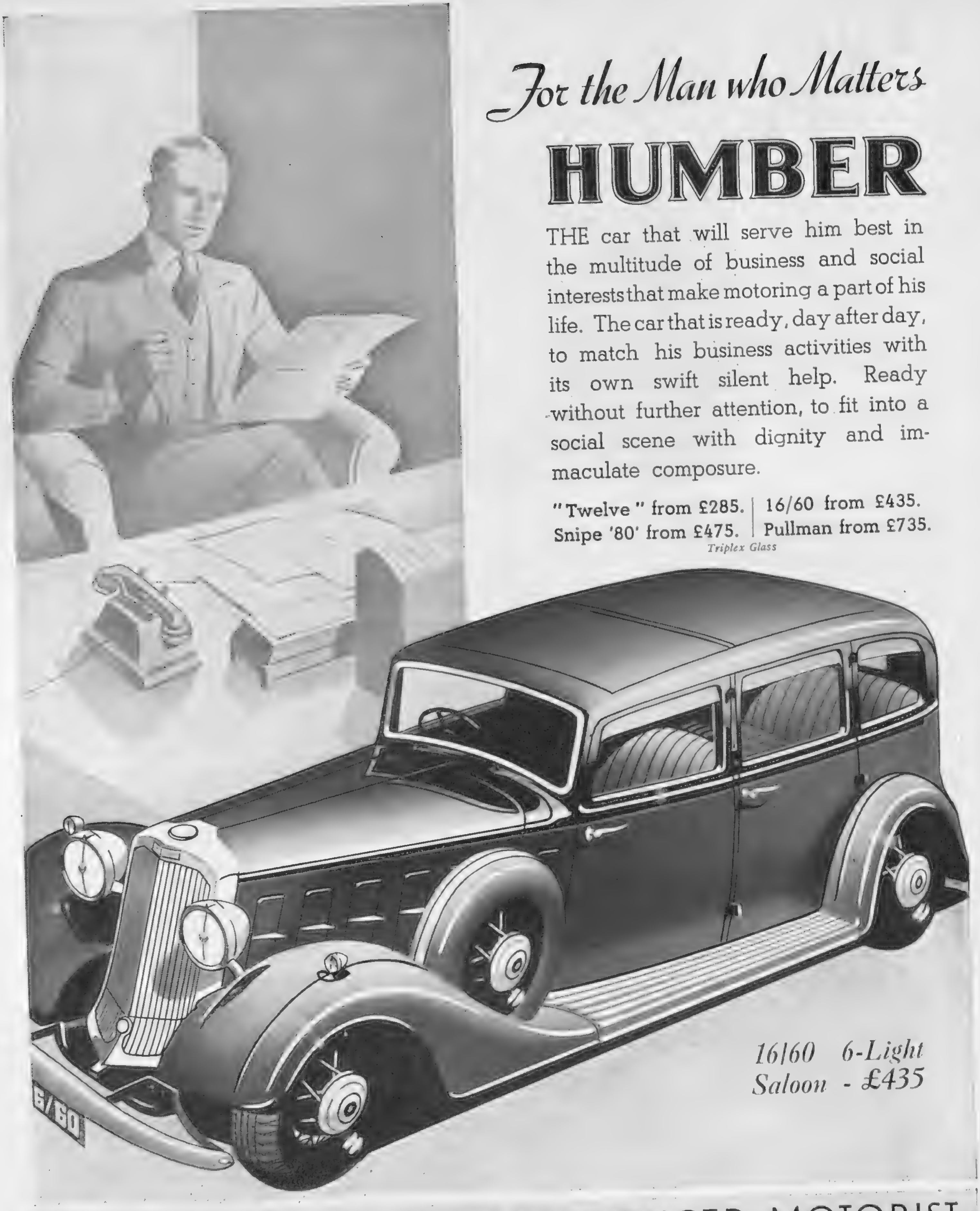
And bakers to-day have added a new beauty and a new interest to nutriment. They have borrowed the best ideas from abroad, and incorporated them with their own products, experimenting with different kinds of grain and different methods of baking, until there are so many new, exciting species of bread around that you could have a different loaf on the table for every week in the year.

One large London shop recently had a bread week, and had twenty-eight different kinds of bread to sell you—many new to me.

There was Edinboro' Brown, a wholemeal bread with an addition of sour milk. Wholemeal sultana bread—and how that goes down in the nursery! If you choose, Devonshire Flats, which contain milk and butter and taste as good as their name. Cone Cob, an oval twisted brown shape, with malted wheat flakes as added nutriment. Vit-Har-Min, a wholemeal bread, with vitamin content. White sultana loaf, made with milk, butter and sugar.

I know a nut bread, obtainable from another famous store, which I can eat until the cows come home. Or I am very happy with a newish French loaf, extra crusty. You either love or hate the slightly sour, moist crumb of rye bread. I find it one of the good things of life.

Reading back, I see I have managed to write a whole article about bread, without once calling it the staff of life. Is this a record?



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16/60 6-Light Saloon - £435

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KEEP BRITAIN BUSY · BUY A BRITISH CAR

The Modern Tyre from Within

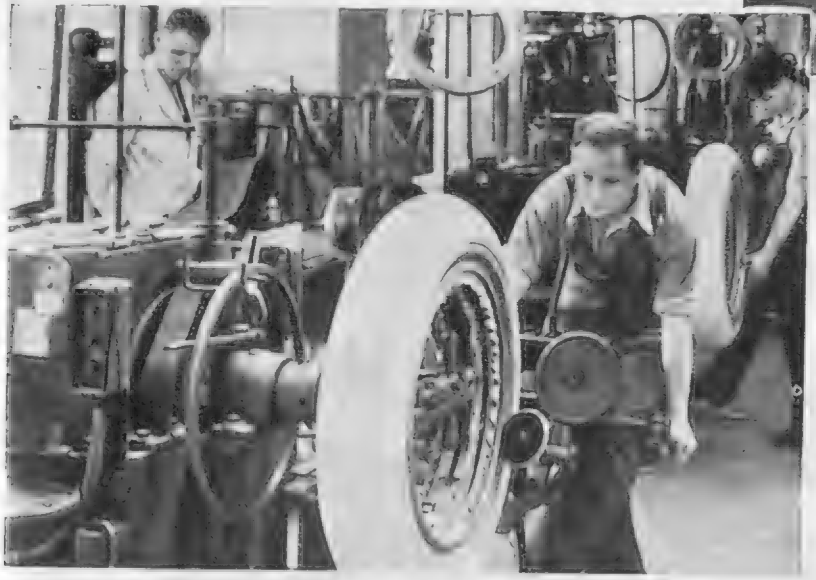
Planning for Trouble-free Mileage

By the Earl of Cardigan

CONSIDERING how completely dependent the motorist is, both in regard to comfort and efficiency, on the tyres with which his car is shod, it always strikes me as remarkable that he should know and care so little about their origin and construction. Tyres nowadays seem to be very much taken for granted. We know that they are composed largely of rubber, and we have some notion that canvas or some other fabric plays a part in their manufacture; but this is about as far as the average man's knowledge will take him.

The fact is, I suppose, that the modern tyre is so wonderfully reliable that it very seldom obtrudes itself upon our notice. We occasionally have a look round to see that it contains an adequate pressure of air, and we may, more rarely, take the trouble to remove an "ingrowing" flint. For the rest, we become "tyre-conscious" only once a year, or at even less frequent intervals, when it occurs to us to wonder whether replacements may be advisable.

A CLOSE-UP of a duo-tread tyre fitted to front near-side wheel of a Rolls-Royce cabriolet



MANUFACTURING the "casing" for a giant tyre. The tread—possibly of the duo-tread variety—will be built on to this casing

As a simple example of this indifference, we constantly see advertisements of So-and-so's Cord Tyres. The word "Cord" is in very common use in this connection. How many motorists, however, can explain clearly what a cord tyre is, and in what way it differs from a tyre of any other variety? The majority, I am sure, have only the vaguest sort of notion.

Actually, the "cord" part of a motor tyre is of enormous importance, and largely affects its expectation of life. I have referred to the canvas or similar fabric which forms the basis on which a tyre is built up. In a modern tyre this material is almost invariably of cord type, and it may be interesting to try to visualise a section of it.

A cord fabric, briefly, is one in which all the strands run the same way, instead of being woven in the ordinary "criss-cross" manner. Light threads of cotton at intervals are the means by which the material is held together. The great advantage is that, all the strands being parallel, there is no question of one rubbing over another, and thereby causing friction, heat or wear. Since a motor tyre, in use, may be flexed all round six hundred times in every minute, or ten times per second, this is obviously of supreme importance

THE cord material is, of course, thoroughly impregnated with rubber. Four, six, or even more layers of it are used, and these layers of rubber-impregnated cord then form the "casing" of the tyre—in other words, the foundation on which the whole affair is built up.

As regards the tread of the tyre, one may, perhaps, imagine that there is not a great deal to know. It is apparently made of pure rubber, with some non-skid pattern stamped into it.

Actually, however, its composition is a good deal more complicated than this. Pure rubber is only one of the constituents. This rubber, in the first place, has to be passed through huge machines which somewhat resemble household mangles, except that their rollers are made to turn at unequal speeds. The rubber is thus churned up until it is reduced from stiff sheets to the consistency of putty.

Various other substances are added during this process, among them fine carbon or ordinary lamp black. Quite a lot of this homely stuff goes into a motor tyre! Finally, the mixture is rolled and cut into the form of a tread, applied to the cord-and-rubber casing, and the whole expanded into the desired shape.

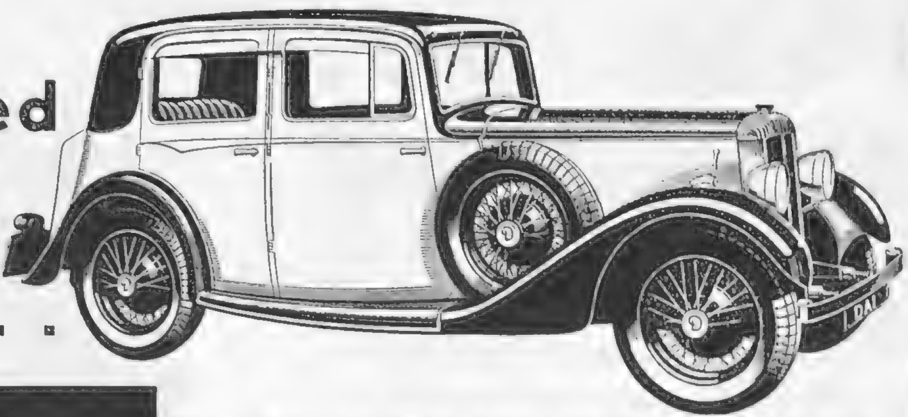
It remains only for the tyre to be "cured," and impressed with the familiar pattern. To "cure" a tyre, one bakes it—in the layman's parlance—until a predetermined temperature has been reached, thereby adding enormously to the toughness of the material. Naturally, very great exactitude is required if the best possible results are to be obtained.

All this, and a great deal more, I recently learned in the course of a visit to my local tyre factory—the works of the Avon India Rubber Co. at Melksham. I spent several hours there; but I suspect that I could equally well have spent several days, and still not have gleaned more than the bare elements of tyre manufacture. As in most of the trades by which the motorist is served, there is a deal of art and a deal of science lavished on each process between the raw material and the finished product.

Naturally, I did not miss the opportunity to investigate, among other things, the very latest Avon masterpiece, known as the Duo-Tread tyre. This is (Continued on page 134)

A ROLLS-ROYCE cabriolet, the property of a Morden doctor, fitted with 600/19 Avon Duo-Tread tyres

A thoroughbred Daimler for £465 . . . .



THE DAIMLER 15 H.P. WITH DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

maintains in every way the high standard for which Daimler are famous. This Transmission system has many advantages; it eliminates clutch operation, gives unequalled flexibility, greatest safety and least fatigue. The fine Coachwork and equipment is equally worthy of Daimler. You cannot appreciate the extreme ease of driving without taking the wheel yourself—have a trial run at any time to suit you.

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DAIMLER	LANCHESTER	B.S.A.
Saloons from £450	Saloons from £310	Saloons from £245

The only cars with the Daimler Fluid Flywheel.

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WHATEVER the weather—fog, sleet, rain or snow—let 'Allenburys' Pastilles protect your throat from irritation and roughness. Deliciously flavoured, they keep the mouth and throat sweet and fresh all day long and all through the winter. Try one of the 8d. tins to-day—they slip easily into pocket or handbag.

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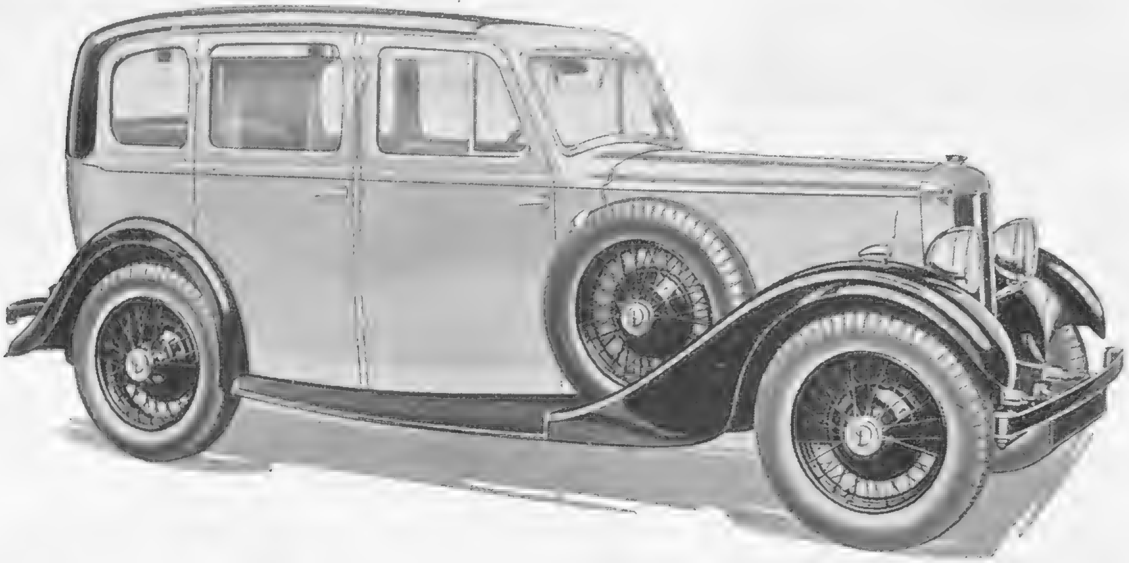
Keep up the
OXO
Habit
Its Meat
& Drink
to you

20/35



The "Fifteen" Daimler in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, with overhead valves. Tax £11 5s.

Transmission: Pre-selective gearbox, with Daimler fluid flywheel. Infinite flexibility.

Performance: Third gear, 55 m.p.h.; top gear, a good 70 m.p.h.

Steering: Very light and efficient.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, comfortable.

Brakes: Girling mechanical type, excellent.

Coachwork: Comfortable and well planned.

Price: with saloon body, £450.

A Notably Attractive Daimler

The "Fifteen" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

SHORTLY after driving the latest "Fifteen" Daimler, I was comparing notes with a friend as to its performance. He said: "In the most complimentary sense of the words, it is the ideal car for a lady to drive." After thinking for a moment, I could see exactly what he was implying; and I believe this summing up to be a very fair one.

With all respect to the many able drivers of the fair sex, it is not always a recommendation for a car to be described as ideal for a lady. There is sometimes an underlying suggestion that it is, *ipso facto*, by no means ideal for the more exacting male. One may imagine a certain specious quality in its design, with perhaps a lack of fundamental soundness.

This is emphatically not the case in regard to the new "Fifteen" Daimler. The lady driver will, I think, find it exceptionally attractive, owing to its luxurious equipment and the lightness and simplicity of its controls. At the same time, a man will surely be impressed by its capacity for cruising at genuinely high speeds, and the "workmanlike" way in which it responds to hard driving.

The engine, as with all recent Daimler models, is of overhead-valve type. The design of the valve gear, however, is so ingenious and effective that it seems difficult to believe that the old sleeve-valve system has been superseded. Sleeve-valve standards of smoothness remain, while of course the overhead arrangement has resulted in much greater liveliness and power than was ever formerly available.

UNDOUBTEDLY, with such a power unit, the modern Daimler would be a delightfully pleasant car to drive, even if its transmission between engine and road wheels was of the "common or garden" variety. As it is, one finds this highly efficient engine in conjunction with the special Daimler system of fluid flywheel and pre-selective gearbox. The result is something entirely out of the ordinary. An excellent performance is achieved; and the driver is not called upon to exert himself either mentally or physically in the process.

A few figures will bear witness to the actual performance. A comfortable 70 m.p.h. can be reached in top gear—this speed being slightly exceeded by the individual car loaned to me by Messrs. Car Mart. In third gear I found the maximum to be around 55 m.p.h. In both cases the smoothness of the engine remained unimpaired, even when the highest "revs" were being recorded. Acceleration also remained good throughout the entire range of speed.

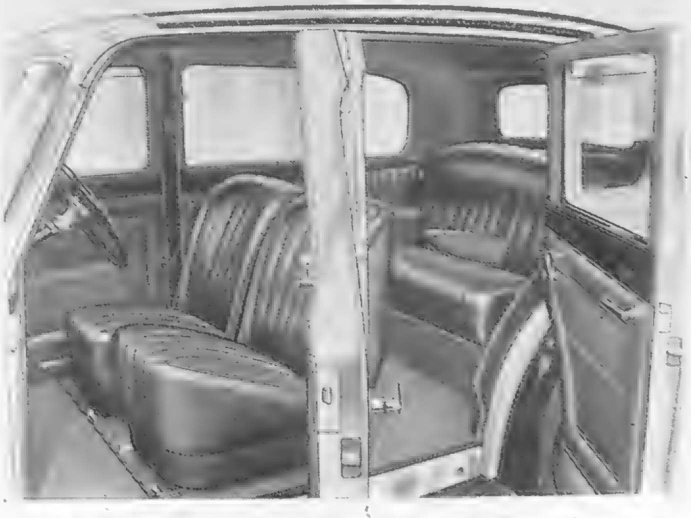
As to the ease of control, this must be a revelation to anyone who drives a "fluid flywheel" car for the first time. Even when one is perfectly familiar with the Daimler transmission system, one still cannot fail to be appreciative. There is something very restful and even fascinating in driving with two controls only—the accelerator and the foot brake. The gearbox, one realises, is simply there as an auxiliary—to be used as and when one feels inclined for additional acceleration.

I notice that the Daimler engineers, however, are not content merely to rest upon their laurels in this matter of transmission. The latest "Fifteen" has a fluid flywheel which seems gentler in its action than any former unit of the same type. At one time one could definitely feel the "slip" as the car got under way. Now the whole process, from maximum slip to solid drive, is virtually imperceptible.

ANOTHER improvement which must be welcomed is in connection with the braking system. This is now of the Girling mechanical variety, and the results obtainable are certainly impressive. There is the same smoothness that characterises all the controls of the Daimler chassis, together with much increased stopping power.

The springing is comfortable, and the car sits down very steadily on the road. The steering is particularly pleasant, and its definite action gives the driver confidence when congested traffic has to be negotiated. This, indeed, is one of the "Fifteen's" best all-round characteristics. It encourages one to handle it, from the first, in a thoroughly confident manner—not only because the controls are essentially simple, but also because the response is in every case perfectly precise and accurate.

The coachwork, at least of the saloon model, is equally good and immune from criticism. The interior fittings include no unnecessary "frills"; yet no useful accessory is omitted. The seating is thoroughly comfortable, and there is plenty of space, even for passengers of the most robust build. Altogether, at £450, I doubt whether the Daimler Company has ever produced a more attractive proposition.



AN interior view of the "Fifteen" Daimler. The seating is thoroughly comfortable, and there is plenty of space, even for passengers of the most robust build

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

...*what* AUSTIN OWNERS *say about*

INVESTING

Report No. 552
Car No. XR 5880

"YOUR WELL-KNOWN SLOGAN ENTIRELY JUSTIFIED"

"With a sense of rendering tribute where it is justly merited, I attach herewith some facts relating to my Twelve-Four. The car is on the road under all conditions for seven days a week. In thirteen years' continuous driving of numerous makes I have never driven such an economical, easy-handling and all-round satisfactory car as my Austin. I consider your well-known advertising slogan entirely justified, as my car is in its eleventh consecutive year of registration."

This uninvited and by no means exceptional letter—with its story of eleven years' low-cost, dependable motoring in one Austin—shows that the public say all that we claim, and more. When we talk about an Austin's length of life, economy of upkeep, freedom from trouble, dependability or high resale price, we claim nothing that is not echoed by thousands of actual owners. For the motoring public itself says: "You buy a car—but you Invest in an Austin."

Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.

You buy a car—but you INVEST *in an*

AUSTIN

The Ascot Saloon (*as illustrated*), *with 13.9 h.p. (Tax 10 gns.) or with 15.9 h.p. (Tax £12) six-cylinder engine. Seats five people. Synchromesh on top, third and second gears. Triplex toughened glass. Prices at works:*

TWELVE-SIX SALOON . . £235

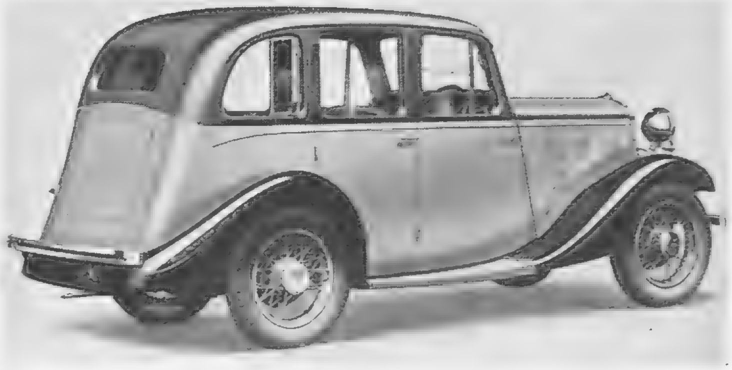
LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR SALOON with 11.9 h.p. four-cylinder engine (Tax £9) £218

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

A *Light* Car *of* Advanced *Design*

The 9 h.p. Singer

By The Earl of Cardigan



SIDE and rear views of the Singer "Nine." A sturdy little car to handle, and, considering all the "de luxe" features, is unusually good value for money

I WONDER how many prospective buyers of motor cars ever read through the "specification" which is the foundation of every motor catalogue? Anyone who does so in the case of the Singer "Nine" may be sure of having his interest aroused. He will find perhaps the most ambitious array of special features ever included in the make-up of an ordinary light car.

For example, this Singer engine has not only overhead valves, but also an overhead camshaft. This is a form of construction usually favoured only in the case of sports models. The chassis has independent front wheel springing—an "advanced" feature which is still decidedly uncommon. The clutch is replaced by a fluid form of transmission, such as one mainly associates with cars of much more expensive type. Here is no ordinary specification for a 9 h.p. car costing less than £200!

The 9 h.p. Singer in Brief

Engine: *9 h.p., four cylinders; valves and camshaft overhead.*

Gearbox: *Four speeds, assisted by free-wheel. Special "fluidrive" transmission.*

Performance: *Top gear, 60 m.p.h.; third gear, 45 m.p.h.*

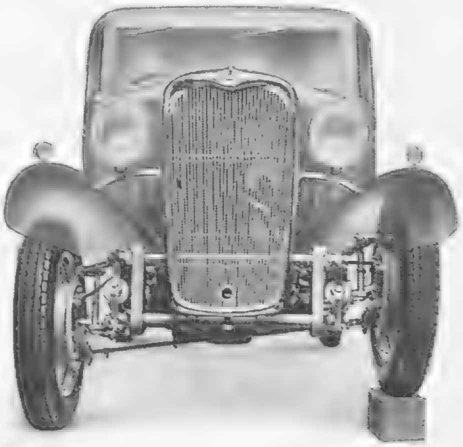
Springing: *Independent suspension for front wheels. Normal semi-elliptic rear springs.*

Steering: *Good, light.*

Brakes: *Hydraulic; powerful and progressive.*

Coachwork: *Comfortable; good seating.*

Price: *With saloon body, from £180. "Fluidrive," £10 extra.*



SHOWING front wheel suspension

ON the road, one soon finds that the new Singer is a sturdy little car to handle. Its special type of four-cylinder engine runs very smoothly, and does its job with quiet efficiency. Acceleration is good, although hardly phenomenal, and there is plenty of speed. The top gear maximum is around 60 m.p.h., and in third gear the creditably high speed of 45 m.p.h. can be reached.

The transmission system is most interesting; for here we have a fluid clutch used in conjunction with a free wheel—not, as is more familiar practice, with a pre-selective box. The Singer combination enables the car to be stopped and started with any gear in engagement. It is impossible to stall the engine, and a perfectly smooth start can be made in top gear if desired. A jerky take-up, in fact, is an unknown occurrence.

Gear changing, when the free wheel is in operation, simply involves moving the gear lever from one slot to another, there being no necessity to use the clutch pedal. To describe the whole system as childishly easy to operate is no exaggeration. The only defect which I was able to observe was an occasional grating of the pinions in making the changes "up"; but it seems probable that this was due merely to a slight maladjustment of the free wheel in the individual car loaned to me.

AS to the springing, this proved to be thoroughly good. My only regret was that, in the neighbourhood of London, I was quite unable to find a road sufficiently bad to impose a real test of its merits. There is no doubt that where *real* bumps are encountered—not the mere undulations of ordinary tarmac—independent front wheel suspension is a boon. It enables one front wheel to lift without affecting the other, and therefore halves the effect of any individual bump on the car as a whole.

Most people are aware, I suppose, that this individual front wheel suspension is the same thing, in principle, as the "knee action" springing of the Americans. The American phraseology is less scientific, but very much more graphic. A man walking upright, with one foot on the pavement and one in the roadway, is actually doing something by "knee action" which no car can imitate unless it has wheels sprung independently, as is the case with the front wheels of this new Singer.

Road holding, which is largely a matter of suspension, is likewise a good feature of the Singer "Nine." The car is very steady under all conditions, and steers very pleasantly and definitely. One can handle it in a confident manner, no matter whether the roads are wet or dry.

THE brakes are very efficient, and are operated by hydraulic action. As is well known, hydraulic brakes have one especial virtue, in addition to mere power. They are always progressive, and have a natural tendency to distribute the braking effect in an even manner to all four brake drums. This quality is not lacking in the case of the Singer brakes, and the steadiness with which the car decelerates is above reproach.

The saloon coachwork is built on "modern" lines, and the gracefulness or otherwise of its considerable rear overhang must be a matter of opinion. There is no doubt, however, as to its comfort. For a 9 h.p. car, there is an admirable amount of space, and four passengers will find ample head-room and leg-room provided.

Among many good minor features, I liked the location of the battery underneath the bonnet. I am sure that this must result in easier, and therefore more frequent and willing, attention being given to this indispensable unit of the car's equipment. The tools are similarly well placed.

Finally, the price is remarkable. A 9 h.p. car selling at £190 is nothing new. When so many "de luxe" features are included, however, the proposition is a different one. Regarded in this light, the Singer must surely be credited with offering unusually good value for money.

First Nights

Curtain. An animated crowd streams out through the foyer. Fame and Beauty rub shoulders; and you, being a woman, will scrutinise Beauty first.

You will notice particularly the complexions; how *natural* they are, how few have that artificial, painted look. Powder and rouge are used with art; lips are *lips*, not scarlet bows.

LIKE NATURE'S OWN GLOW

Tangee Preparations must take credit for this vogue of natural make-up. Tangee lipstick incorporates a magic colour change principle. It looks orange in the stick, but takes on colour after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems part of your lips. Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial. Tangee *becomes* you, and because it has a cream base, softens and soothes also.

TRY TANGEE
POWDER, LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Tangee Rouge and Powder have this same unique colour change feature. They enhance your natural beauty, become a very part of you, and are easily and completely removed at night with soap and water.

Tangee Lipstick 4/6, 2/6.
Tangee Rouge Compact 3/6.

For those who prefer a more vivid colour there is Tangee Theatrical, specially suitable for evening use.

Tangee Face Powder containing the same magic colour principle 4/6 and 2/6.

Trial sizes of Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge 6d. each.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

LUFT TANGEE LTD.
Johnson's Place, Pimlico, London, S.W.1

Local Fog

(continued from page 21)

He reopened the throttle a little and glanced at Pat. She was white and tense, but she smiled at him bravely. Whatever Gary felt, he betrayed nothing, but studied the dim town below.

"This isn't Salisbury," was all he said.

"What is it, then?" queried Pat, following his lead.

"Lord knows—I say, look, there's a river. It must be the Avon. That runs through Salisbury. Now, which way, I wonder." He studied his map and then gazed again at the ground.

"Look at the bridge," he said. "See that road? Well, the telegraph poles are on the south side. That means London must be on our left, and at that rate, Salisbury's straight ahead. Let's try."

Following the winding river they roared on, as low as Gary dared. Low visibility and drizzle made the country difficult to read. At last, ahead, appeared buildings, scattered at first, but increasing in number. They became regular, formed into streets, a railway loomed up, a station—Salisbury!

Gary banked to starboard and began to climb.

"We've got to keep away from that blessed chapel of theirs," he explained—"Damn it, we're in the clouds again!"

They were. He looked at his aneroid. 250 feet!

"Good *Lord*," he exclaimed, "We must get away from here. If we're anywhere near the Cathedral . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished and put the 'plane into a steep climb, up into the impenetrable cloud blanket. As he climbed he reset his course from Salisbury and glanced at the map.

"We'd drifted nearly two miles off our course," he told Pat, "but the worst is over now, I hope."

"Shall we make it?" she asked.

"I think so. If I fly dead on this course for about 45 minutes we ought to be round about Sidmouth, and that's pretty near where we want to go. I'm going to try and climb out of this."

So it went on. Now breaking into a comparatively clear sky, now flying blind, Gary went to five thousand feet, and still the mist persisted. It seemed to get into their eyes and brains, deadening sight and perception. They felt dull and weary, as though suffocated by a heavy blanket. Everything was soaked and streaming, and only the engine seemed unperturbed, roaring steadily on with cheerful voice like a friend who sings in the darkness. They ate some chocolate and finished the coffee.

"If we ever get down," said Pat at last, "I'll never fly again. Oh, for a cigarette!"

"Don't rub it in," groaned Gary. Through the mist he peered at his wrist watch. "Another ten minutes and I'm going down to investigate," he announced.

The minutes dragged on. Once they emerged into a clear space, and saw below them to the south a heavy mass of pure white, which brought into Gary's face a hint of worry which he strove to hide.

"If that's real *fog*," he thought . . . .

"I'm going down," he said abruptly.

He cut the throttle to a quarter, just keeping flying speed, and let the 'plane sink gradually, keeping one eye on the aneroid and one on the eternal mist. The needle began to flicker. Four thousand—three-and-a-half—three—and so down to fifteen hundred. And still the mist remained—indeed, Gary's fears seemed like being confirmed, for into the grey had crept a tinge of woolly white which made the atmosphere even denser. As they sank, the white haze rose about them until at last they were drifting in a real sea fog, which obscured everything save themselves and a radius of about ten yards around them. At five hundred feet Gary levelled off, cut the engine and listened.

Save for the swish of the 'planes and the slight whine of the wires, there was utter stillness. In the engineless silence, Pat's voice betrayed a quaver which she fought to control.

"What are you listening for, dear?"

"The sea. I've been edging south a bit to find the coast. I can't hear water, can you? I daren't go any lower, kid. God knows what might be there."

The situation was too serious now for further pretence. Gary knew from the look of the fog that it reached to the ground, and that to land in it was hopeless. He opened up again and began to climb.

"What are you going to do?" asked Pat.

For perhaps a minute, Gary was silent, his face half turned from her. Then at last he spoke like a man who forces himself.

"Darling, we've done things for each other in the past, haven't we?"

She looked at him mutely, fascinated.

"We've been through things," he said. He disengaged the glove from one hand and felt for hers; clasped it tightly. "We've been—pals—as well as lovers, haven't we?"

She could only grip and nod.

"You've got to be a bigger pal now than ever you've been. Darling . . . ." he fought his voice—"you've got to—step out."

"No!" The exclamation burst from her in involuntary terror. He held her fingers tighter.

"Listen, kid. It's certain death to try to land in this. If I were sure of the sea being under us, I'd go down and we'd take our chance together. But I don't think it's the sea. We're lost. I've got less than an hour's juice. If you go over you'll be as safe as houses, and without your weight and the responsibility of you, I've got a better chance of getting down."

Pat stared into the opaque void with horror-filled eyes.

"Oh, my Gary," she muttered brokenly, "I brought you into this."

"Nonsense," he exclaimed sharply. "I knew what I was doing. I didn't expect this or I wouldn't have come on—I could have landed near Salisbury. Besides, dear, you ought to go. Suppose Peter *should* start. If you went down you could at least 'phone and tell him what it's like. And by going over you give me a better chance."

She knew he was lying. She knew that he was saving her, that had there been two parachutes, he also would have jumped. She knew that the odds against his safe landing were a hundred to one.

"Let me stay with you, dear," she begged; "let me meet it with you. I shall be so—lonely, out there. And you, all alone—" She was crying, kissing his passive fingers, overwhelmed with grief and fear.

Gary knew that if he let the fierce sentiment within him have its way they were finished.

"Come on, pull yourself together, dear," he insisted. "It's nothing. To-morrow we'll laugh. I've done 'chute drops—and they're easy. Pat—my kid—be a *man*!"

She looked at him through her tears. She knew she must go for his sake. Not because he would be safer (although her weight *did* make a difference) but because she could not force upon him the horror of killing her; for that was what it came to.

"All right," she choked. "But if I go over, you've got to come back to me. If I go down slowly, so must you. Don't forget, fifty-fifty!"

"Fifty-fifty"—it nearly unnerved him. Their motto, their battle cry—Fifty-fifty!

"I'll come back," he promised. "Fifty-fifty! You must be brave, dear. It'll be all right."

He was watching the aneroid. They were back in the grey now, and the needle said 2,500. He reached to her and began to slip out the pin from her safety belt, while with closed eyes she lay limply back in her seat. For a moment he feared she had fainted, but when the belt fell away, she caught his arm and pressed it to her.

"Help me,

(Continued on page 86)

'I love Bread' *Says* *Miss Gertrude Lawrence*

Photo by
Paul Tanqueray

THE WORLD-FAMOUS STAGE AND FILM STAR

'Slimness is an asset in my profession, but vitality is essential. That is why, from my early childhood I have been an inveterate bread-eater. I love bread. It has never put an ounce of weight on me, but it has certainly helped me to keep up my 'pep.' When one realises the wear and tear on one's constitution through being on the stage and the films, year-in, year-out, and that all that time one has to keep fit and well, one learns what are the necessary elements in diet, and if ever I hear of girl friends trying to keep slim by cutting out bread I give them a warning from my own experience—" DON'T ".'

Gertrude Lawrence

'*Follow this brilliant star's advice and* **EAT BREAD FOR ENERGY AND 'PEP'**

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A FOUNDATION of FLAVOUR and NOURISHMENT

for endless delightful dishes

Milkaroni
Cooks in 5 to 8 Minutes
Milkaroni

Delicious Milkaroni

supersedes ordinary Macaroni

MADE of the finest wheat and *milk* (not water) a dish of MILKARONI is *a complete meal in itself*, with a rich, smooth, creamy flavour no ordinary macaroni can ever achieve.

For a few pence, delicious creamy MILKARONI brings an altogether new flavour and nourishment into a host of simple homely dishes. You'll find the simple milk pudding shown on the side of the packet a revelation. Other delightful tested recipes are also shown on the packet.

With MILKARONI it's always easy to make those odds and ends of cold meat, etc., which "must be used up" into surprisingly tempting and delightful dishes.

It cooks perfectly in 5-8 minutes, while a ½ lb. packet costs only 5½d and a 1 lb. packet only 9½d.

HOTPOT BECOMES A DELICACY WITH MILKARONI!

Line a well-greased pudding bowl with Milkaroni. Fill with minced meat (any scraps will do); cover top with more Milkaroni; cover with greased paper. Boil for 30 minutes in saucepan, turn out carefully and serve with gravy or sauce.

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M560

Gary," she implored. "I can't face it." ("Oh, help me, God," he prayed to himself; "help me to keep calm.")

"When you drop," he said steadily, "count five and then pull the ring. The rest is easy."

"Kiss me," she whispered.

He gripped the stick between his knees, twisted round, and took her face between his hands, and kissed her with a tender sincerity which she remembered all her life afterwards.

"Get your finger in the ring," he said, "and remember—count five. And oh, darling, darling, remember I love you . . . *Now* . . . !

He suddenly, desperately, flung the stick sideways, shut off the engine, and as the 'plane rolled right on to its back, pushed hard forward on the stick. Owing to the machine's inverted position the manœuvre caused the nose to rise sharply for a second, and while one could count three the 'plane hung motionless upside down. In that instant he screamed "Let *go!*"

He heard a gasp, a sob, something moved, slithered, dropped! He slammed the throttle wide, hauled sideways and back on the stick—the world of fog rushed and streamed about his head—he was level again, and the seat beside him was empty. And only iron will and the practice of long years of restraint prevented him from covering his face and—waiting. After that moment death seemed very easy.

THE grief of leaving Gary had mercifully swamped Pat's terror in the moment of her headlong dive from the 'plane. She felt as though she were slowly sinking in a white impalpable sea. It was with a distinct effort that she remembered she must pull the ring, and the movement itself was mechanical. Something seemed to rip, flutter and flap, spread. Above her appeared a denser whiteness, tugged at her harness like a powerful retarding hand, swayed from side to side, and settled into a gentle rocking motion.

Fainter in the void sounded the roar of the vanished 'plane. Helplessly she heard it die. And she prayed with an intensity which left her weak and dizzy; prayed for her lover to be spared the consequences of her folly, that she herself might die a thousand deaths if only Gary could be safe. And always the white fog streamed upward. She fell into a kind of stupor in which she felt that she was already dead and that she was doomed to float eternally through cloudy space in search of her dead lover, never to touch solid earth again.

Her stupor was suddenly pierced as a shrill clock pierces the morning sleep. It was the bark of a dog! The sound shocked her into full consciousness—it seemed years had passed since anything of earth had last touched her senses. The white blanket seemed less opaque, the gentle sway more noticeable. The fog suddenly turned to grey, became attenuated, actively wet, and vanished!

Fifty feet below, the wet earth leaped to meet her. Green fields and brown roads. A house! Would she miss it? A farmyard. Frantic scuttling hens, clacking and squawking, the noise dominated by the hysterical chained dog. She was conscious of a low fence that rushed at her, a crescendo of noise, and a shattering jar that began with her legs and repeated its impact in every muscle and joint of her body. She was prostrate and still amid a huge fluttering cloud which billowed about her, and through which, dully, came the sound of rushing footsteps and excited voices.

She wanted only to lie there, upon earth. Solid earth. Hard earth. Fragrant, peaceful earth.

Gary!

The thought struck her like a blow. Gary! She struggled—and cried aloud with the pain. Something must be broken! Movement outside the cloud. Panting, muttering. A ripping noise; the cloud had gone, and a brown face stared down in a shocked stupor.

She struggled with her excruciating pain.

"Where am I?" she panted. "What place is this?"

"Why, this be nigh upon Budleigh," said the brown face. "But how——"

Budleigh! Not two miles from Hartop; Lois' place, where Peter was.

"Please," she gasped, "get word to Hartop Bring them here. Hartop—Har—" The brown face rushed at her, filled her vision, expanded and exploded. And there was silence and peace.

"Blast your awkward great feet!" fumed Peter at the chauffeur. "Do you want us to drop her? Here, where's Aunt Lois? Oh, I say, Auntie, is everything ready? Good, you get her clothes off while I—oh, *damn* the 'phone—Gurnet, answer the 'phone while I—*who* wants me? Gary Breton! Hallo, hallo—look here, Gary, what the hell do you mean by dropping my sister all over the confounded country on your beastly parachutes? Yes, she *is* here—yes, you *ought* to thank God; especially as she's only got broken ribs instead of a broken neck. Eh? Crashed, did you—where? Sidbury? You all right? Can you come over? Look here, what the devil were you flying for in this weather? To stop *me!* Confounded cheek! No, I couldn't go; the undercarriage broke. And the weather, of course. You were jolly lucky to find even that clear patch, even if you did crash. All right, get a car and come right over. Yes, rather.

"I say, I say—don't cut off for a minute. Look here, Gary, could you get your undercarriage off, or is it too done in? I might be able to make it fit the 'Flounde—' *What?* What did you say? Gary, Gary, *please!* Really, your language is—hello, hello? Oh, all right, damn you!"

Peter walked slowly up the stairs.

"Was that Gary?" called Aunt Lois.

"Yes," said Peter slowly. "I believe there must be something wrong. He sounded to me as though he were *annoyed*."

END

Blessed Event

(*Continued from page* 65)

a dressing gown, two bed jackets for sitting up, a pair of light-coloured stockings, a pair of bedroom slippers and a hot-water bottle. In choosing nightgowns remember that they need not be of the one-time fasten-down-the-front variety for nursing purposes.

Deep armholes or fastening with ties or ribbons on the shoulders make for all practical requirements.

THE actual dressings, if the baby is going to be born at home, are generally obtained from one of the big manufacturing chemists in what are known as sterile drums.

This means that they arrive ready sterilised in hermetically sealed tins so that they can be ordered in ample time for any emergency and remain in perfect condition until opened. They include accouchement sheets, extra towels and many useful accessories.

The newest baby baths are of rubber on a stand that lets them fold up. They have an amusing lid which shuts down after the tub and enables the baby to be dressed, American fashion, on the top of it.

In rather pardonable weariness of it all at this stage, the mother-to-be may feel, "Oh, dear, it has been a long business, and now I am to be tied, feeding baby for the *next* nine months." Once again modern methods come to her rescue. There is no need, even in the baby's own interest, for the mother to give up all social life.

There is a most reliable and highly recommended dried milk which can make a supplementary bottle for one feed in the twenty-four hours.

This digests most satisfactorily taken in turn with the mother's milk, giving her six to eight hour "shifts" of freedom.

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PASTES OF FRESH MEATS FISH & FOWL

that have made famous the name of

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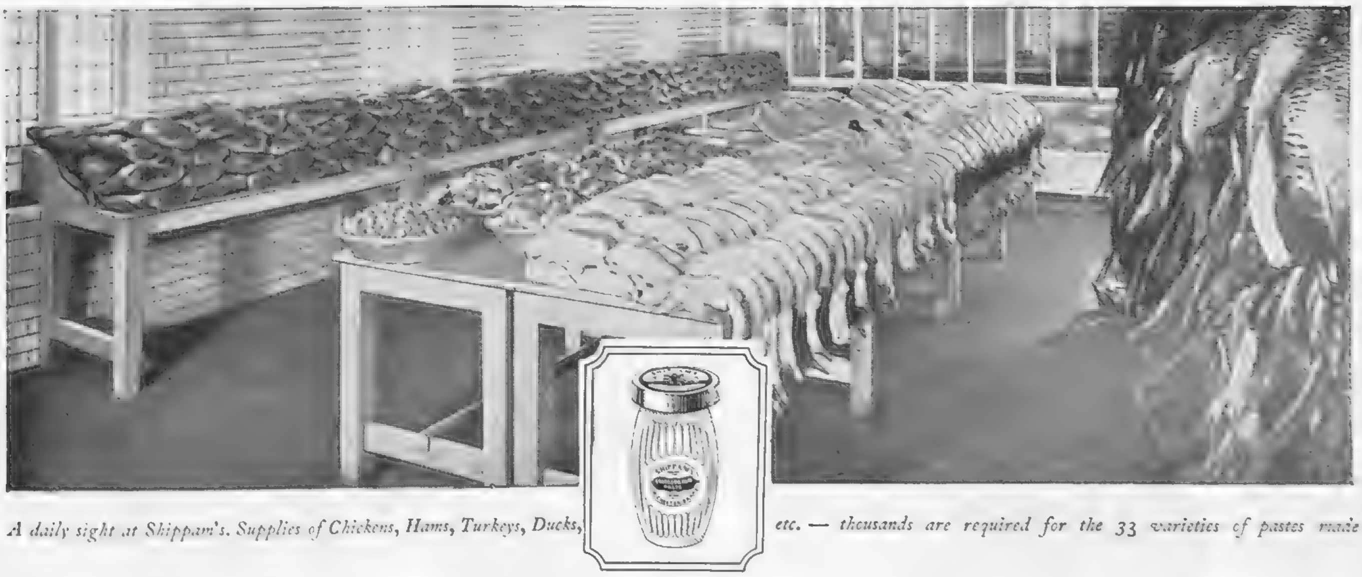


A daily sight at Shippam's. Supplies of Chickens, Hams, Turkeys, Ducks, etc. — thousands are required for the 33 varieties of pastes made

AN INVITATION. We admit that we are immensely proud of our factory and of the ingredients we use in making our pastes — visitors tell us we have every reason to be. We welcome visitors to our factory at any time without appointment. If you cannot call yourself, please write to us for our illustrated brochure, free on request. C. Shippam Ltd., Dept. 14c, Chichester, Sussex

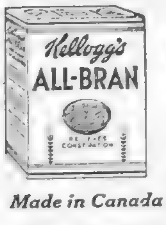
"COME OVER TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE"

When you are healthy you are happy!

How you feel—how well you look—is largely determined by the kinds of food you eat. Every year medical science discovers new facts proving that constipation is one of the greatest sources of ill-health. If neglected it saps your vitality.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN relieves constipation. It provides "bulk", which absorbs moisture from within the body and forms a soft mass gently inducing proper elimination. It also supplies Vitamin B which rouses sluggish intestines and iron which builds red blood.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a delicious cereal. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily with cold milk or cream. Look for the name Kellogg's on every packet. Sold by all grocers.



Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way
to relieve
CONSTIPATION

Made in Canada
9d per packet
(Not I.F.S.)

417

Their Highnesses

(*Continued from page 17*)

the basis of criticism. Yet a Prince who neglected to mark a special occasion by extravagance would never earn the approval of his people. Pride in profligate hospitality is at the bottom of the satisfaction, felt even by the humblest dweller in the bazaar, when he sees next year's income-tax for a whole city flaring into the sky in ten thousand pounds' worth of fireworks. He rejoices in it. He is fond of a gesture; what a magnificent gesture that is, so expensive and so short-lived!

One Viceregal reception I attended was given by the Maharaja of Bikaner, one of the most Westernised of the Princes. The occasion was the opening of a dam in the middle of his arid, desert territory. The dam was situated in possibly the most inconvenient and out-of-the-way part of his State, far from a railway, from roads, and from an adequate supply of water.

I believe His Highness was overjoyed at that fact. He drove me to the spot twelve months before the opening. There was not a tree to be seen, not a patch of green, not a single habitation. Then, on the day appointed, a special train took five hundred guests up to a city of tents, with water laid on, electric light, plumbing and carefully marked roads. Some guests had been invited from London; every bedroom was provided with latest copies of the English illustrated papers; trees and flowers bloomed for the space of one week, and then perished. But His Highness was satisfied.

The Maharaja of Alwar, now forbidden to enter his State, used to stage entertainments of another kind. There has been no parallel to these spectacles since the days of the Cæsars. They consisted of animal fights, taking place in a great arena specially constructed. His Highness was a great admirer of the strength and courage of the tiger, and against a chosen specimen he would introduce to the arena a succession of varying animals, ranging from a bear to a boar. Lions were also engaged in these fights, and panthers. The spectacle was not one that appealed to English people, but His Highness took a pride in the fact that in all the world this was unique. In many ways he was a perfect host, but his extreme faddiness in religious matters was often embarrassing. He would wear cotton gloves at all times, especially when shaking hands with English people, lest he be contaminated. When he came to London he would visit a restaurant only on condition that all the leather-covered furniture was removed. He invented and wore his own style of headgear, made in the likeness of the hoof of a cow, and he had a violent dislike of dogs, since he had been told that he would eventually die through the action of a dog. The Maharaja of Alwar is now living the life of a religious recluse in Benares.

His Highness of Kashmir has been unfortunate. It is ironic that the ruler of India's honeymoon land should himself be a cynic. He holds despotic sway over the fairest land in the world—and the unhappiest people. He has suffered not only from bitter inter-religious strife, but personally from the unwise behaviour of English people. He himself is tactful, a great sportsman, a charming host, and he has also something of the cavalier and the wit in his make-up. Once it came to his knowledge that some of his English guests at a palace ball were under the impression that a bottle or two of the flowing champagne would taste good in the morning. It was established to his own satisfaction that a certain lady had acted upon that thought, and had walked away from the ball with a bottle under her cloak.

I have said that an Indian likes a gesture. The next morning a liveried palace servant conveyed to the lady's house a case of champagne. There was a note with it. It read: "With the compliments of His Highness."

It is unfortunate that the Prince, who might be called "His Highness of the Shalimar," should be sometimes disgruntled at the behaviour of the thousands of English people who annually visit the fair valleys and the snowy heights of his domain. Pale hands are still loved in that land of beauty and romance. But there are spies everywhere, and His Highness has one of the finest intelligence services in the whole of India. Sedition is rife, and disease, unfortunately, is prevalent also. The capital, Srinagar, has been called the filthiest city in the world. In the year 1871 three-fifths of the population died of plague, and it is true to-day that beneath the surface, in that glamorous land, among those smiling people, death lurks ready to strike, within a few miles of the lotus and the silver water of Shalimar.

As a contrast, the Maharaja of Patiala loves nothing better than to entertain large parties of European guests. His receptions are famous, and there is no man who has done more for cricket in the land which has produced so many famous cricketers. He employs English professionals, and has a first-class amateur in his own son. His interests, however, are directed to every kind of sport. He is the Jeff Dickson of India, willing to spend a fortune on making sporting history.

He once staged possibly the most epic wrestling match in the world. He was sponsoring the career of India's champion, and in order to give him the title of champion of the Western world as well as the East, he called to his palace in the northern plains the champion of Europe. Hundreds of sportsmen from all over India were invited to Patiala to witness the struggle. His Highness installed a special lighting system in a vast arena, so that no manœuvre of the two fighters would be missed. He himself gave the signal for the battle to begin.

It lasted seven seconds. The bill was in the neighbourhood of £5,000.

The Maharaja is in every detail up to date. His other passion, besides cricket, is the breeding of pedigree dogs. He is a 500 tail-wagger—the biggest owner in the world, and his kennels are the most luxurious. He has built at considerable cost the most modern veterinary hospital in the East, and employs a large staff of experts. The expense is worth it; hundreds of thousands of pounds are laid out annually on the dogs. Perhaps he thinks: "The more I see of men . . ."

He is a big man, both physically and mentally. He is a power in the political world, and under the leadership of the late Jam Saheb became a pillar of the Chamber of Princes, at which he appears with his broad chest covered with rope upon rope of pearls. Yet he will laugh at his own vanity; these things, he says, are necessary. He would rather be on the cricket field than strutting in the splendour of full Durbar dress. He interests himself in politics only because he feels it to be his duty; he would prefer to be entertaining yet another M.C.C. team.

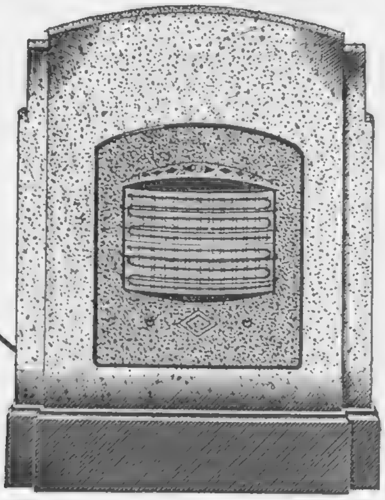
The State of Patiala runs cheek by jowl with that of Bikaner, and both have terrific natural handicaps to overcome. But they have both contrived to defeat the niggardliness of nature by the boldness of their schemes for water supply and transport. As for shooting, it is probable that the Maharaja of Bikaner has few competitors in the country. His Highness held at one time a world's record for wild-duck shooting in one day, and has nearly 200 tigers to his gun. He built a palace for the visit of the King and Queen, and it was in the Royal apartments that I stayed for one week during which His Highness gave an exhibition of his skill.

He travels the countryside, driving his own car, an open touring Rolls-Royce. It is no ordinary drive. Two A.D.C.'s, with rifle and shotgun, are always in readiness in the back of the car. His Highness does not always follow the road, and when a herd of buck are sighted, swings

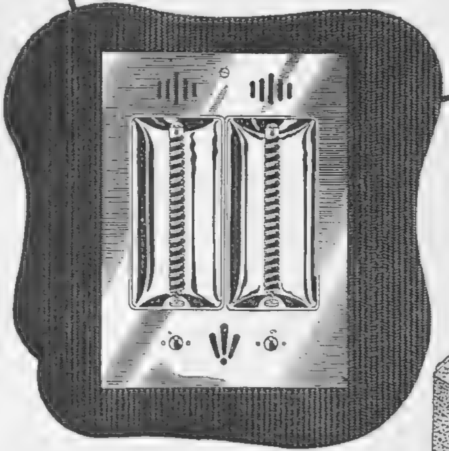
(*Continued on page 90*)

Why ARE THESE ELECTRIC FIRES SO ECONOMICAL TO INSTAL AND MAINTAIN?

A FEW TURNS of the screw driver and a beautiful inset electric fire is fixed firmly in its place in your house. That will give you some idea of the simplicity, speed and economy of installing any one of the Carron Electric Fires shown here. Moreover, Carron Inset Electric Fires are *fully* protected against breakdowns due to short circuits; you are saved the expense of new element wires and repairs. And the beautiful finish on Carron Inset Fires is there for good—it is the result of an unusually smooth casting process—and is in itself a remarkable economy.

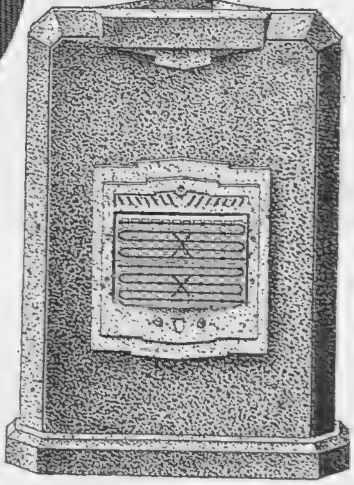


The 'Manchester' Surround and Fire. A useful fire in contrasting shades of enamel. Available in the new "Carrontine" Lacquer at £4.0.0 *or in Vitreous Enamel at* £4.5.0.



No. 501. *Inset Fire. Very attractive fire for building in, with "Carreflex" elements. Obtainable in Vitreous Enamel at* £2.5.0 *or Chromium Plate at* £2.16.0.

◆ *EVER since Electric Fires were first invented, they have been made (and continually improved) at the famous Carron Works. They are produced in many different styles, both portable and fixed. Carron Electric Fires are recognised as embodying the ideal of "fitness for purpose"; they are beautiful to look at, supremely well made and finished, and, being proof against 'shorting,' they cost nothing for upkeep.*



No. 522. *Floor Type Surround and Fire in pleasing shades of coloured Vitreous Enamel at* £4.5.0 *or the new "Carrontine" Lacquer at* £4.0.0.

because each is

BY APPOINTMENT IRON FOUNDERS TO H.M. THE KING

A PRODUCT OF THE

CARRON

FOUNDRY

There are also available the popular Carron Wall and Floor Type Surround Fires Nos. 520 and 521 in a choice of beautiful colours.

Ask your electrical contractor or supply authority to show you some of the Carron Models, or write for fully illustrated catalogue No. 236, to CARRON COMPANY. *Works:* CARRON, FALKIRK

NERVOUS ANÆMIA . . .
I had to stay at home

NOW . . .

"I can assure you I feel a different woman since I began to take Phosferine tablets. I had a very bad nervous breakdown, and felt as though life **were not worth living.** I used to sit down and cry, I had nervous anæmia and had no energy to do a stroke of work, I could not eat or sleep. But, now I have **new** life with the help of Phosferine tablets, and my friends ask me what I was taking to do so much good. I would like others to know their value as I do. I can honestly say I feel very much better, and full of vigour and energy, and now always in splendid health."

Mrs. N. Wilson,
8, Wordsworth Rd., Swilly, Devonport, Devon.

FOR HAPPY, BEAUTIFYING VITALITY—USE

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Influenza
Lassitude
Brain Fag
Gastric Pains
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion
Nerve Shock
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica
Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Anæmia.

From Chemists, TABLETS or Liquid.

1/3, 3/- & 5/-. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

CURLY SCAMP

WATCH BABY'S HAIR CURL

— NESTOL INSTEAD OF WASHING

Wash baby's hair less often. Into baby's hair rub Nestol every day. Babyhood's magic is enhanced by beautiful Nestol-produced curls.

A month's supply tube costs only 3/6. Boots, all Chemists and Hairdressers sell it.

NESTOL
CURLS & CLEANSES

C. NESTLÉ & Cº Lᵀᴰ 48 South Molton St. London. W. 1

Also use Nestol medicated toilet powder 1/3 large tin

suddenly off the track into the desert, presses down the adjustable windscreen, and tears over the soft sand on a line parallel with the herd. If there is a thorn hedge in the way, or a stretch of plough, then it is just so much the worse for the passengers in the back of the car. His Highness does not decelerate. The herd races parallel with the car, striving always to cross its track. And eventually all the herd except the finest head succeeds in this strange manœuvre. The finest head falls at the crack of a rifle. His Highness has fired without taking his foot from the accelerator. . . .

This is the man who inscribed his name on the Versailles Peace Treaty, and who was A.D.C. to the King in France. He sent his Camel Corps to Mesopotamia, and was one of the most generous contributors to the Indian War Fund. He is the best-dressed man in India, and has a larger wardrobe than the Prince of Wales. He is the terror of his enormous domestic staff, for he has a worrying habit of touring the guest-rooms at inconvenient times, looking to see if there is ink in the inkwells, and if the mantelpieces have been dusted. He keeps regular hours in an office that might be in a luxury suite in London, so precise is every detail, so carefully does he exclude the all-pervading dust of his once-barren land.

These two, Their Highnesses of Bikaner and Patiala, make a strong partnership in every deliberation of the Chamber of Princes.

Two others are revered both for their high caste and their sagacity. His Highness of Udaipur is regarded as being descended from the Sun. His Highness the Maharao of Cutch is an elderly, kindly man of the old school, who is constantly travelling throughout Europe. He stays at the Savoy, like the Maharaja of Patiala, but flits suddenly to Poland for shooting, and then back to his ancient, history-soaked little State north of the Gulf of Cutch, where he strives to resist modernity. He disapproves of mechanisation for the Indian. He does not live in the past, but he is alive to the dangers of hastening the East. His capital, indeed, is reached only with difficulty except from the sea. Yet, when he asked me to visit him, while we lunched in his private room high above the Thames, you would have thought that this mild, self-effacing man was asking me to make the journey to Oxford.

The Princes look up to him. They take his advice. What will his advice be when it comes to the point of deciding for or against Federation?

His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad is the richest man in the world. His income is £1,000 a day, and during his benign if somewhat eccentric sovereignty he has spent the sum of £10 million. It is not, however, as the Crœsus of the East that I would wish to present him. It is as a man of simple tastes, strict both in his own personal expenditure and that of his entourage. It is frequently said that only the very rich can afford to dress badly. His Exalted Highness provides the truth of that maxim. He does not only dress badly—he dresses shabbily. The reason is that he prefers to be shabby.

Like many rich men, he has very determined ideas of the value of money. He can afford to exhibit many of his own peculiarities. His freakish sense of humour can be seen at a State dinner party, when he will show to the world his estimate of a man's worth and importance by the amount of champagne he orders to be poured into his glass.

He is a great man, in every sense of the word. He has concentrated for many years on securing for his State the finest officers in India. His Prime Minister is a genius, both financial and administrative. The people of Hyderabad are among the happiest in India. Every administrative machine runs smoothly and swiftly. Justice is swift and severe, but there is hardly a rumour of communal antagonism, and the crooked servant seldom flourishes.

His Exalted Highness has been in the happy position of finding himself growing richer and richer without himself or his State helping the pleasant process. Five years ago the State was worth—some nice round figure. To-day it is worth exactly half as much again. The reason is that the wealth of Hyderabad is stored underground in lumps, bars and rocks of gold and silver. The investments of the State total another enormous sum, but a large proportion of its credit can be inspected in the underground vaults of the palace. The gold comes from the State itself, and is transferred in ancient motor cars from the provinces to the capital. The motor cars are old because His Exalted Highness likes thrift, and it is too much trouble to remove the gold from the cars. They are allowed to roll down a gentle slope into the world's largest storehouse of metals.

The Nizam refuses on principle to dress himself up for any occasion. He prefers old clothes, and he lets it be known that any extravagance of raiment will be frowned upon. The peculiarity has given rise to some strange situations. More than once distinguished visitors have been unwilling to realise that before them, in this shrinking, shabbily dressed figure, there stands a man whose word is law throughout the richest gold-producing land in the world. He has caused further astonishment by his preference for riding in old and decrepit motors, while lesser members of his suite move in luxury. And it is said that on one important military occasion the entire forces of Hyderabad State were kept standing at the "present" while frantic efforts were made to start the dilapidated car in which His Exalted Highness had chosen to drive to the parade ground.

It was the great Ranji, once called "India's first Ambassador to England," who first gave to the people of this country a correct and up-to-date impression of an Indian ruler. Strange is the power of a cricket bat! But he, more than any man, realised that it was essential for English people to know what manner of men these were who rule so great a part of India.

He is succeeded by his nephew, late of the Indian Army, once first string in the Malvern rackets pair. His Highness the Jam Saheb, standing in an annexe of the palace, dripped through his fingers half a million pounds' worth of pearls which he never wears, and said to me: "I would rather have half an hour in the panther country than all this . . ."

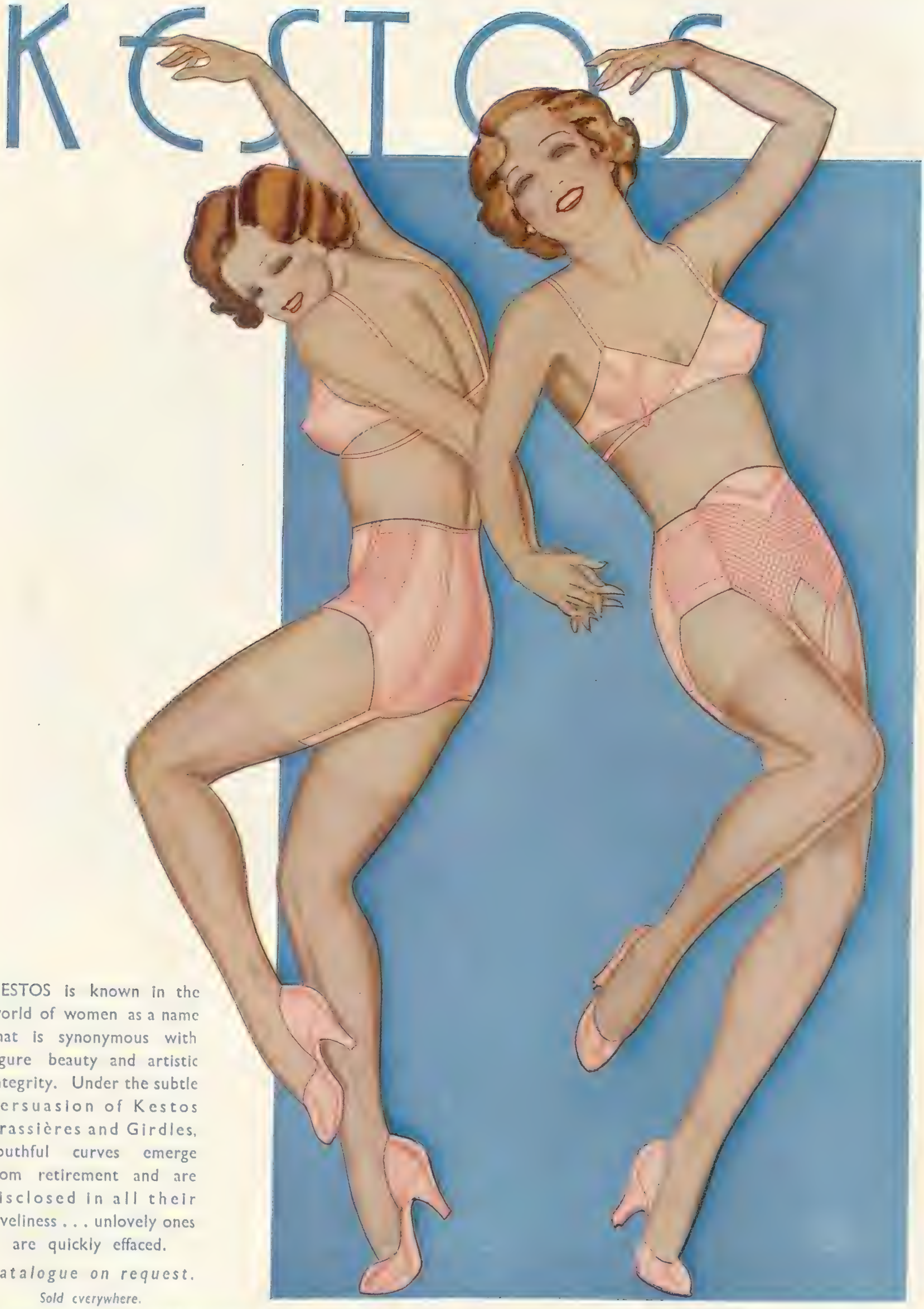
He will not wear the jewels that Ranji so loved to collect from the markets of the world. He boasts that though he is late for many things, he will never be late for a chance of a shot in the rough, wild country where the panthers are driven. He is a young man with a difficult task and a great example to follow, but it is with him a sacred duty to carry on with every detail of the vast programme begun by his uncle.

The Jam Saheb's culinary speciality is oysters. So succulent are they, so large and thick and plentiful at his table, that a stream of guests returns from Nawanagar forswearing oysters until they can have them fried again by the Jam Saheb's cook. The Jam Saheb allows his younger brother, Duleepsinhji, all the cricket honours, but can make even that slim young man run round a squash court. It is improbable that he will ever become well known to the people of England, for he prefers his State. He is one of the finest of hosts, and can tell a good story of his varied and adoring subjects, among whom is a tribe believed to be one of the Lost Tribes of Israel.

These, then, are the men of the Durbar. These are the successors to those old eccentrics about whom the fables were told. (A certain ruler of Indore, in playful mood, used to drive a team of prominent financiers round his private racecourse.)

This spring, for the first time since the historic Durbar of 1911, they will assemble again in all their finery in celebration of the King's Jubilee. The setting will be the colossal arena designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens.

There is something significant in the juxtaposition of this ancient chivalry with ultra-modern architecture.



KESTOS is known in the world of women as a name that is synonymous with figure beauty and artistic integrity. Under the subtle persuasion of Kestos Brassières and Girdles, youthful curves emerge from retirement and are disclosed in all their loveliness . . . unlovely ones are quickly effaced.

Catalogue on request.

Sold everywhere.

KESTOS LTD., MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.I. (Wholesale Only.)

LLOYD LOOM

WOVEN FIBRE FURNITURE

The breath of Spring all the year round! . . . That is the story of this beautiful natural colour-photograph. It pictures the charm, the comfort, the colour and complete 'liveability' that Lloyd Loom Woven Fibre Furniture will bring to your home at very little cost . . .

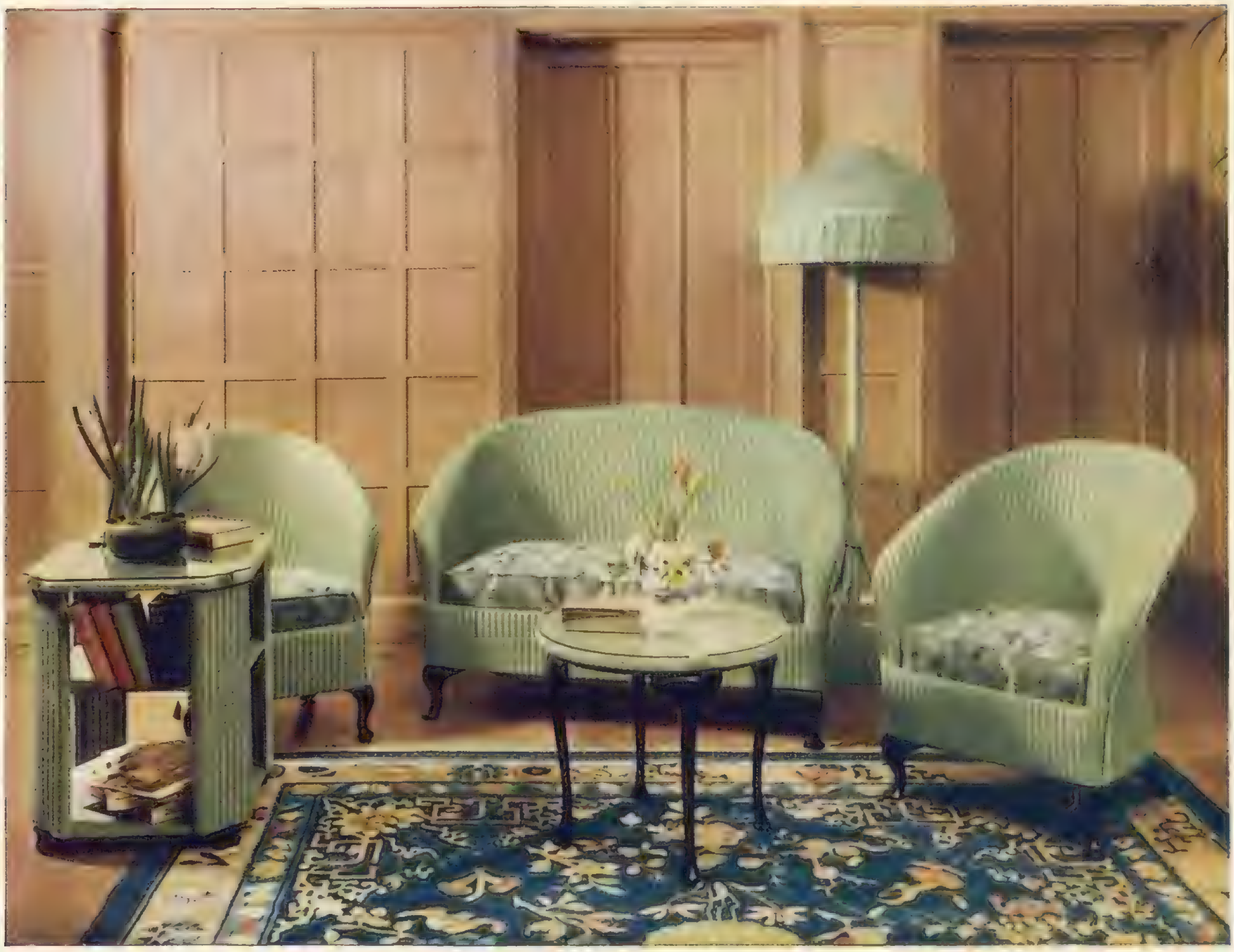


Table No. C.F.8016 from 52/6 (with glass top). Chair No. C.L.8350 from 58/-. Settee No. C.L.8310 from 123/6. Table No. C.L.8058 from 47/6 (with glass top). Lamp No. L.1. from 83/6. Chair No. C.L.8308 from 66/6.

Lloyd Loom Furniture is manufactured in 34 standard colours. The suite illustrated is in Naples Green fitted with cabriole legs. Call at any of the 8,000 Lloyd Loom dealers and study this inexpensive furniture for yourself. It is worth while to note that no furniture is genuine Lloyd Loom unless it bears the 'Lusty' tag. This tag is a guarantee that your purchase is soundly constructed from frame to finish.

Write now for the complimentary Lloyd Loom catalogue. It contains a selection from over 400 models that will prove an invaluable guide for modern practical furnishing.

a **'LUSTY'** *product of*

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(BURNS WORKS), LONDON, E.3.

BRITISH MADE
LLOYD LOOM
de Luxe
Lusty

I Go Shopping in an Island Paradise

(*Continued from page 61*)

Many of the buildings in this lonely place are " air conditioned." The air is washed, filtered and kept at an even temperature.

This produces a most comfortable atmosphere to live in, exactly right for the foodstuffs in the kingdom of King Can.

Among other foods, the canned soups are really excellent, far better than anything in Europe. It would take several hours over a hot stove, plus a first-class French chef, to produce the same thing as you get there in a tin.

The vegetables in tins are far more palatable than the fresh ones, which have to come from the mainland. Five days on ice would spoil the taste of anything.

Nearly everyone here has an electric icebox and so has ice cream on tap at every meal. Most of the women use this recipe, which does away with the expensive cream part :—

½ cup of certified milk (ordinary milk will NOT *do!).*
½ cup brown sugar.
1 tablespoonful cornflour (mix this carefully first in cold milk).
¼ teaspoon salt.
3 fresh eggs.
1½ tablespoonful of vanilla essence.
½-pint tin of unsweetened milk (previously chilled for ten minutes in ice-box).

Heat the certified milk, beat the egg yolks, add sugar and cornflour (previously dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold milk). Mix all together and cook till slightly thick.

Beat the whites of the eggs. Add vanilla and salt. Mix and freeze till half set.

Now whip the tin of condensed milk, mix all ingredients together. Turn ice-box to lowest temperature, and in two or three hours there will be enough delicious ice cream for four persons.

Every sort of salad is used here, because you can have lettuce all the year round.

There is a delicious pudding called " Icebergs " made mainly of cream and egg white whipped to a froth and served in rugged iceberg shapes afloat on a bowl of pineapple juice.

Pineapple culture is one of the island's industries, so you just drink the juice by the pint, and it forms the basis of many delightful desserts and salads.

Being a fruit that cans well, it can be used all over the world.

The cost of living in this Hawaiian paradise is very high.

What costs one penny in England starts at sixpence here.

Tram fares are 7½d. return, long or short distance ; there are no single fares.

A hair-cut for a child is 2s. If you put your shoes outside your door in the hotel, you find 1s. per pair per day charged on your bill.

A cold cooked chicken for picnic purposes costs 14s. 6d.

To bring your trunks from the ships to the hotel in a luggage cart costs you well over £1.

Milk is 1s. 2d. a quart, but it is nearly solid cream untouched by hand in sealed bottles, dated and delivered on ice. I have never tasted milk like it anywhere in the world.

A ride on a surf-board for one hour costs 4s.; ditto a ride in a canoe.

But it is a green and gold haven of delight. The climate hardly varies. You can bask in the moonlight and bathe with pleasure in warm waters at midnight. The sunset and sunrises are incomparable. These things are without price.

As In France

(*Continued from page 71*)

Mushrooms, tomatoes or tiny button onions can be used to vary the garnish.

Endives Mornay

TAKE one pound—for four people—of Belgian endives, remove the outside leaves and wash the endives well.

Place them flat in a baking dish—they should not be on top of each other—add the juice of a lemon, salt and pepper, a few tiny pieces of butter and enough boiling water to come almost level with the endives.

Cover them with a buttered paper and boil gently until the endives are soft, while still retaining their shape—about twenty-five minutes.

Remove and drain the endives thoroughly and place them, again flat, in a fireproof dish. Cover with the Mornay Sauce, which is a smooth white sauce, to which you stir in the yolk of an egg and grated cheese. Brown in the oven or under the grill just enough to make the top a nice golden colour.

Soufflé and Fruits

MIX a tablespoonful of ground rice with half a pint of milk, adding it little by little over a moderate fire, beating all the time. Cook for two or three minutes and remove from the fire.

Add the yolks of three eggs, whipping them well in, also two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. Set this preparation aside to cool. Meanwhile beat the whites of four eggs to a very stiff froth.

Now chop a slice of pineapple and the same quantity of preserved ginger and mix it with the butter. Fold in the whites of egg and pour the mixture into a buttered soufflé dish. Bake in a moderate oven for ten to twelve minutes.

Do not be afraid to watch the soufflé. In fact you must do so. If it fails to rise on one side it must be sticking, so release it by slipping a knife round that part. When the soufflé is about three-quarters cooked, sprinkle the top with castor sugar.

END

Feather Fingers

(*Continued from page 70*)

Put a little of the mince in the centre of each and fold the paste over to form rolls.

Paint the rissoles with beaten egg, roll them in vermicelli (uncooked) and fry in deep boiling lard until they are evenly golden brown.

Drain well and serve as soon as possible after they are ready.

Flan Suisse

LINE a greased tart-tin with flaky paste, weight it with rice or beans and bake the pastry first.

Meanwhile cook some apples, peeled and cored, with a little water and sugar until they are soft and reduced to a pulp. Add a flavouring of cinnamon powder and a few seedless raisins, previously soaked in hot water to make them swell and soften.

Mix well and let the mixture get quite cold before you spread it on the paste. Sprinkle the top with fine crumbs of Madeira cake and a final sprinkling of castor sugar.

Chestnut Tartlets

BOIL the chestnuts, peel and pass them through a sieve. Put them in a saucepan with sugar, a vanilla pod, and add enough milk to make a thick *purée*. Let this get cold and add half the quantity of whipped cream, mixing it well in.

Meanwhile you have prepared and baked separately some little tartlet cases of short crust, and when they are cold fill them with the chestnut cream

Her
future
is assured

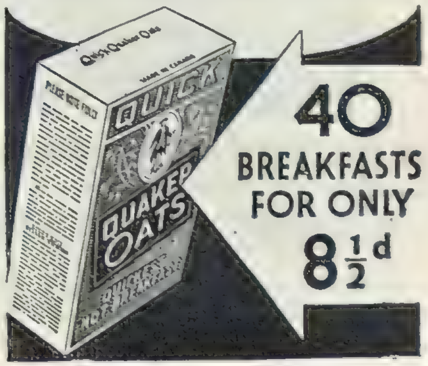
Give your children, *now*, the benefit of nourishing Quaker breakfasts, and so assure them future health and strength.

The reason Quaker is rich in all the health-building properties, so essential to growing children, is because it is milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies.

Its delicious creamy flavour will appeal to the whole family . . . and where else can you get so much appetising nourishment at so little cost?

Mothers everywhere know—there's nothing so good so cheap—nothing so cheap so good as a hot Quaker Oats breakfast.

A quick no-trouble breakfast, too —*Quick* Quaker is ready in 4 minutes.



(*Except in Scotland and N. Ireland.*)

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FAT went Fast

60 lbs. Disappeared in Six Months; Feels Better in Health and Has More Strength

People stop this woman and ask her how she lost her fat. 60 pounds of it has disappeared, and they are naturally anxious to know what she has done with it. Has she laced it in—compressed it into a tight-tethered corset? *She has not.* Has she submitted herself to a drastic diet and been living on salads and lemon juice? Oh, dear, No! *She eats what she likes.* Has she punished herself with strenuous exercises and been whirling, jumping and skipping away those superfluous pounds? As a matter of fact, her only exercise has been the exercise of a little common sense. She realised that her fat was no different from the fat of those thousands of women who have regained their youthful figure with Kruschen Salts. So she wisely put Kruschen to the test. And, at the rate of 10 pounds per month her fat melted away. Read her letter:

"I have been taking Kruschen Salts for six months and have lost 60 lb. in that period. People stop me and ask how I have lost my fat. I took half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water before breakfast every morning, but did not make any special alteration in my diet, nor did I do any special exercises.

"My weight and measurements before and after taking Kruschen Salts are as follows:—

BEFORE	AFTER
Bust..........42 *in.*	*Bust*..........34 *in.*
Waist..........41 *in.*	*Waist*..........30 *in.*
Hips..........44 *in.*	*Hips*..........37 *in.*
Weight.....14 *st.* 10 *lb.*	*Weight*.....10 *st.* 6 *lb.*

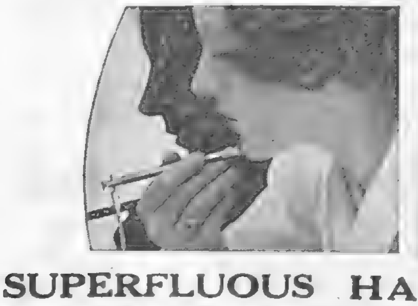
"I am pleased to say I feel better in health and have more strength. Kruschen certainly seems to put new life in me."

Mrs. O. B., Melksham, Wilts.

You, too, can reduce your waistline, hips and weight; you, too, can possess a stylish, slender figure—and at the same time build up new health. Kruschen is a saline—NOT a drug—it's an ideal blend of mineral salts found in the aperient waters of those European Spas which have been resorted to from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity. Kruschen is SAFE.

So safe is Kruschen that many people, after reaching normal weight, continue to take the "little daily dose" in order to enjoy the marvellous health benefits it brings.

Get a 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts at your Chemist's (lasts four weeks), and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Removed by Electrolysis at Home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern woman, and so simple a child could use it; guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, £4.4.0. or 20/- and 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated brochure free in plain envelope.

VANDRE LTD. (Dept. E), 189, PITT ST., GLASGOW

Co-Respondents—Beware!

(*Continued from page* 31)

North, a sordid, nasty little place with factory chimneys, streets that were all the same, and a general mugginess about it all?

Pannington Smith did not appear anywhere much, when it was opera. Of course, there were quarrels to placate. They call it temperament when you sing, and temper when you don't. There was the fixing of contracts, certainly, and the incessant demand for bigger fees. And there were the critics to sweeten and smile at.

Always in a difficulty Pannington Smith was sent for. It was then that, with a tact he had learned when approaching small shopkeepers with his commercial traveller's bag, he became a diplomat and proved that he could smile when anyone else might merely have sworn a lot.

On the concert tours Smithy became a little more important than when they were in some opera house. For then, on the programmes and the posters, he would read "Pannington Smith Presents Regina Talio." Sometimes, proudly, he would then even stick up some of the posters himself. For were not their two names linked?

And he had other uses, too. The most baffling one was Topsy's husband.

Peggy Taylor had not dared to tell him on that night when first she met him that she was already married. When he burst out with his offer that he would have her voice trained, she had not mentioned that she was a wife. When she went away to Italy she did not confess that she was running away from home.

It was not for a long time that she first told him about the husband—how he was still working in a mill, that is unless he were dead. But then there were a lot of things that Topsy did not tell Freddie Smith.

When the husband turned up, Pannington Smith's first real troubles began. He had to be placated. He had to be kept out of the dressing room into which he tried to force an entrance. He had to be paid off, yes, and kept quiet. And Pannington Smith, when Talio went North, had to ensure that there would be no scenes, no angry husband turning up.

The enraged, if paid-off husband's demands grew, though. And then, one day, came a threat. He wanted a divorce. And, in the letter which came from a firm of lawyers who looked like sharks, there came the hint of a man of title as co-respondent!

Well, Topsy had always been indiscreet. There were admirers, of course. Everywhere she went someone had sought her favours. Pannington Smith would suffer tortures when he saw her in the company of another man. He might guess things and think things, but he knew nothing.

Well, when the letter came, he offered himself up for what some men would have called a sacrifice.

"This titled friend of yours can easily buy himself off, Topsy," he said. "Let me be the co-respondent."

"What, you!" she said.

She had seen him carrying her music for years. She had seen him handle her trunks, even. He had been her slave. But this was the limit!

"Oh, there needn't be anything between us, Topsy," said Pannington Smith. "It will only be pretending. But it won't matter if I am named. Who am I?"

No, it might not matter to the world. But it would be, thought Smithy, the one great event of his life. He would bask in the glory of it, and preen himself when it came to his memory for the rest of all the years he lived.

Now world-wise people know that arranged divorces have to follow a formula. There is a certain etiquette.

One day a very experienced man began to write a book about it all. He only got as far as the first chapter, though, one in which he described how a co-respondent, desiring to call attention to himself in an hotel so that the staff would not forget him, should ring the bell for the chambermaid when he and the respondent were in the room together, seize a water jug, hurl it on the floor and then shout, "I hate these damned things when they're that colour."

The author, his mind full of thoughts of how co-respondents had seized red water jugs and blue water jugs and green water jugs, and smashed them to smithereens, the water soaking the carpet, so laughed at all that, that he never got any further. So his book was never written.

But Pannington Smith had an idea all his own. He chose Eastbourne for the scene of the week-end adventure. A week-end is a very weak beginning. But he did not think of that.

He chose the smartest hotel on the sea front. They drove up in a marvellous Rolls-Royce. He engaged the finest suite of rooms, two bedrooms with a sitting-room between, and the doors unlocked.

They had dinner calmly enough on the first evening. Then when in the sitting-room alone he started to talk, she scowled at him, as she usually did whenever they were alone. All day Sunday he suffered her tantrums, and was almost glad when Monday came.

Then, in the morning, as he had arranged, he went into her bedroom in a dressing-gown as much like a co-respondent's as he could imagine one to be, rang the bell and then sat on Topsy's bed.

The chambermaid who answered the bell got the surprise of her life.

"I am Mr. Pannington Smith, the impresario," he said. "This is Madame Regina Talio, the world-famous soprano. You have been so very good to us this week-end. Here is £5, and here is my visiting card. If you are in London next Sunday week and near the Albert Hall, and you would like to hear Madame Talio sing, present this card at the box office and you will be given two seats. Now send in the waiter."

The chambermaid, to whom a fiver was a month's earnings, gasped, but went for the waiter.

When the waiter entered the room, Pannington Smith went through his carefully rehearsed part. "I am Mr. Pannington Smith, the impresario," he said. "This is Madame Regina Talio, the world-famous soprano. You have been very good to us this week-end. Here is £5, and here is my visiting card. If you are in London next Sunday week and near the Albert Hall, and you would like to hear Madame Talio sing, present this card at the box office and you will be given two seats."

Waiters earn rather more than chambermaids as a rule, but a £5 tip for a week-end was ten times the average. The waiter went away—to remember the occasion for years.

Well, then, when the bags were packed, and the train for London was nearly due, the hall porter got his shock. He usually got a shilling, or a couple of shillings, but suddenly, with a most beautiful lady standing by—yes, it was Madame Regina Talio, the world-famous soprano, he was told—Mr. Pannington Smith, the impresario, gave him £5 all for himself, and a visiting card which would give him two seats to hear the world-famous soprano, Madame Talio, sing at the Albert Hall if he were in London.

Although he did not enjoy singing much, this concert, he thought, was almost worth the journey to London. With an ineffaceable memory of the great Talio, and the larger Pannington Smith, in his mind, he put the £5 note in his pocket.

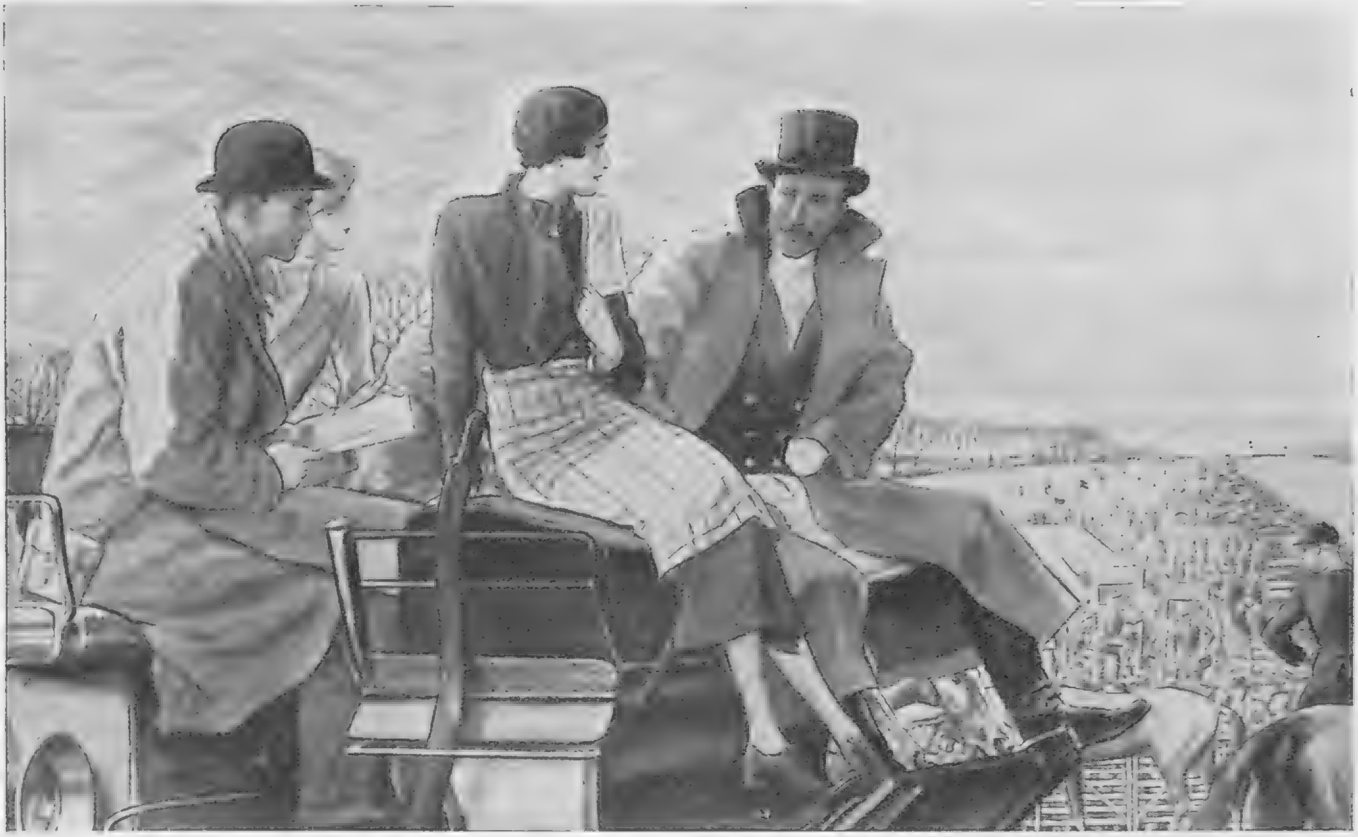
"That'll do the kids a bit of good," he said.

"It's all right now, Topsy," said Smithy, when they were seated in the car. "The lawyer's clerk is calling for the evidence at three o'clock. They won't forget us."

But, probably, if the author of "What A Young Co-respondent Should Know" had finished his book and published it, he would have told

(*Continued on page* 96)

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE



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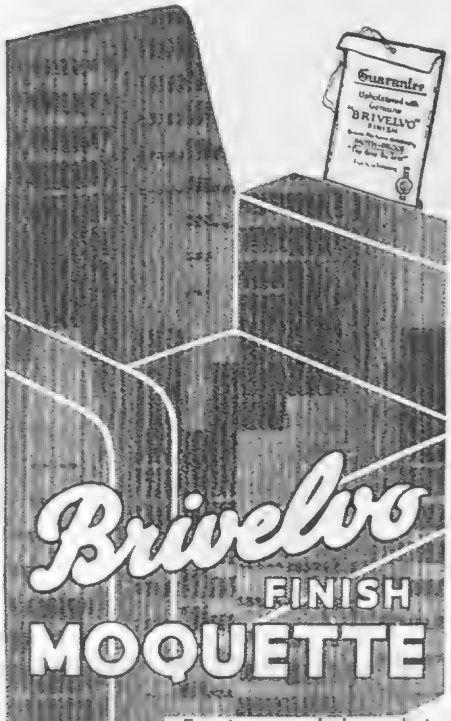

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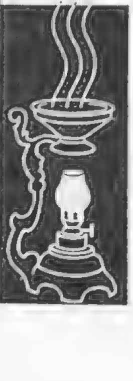


young men who were being discreetly indiscreet not to be too lavish with their tips.

For, when, at three o'clock, the lawyer's clerk called, the hall porter, the waiter and the chambermaid, all with fivers in their pockets, and each with a couple of free seats, steadfastly and unblushingly declared that they had never seen Madame Regina Talio in the hotel and that they had never heard of Mr. Pannington Smith in their lives.

"You couldn't give those guys away," they said to themselves, afterwards. "They were much too kind."

So Pannington Smith had another hour of glory. He had to pretend to commit adultery somewhere else.

But this time, he and Topsy went to Brighton, travelling down just in the ordinary way, asking for rooms as though it didn't matter what they got, spending a week-end staring at the sea, and never looking at each other.

And, on the Monday morning, they gave the chambermaid half a crown, the waiter five shillings and the hall porter—nothing.

Co-Respondents—Beware!

The hall porter declared he would remember them all the days of his life. In fact, he said so to the lawyer's clerk. And when, in due course, he remembered them to the judge, well he still remembered. . . .

That evening Pannington Smith bought all the newspapers and turned them over hurriedly, one after the other, expecting to find his name in large type. He looked to see "World Famous Soprano Divorced. Impresario Cited as Co-respondent." But all he found, tucked away in a corner, was a paragraph or two in blushing insignificance. This is how it began :—

"Mr. Justice Tompkins, sitting in the Divorce Court to-day, pronounced a decree nisi in 57 undefended divorce cases. Here is the list of parties."

And, in the middle of a lot of very English-looking names, ordinary middle-class suburban names, to say the least of them, Pannington Smith read : "Taylor *v.* Taylor and Smith."

They did not even mention the Pannington!

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 49)

They heard him: the Lord of Roccadura, Giuliva, her brother and—l'Allegre.

He had been trapped by her father's daughter. She had evaded the Gascon's grasp, coyly run to a room upstairs—a room ?—a dungeon.

L'Allegre followed—to find himself a prisoner.

Through a grille in the door, Giuliva asked in all innocence :

"Oho, Sir Knight! Thou gay deceiver! Dost always go a-wooing with a company of soldiers ? "

His reply is not recorded.

The Lord of Roccadura gave judgment: l'Allegre was to be taken where all his friends could see him. By his own tongue he should ask Sir Robert to go home. Further, he was to inform his leader that though he—l'Allegre—would be retained as a prisoner, his life would be spared so long as he continued to compose fresh songs of love for Giuliva. This must he do every night, on pain of death, just before the hour of sleep.

From castle to hill-top, from hill-top to castle, the duologue was held :—

"Art there, l'Allegre ? "

"'Tis I."

"What fortune, l'Allegre ? "

"Alas, misfortune! I am to bid thee return, good Sir Robert, on pain of seeing thy friend burn before thine eyes."

"What of . . . Giuliva ? "

"There I must be dumb . . . yet not so dumb. For I am to sing her a new love song every night."

"I would have thy place, l'Allegre."

"'Tis thine and welcome!" A flash of the spirit that, centuries later, was to breed D'Artagnan shone out. "But thou art no poet nor songster neither."

For five years—nigh two thousand nights—l'Allegre kept death at bay with his songs of love. Truth to tell, the occupation was not too irksome.

Giuliva proved herself free from rancour. She became his friend. And if, now and again, he failed to make a song she kept it to herself. But she asked the prisoner instead to tell her of Sir Robert, to whose high mettle she had, at first glance, fallen a prey.

After the fifth year, the Lord of Roccadura sent for Sir Robert, now the conqueror of many of the Ghibellines. He offered him not only, in a later phrase, "peace with honour," but the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Sir Robert and Giuliva have been dead for the half of a millennium, but the story of their love lives yet and shall live, though of the castle that enshrined it not one stone stands upon another.

Good Carving

(Continued from page 69)

Slicing the meat in this way does not harm the lower part of the joint, and it will look most presentable the second day. Some people prefer cutting alternate slices from the left, then the right, to regulate the helpings, but this is a matter of taste. Turn the joint over and carve the under portion in the same way.

It is no use attempting to carve loin of mutton or pork unless the meat has been previously jointed either by the butcher or the cook. It is a simple matter to do this in your own kitchen. The natural mark on the bone will show the cook where to saw it through.

Place the joint on the dish with the thick part away from the carver. Insert the knife between the bones and cut down each cutlet, being careful not to have the slices too clumsy and thick.

Serve a piece of crackle with each piece of pork, and if there is kidney, a piece of it should be served with either the pork or the mutton.

A shoulder of mutton is rather difficult. It is sent to table with the skin side uppermost, but the underpart, as shown in the diagram, is generally cut first as it is considered to be more delicate and juicy.

So turn the joint over by inserting the fork into the fleshy part, and carve the underpart slantwise as shown by the dotted lines from A to B and from C to D, cutting in each case to the bone.

Then insert the knife at the bone to loosen the meat. When serving, give a slice from each portion with a small piece of crisp fat. Mutton is always carved thicker than beef.

A forequarter of lamb is simple if first of all the shoulder part is severed from the ribs by cutting round the natural line of the knuckle, then carving that piece like a shoulder of mutton.

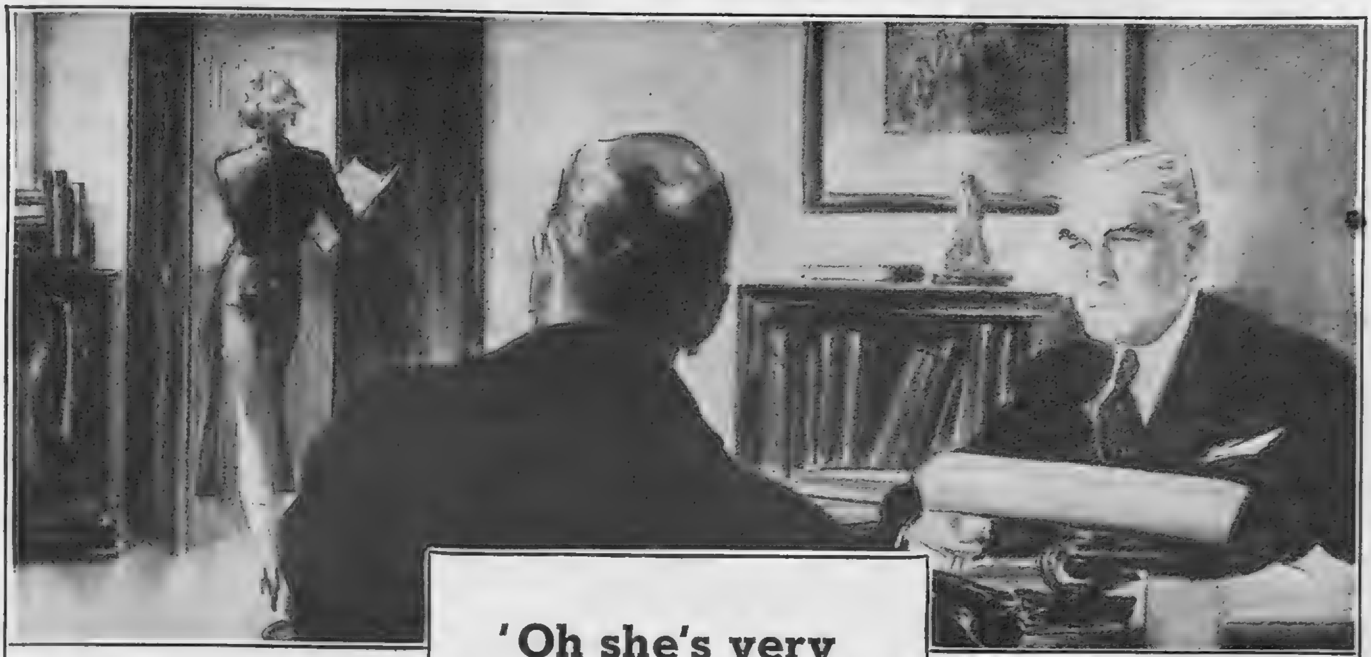
The choice part, however, is what is left, and the ribs should be divided one from the other, and the breast should be carved in neat slices, serving a slice of both portions to each guest.

A round of beef and fillet of veal are carved across in thin even slices, while the loin of veal is treated like a loin of mutton and a knuckle of veal like a leg of mutton.

A whole ham should be placed in the dish something like a leg of mutton with the thick part away from the carver. Make an incision in a similar manner to the mutton right down to the bone on the thickest part, then continue cutting in very thin slices.

A more economical way is to begin at the knuckle end and carve thin slices, working straight across towards the thick end. Serve a little fat with each portion.

END



'Oh she's very capable, but I can't stand her complexion'

The manager should have waited until Joan had quite closed the door before he made that remark. For naturally Joan heard it, and was overwhelmed.

When she got home that evening, the first thing she did was to sit down before the glass and examine her face. What a depressing sight it was! Pale and sallow in spite of her make-up. Shadows under her eyes. A spot near her lip.

'I don't know what I've done to deserve such a hopeless complexion,' she thought.

What a pity some kind fairy doesn't tell her! The poor girl actually doesn't *know* it's her own fault. Yet it's a fact. That wretched skin of hers is nothing less than the disastrous result of self-neglect.

You see, what Joan and so many women simply cannot grasp is that beauty depends on inner cleanliness. And the surest, safest way to promote it is to take Eno every morning.

Eno sees that all waste is properly and promptly dismissed—giving poisons no time to circulate in your blood and make your skin ugly, discoloured and old. Moreover, Eno is so pure—so gentle and natural in its action—that it is the one thing you *can* take knowing it will do all good and no harm.

Why put up with a poor skin? Why gamble with your health and your looks? Take Eno tomorrow—and every morning—and make sure of a lovely complexion.

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Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is pure, harmless and perfectly natural in its action. It contains no harsh aperients—no sugar to encourage fat. Its work is simply to clear poisons and impurities from your blood—to keep your system in first-class order and your skin clear and fresh. For over sixty years doctors have approved it. Get a bottle today. Eno costs 1/6 or (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

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- HEADACHES
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- IRRITABILITY
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WISE little woman! By taking a cup of Allenburys Diet last thing every night she enjoys sleep that is both deep and refreshing—the kind of sleep that dispels forever those awful feelings of tiredness, depression, and "nerves on edge." Deliciously flavoured and easy to make, this is the easiest and nicest way to build up the joyous vitality that makes you wake up feeling better and brighter. Introduce 'Allenburys' to your family circle and see how true this is!

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Spring News *from* Paris *and* London

(*Continued from page* 56)

dark blouses. Pale blue with navy or nigger blouses. Natural or cream linen coats and skirts with navy, white dotted blouses or other neat printed designs.

Fabrics.—There are many mixtures. Wool and silk, wool and art silk. Tweeds with 69 per cent. silk, giving a shiny finish. Look out for these for your pastel suits. Silk, wool and art silk in one fabric. Linen and wool. Linen and cotton. Light-weight woollens, close woven, and with muslin-like weaves. Many fine woollens have heavier tweed for coats. Hair-scattered angoras. Lace weaves and woollen tulles. Fancy woollens in plaid and all sorts of square designs. Plaids extremely popular.

The silk story is prints, prints, prints. Taffetas, plain and printed, a softer, not so rustling taffeta as our old friend. Printed satins, crêpes. The designs large, floral. Printed and plain tulles. Very stiff tulles and laces, cellophane materials, silk cloques.

Irish linens are in high favour, plain and embroidered. Spectator Sports and Dorville show much coarse, natural coloured, uncrushable linen for dresses, sun-bathing dresses, skirts, wraps, suits. It has a rough surface, looks good, wears better. Cottons resemble linens very closely. Linens are worked to imitate woollens in weaves and prints.

Matita have found a completely uncrushable material so obstinate and straight-laced that, so far, it will only make itself into straight skirts. They managed to put a pleat or two in the skirts, which are perfect for cruising.

Sleeves.—These simply don't know what's happening to them. They'll never be the same again, after all their adventuring this spring. They knew where they were when they were set straight into armholes, and ended at wrists. Now there isn't a straight sleeve in a dozen dresses. They are raglan—sometimes so exaggeratedly raglan that the diagonal seam comes right across to the middle of the throat. Or they are squared into the armhole. Or they begin at the neckline, and lose their shoulders. Or they start below the armhole. They emerge from pleats, gathers, shirrs. Even in tailored suits and coats, simple, even prim, sleeves are wayward and eccentric.

Capes.—At the height of their success.

Day dresses.—These are slim and close fitting. Anything happens to the sleeves and shoulders, and plenty of action at the neck. Collars, cunning drapes, loops, toby frills, bows, cravats, scarves.

Some printed dresses have pleated skirts, many have godets of pleated fulness at intervals around the hem. White organdie frills and ruffles on plain black crêpe dresses. Pique used in abundance. Basques and basque effects. Stitchery. Loose printed silk coats, three-quarter length, over dark frocks. Dark, long coats belted, flared at wrists, worn with light dresses in plain woollen materials.

Day suits.—Tight, short little box coats, over straight skirts. Thigh length coats like pre-war suits. Short fitting coats and skirts in loose woollen tweeds, or smooth stockinette worn with suede scarf, gloves, shoes and bag to match. Suits with hip length, unbelted coats worn with printed crêpe blouses, the coats lined with the same print.

Combined Industries call two of their models Beau Nash and Beau Brummel, showing their Regency derivation in their low lapels, and the pleated frills and fringed scarfs to the necks of their blouses.

And now, let us breathe. . . . Next month, knowing all—the foregoing having been filched in advance by my spies—I'll give you a comprehensive report with pretty pictures and drawings straight from Paris. . . .

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 51)

on like that. I went on with it for some way, but then dropped out, and so cannot definitely say how it ends or whether it ever does end. I suppose it must—and yet it is hard to believe that it does.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau's *Three Englishmen* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is also very, very long, but it is the work of a man who, though he uses words rather insensitively, knows how to tell a story. To fit the modern craze for long novels, he has not been content to spin out a story to twice its normal length, but has chosen a theme which cannot well be developed in less than 600 pages. He has woven the careers of his three heroes into a complex pattern; and if his writing gives no sensuous pleasure, at least his narrative is built to scale. The book is wrapped in a dust cover which could be relied upon to kill any ordinary novel stone dead. But Mr. Frankau's public is probably made of stern stuff and may overlook it.

With *A House Divided* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Pearl S. Buck concludes a trilogy which began with *The Good Earth* and was continued in *Sons*. It has been my experience that an archaic style is almost always the sign of a mediocre author. Mrs. Buck is an exception to this rule, for, in spite of her affectation of simplicity, she is a serious and conscientious novelist who repays study. In her new book the revolutionary Wang has grown into an old and repressive father, regarded by his son Yuan as a hopeless reactionary. The trilogy ends on a note of reconciliation between the ideals of West and East, the new and the old, but it is difficult not to regret that the twain are even attempting to meet, not to feel that a little more of the dwindling store of beauty has escaped from the world.

I confess to approaching a book like *Lady Chatterley's Second Husband*, by the French authoress Jehanne D'Orliac (John Long, 7s. 6d.), with a certain antipathy, for it is hard not to think that here is a writer hanging on to the coat-tails of another writer, borrowing the publicity of his most discussed novel. "' If Lawrence had never lived, if the characters in this book had names not already linked to Lawrence's characters, what should I think of it?"—that is the question I keep brandishing at Mlle. D'Orliac. And yet, though it has a certain justification, it seems a rather pointless question, since she asks us to consider her story in the light of Lawrence's work. Perhaps, then, I had better abandon these considerations and content myself with saying that Mlle. D'Orliac has caught quite cleverly some of the tones of Lawrence's voice. But Lawrence, in some of his moods, was burdensome and even boring: and it is one of these moods that is here reproduced.

Murder in Make-Up, by Charles Ashton (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), is one of those novels known as "only a thriller"—a phrase which suggests that literary standards are not applicable. Mr. Ashton leans rather heavily on this privilege, and it is questionable whether a man who can commit such a sentence as "He deposited the tray on a small table which he drew between the two chairs and withdrew" should write a book at all. Even as a detective story, *Murder in Make-Up* must be marked unsatisfactory, since its detective is surely the stupidest ass who ever acted as foil to a brilliant amateur. Yet one goes on reading. The mystery is concocted with considerable ingenuity. If there were a Puzzle Editor on this paper, I should hand the book over to him. It has nothing in the world to do with literature, even with the smallest "l."

END

"Ever since I was sixteen
I'VE USED POND'S CREAMS"

says Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton

"Was I thrilled ? I should say I was ! The smartest wedding of the season and I was to be a bridesmaid. The letter came when I was at school — I was only sixteen — and I showed it to some of the girls. 'I say, Daphne, you'll have to do something about your skin,' said my best friend. 'Look, you're positively peeling, and the wind has given you frown lines and blotches. It doesn't matter on the hockey field, but you won't look in the picture at St. Margaret's.'

"I realised how right she was as I studied my weather-beaten face. What was I to do ? Then someone suggested Pond's and produced a pot of the Cold and Vanishing Cream. I began that very night, cleansing with Cold Cream, and smoothing in Vanishing Cream during the day. A week saw a difference. By the time of the wedding my skin was so smooth and fine and soft I didn't know it for my own.

"Ever since then I've been a devotee of Pond's.

"I use Pond's Cold Cream always at night for cleansing and often during the day. It's marvellous the amount of grime Pond's discovers in the pores — even when you imagine your face is quite clean.

"Pond's Vanishing Cream is a great boon to me ! It keeps my skin smooth and soft and fine-textured even after a day's golf in a cutting wind. While as a powder base I've never found its equal."

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VAPEX
WILL STOP THAT COLD
A drop on your handkerchief, breathed often, carries healing vapours into the nose and throat, relieving congestion and killing the germs.
V.116

A Dinner of Herbs

(Continued from page 55)

gave her face a pale enchantment that made him catch his breath with the wonder of it. Her eyes were bright, eager.

Quite suddenly he made up his mind. "I can't go," he lied, "I have a lesson in the morning. You go, Alex; I know you'll enjoy it."

He found himself wishing desperately that she would show some signs of regret. But she had moved and her face was in the shadow.

Randall Hirst said easily: "These heiresses are imperious."

Out of the dimness her voice came to him. "Of course, darling, you must stay for that. Randall will look after me."

"I will," Randall Hirst said. "It will be a great pleasure."

And then, because there was a queer tension in the air, he added lightly, "Shall we go to the Casino? I have, you know, an aptitude for losing money at baccarat. It's infallible. . . ."

Max said with suitable regret: "I'm sorry. I'm tired. I think I'll go back to bed."

Alex made a slight movement. "Tired, Max?"

"It's this damned life I'm leading," Max burst out with a trace of bitterness.

Alex said nothing. She was thinking, dully, that at any rate it was better than starving. But she shut her mouth firmly, and when Max was gone, leaving them at the entrance to the Casino, she clung tightly to Randall Hirst's arm. Somehow the calm solidity of his presence gave her comfort.

In the days that followed Alex found herself depending more and more on him. Max, wrapped in the cloak of his own thoughts, seemed to have shut her out completely. When he was alone, he walked for miles along the coast. The rest of the time Ellen van Drutten claimed him, smiling a little triumphant smile that went through Alex like a knife.

Through it all Randall Hirst said nothing. But when she turned to him he was there waiting for her; waiting to play with her; to spend money on her, and subconsciously to offer her all he had.

Once, tentatively, he spoke to her of this. They were at Eden Roc, lying face downwards on the orange cushions, sunbathing. Suddenly Alex found her hand taken in his.

"Alex," his voice was very low. "I want you to come away with me." He added hastily: "I mean marriage—I've never asked a woman to marry me before. I'm not very good at it. But I love you. I can make you happy."

She was crying unashamedly.

"Darling, darling . . ." she sobbed, "I can't. . . ."

Randall Hirst sat up.

"It doesn't matter, Alex," he said, very quietly. "Perhaps later—I can wait."

He spoke hopefully, and Alex, her heart dumb with misery, could only wish desperately that she had never met him. . . .

But, strangely enough, it was the stockbroker that precipitated the crisis. For some weeks Alex had been finding his advances repulsive. The man was thick-skinned. He liked women to be retiring, and Alex in shrinking had whetted his appetite.

One afternoon, at the end of his hour's lesson with her, he tried to kiss her.

Alex, her knees shaking, drew away sharply. "Don't. . . ."

The stockbroker laughed coarsely. "There isn't a woman alive that doesn't like this—" And he caught her in his arms. Alex had a glimpse of his red, florid face with the sensual lips searching for hers, then suddenly it was gone and he was down on the floor in a surprised heap, with Max standing over him, white and furious.

"Get out," Max said quietly, "and leave my wife alone!"

The stockbroker, scarlet in the face, shouted an obscene word at him. At that, Max caught him up by the scruff of his neck and flung him outside. Then he turned to Alex.

"You're not hurt, Alex?"

Wide-eyed, she shook her head. "No."

There were hurrying footsteps in the corridor outside. Terror leapt into her eyes. "Max—the manager!"

Max turned to face him as he came through the door. The little Italian was livid with fury. "You've assaulted a client," he hissed.

Max straightened. "He tried to kiss my wife."

The manager wrung his hands. "He threatens to leave. I cannot have anyone who behaves like a lunatic in my hotel. You must go at once—both of you." He raised his hands to the heavens. "Are you mad? Get out—at once!"

The door banged.

Alex, worn out with her experience, looked broken. She sat down heavily. Max paced up and down wretchedly. "That settles it," he said. "What do we do now?"

Alex lifted a pale, tragic face. "Oh—Max!"

Max bit his lip. He tried to overcome an impulse to put his arms around her. He clasped his hands firmly behind his back.

"Wait a moment, Alex." He spoke jerkily. "We must work this out. Hirst told me two days ago that he had asked you to go away with him. He said he wants to marry you. Decent of him to tell me—wasn't it, Alex? A nice chap. I think he'll make you happy."

She gave a little cry of protest, but Max went on quickly. "That's the only sane solution. . . ."

He had his back to her at the moment, so that he did not see her sharp involuntary movement.

"You're not to worry about me, Alex. You see, I know how great-hearted you are. . . . I shall be all right. I'll go to America. Poppa van Drutten has offered me a position of sorts over there. Pittsburg, I believe. A fine city—so I've been told. I shall be quite happy."

There was a long silence. Max heard her get up at last.

Her voice was very steady as she spoke. "I think I had better pack, Max——" She came over to his side. Lightly, with the tips of her slender fingers, she touched him on the arm. Her face was very white and strained, but her head was held up gallantly.

"Good-bye, Max . . ." she whispered.

For a second she stood there; then, as he did not turn his head, she sighed. He heard her cross the room. The door shut.

Max swore savagely.

Blindly he strode up and down until he could bear that shut-in feeling no longer. He felt he had to get out—somewhere where he could breathe fresh air; where he could try to blot out from his memory the sound of her voice saying good-bye.

Unseeing, he strode through the village. Occasionally someone called out to him, but he did not hear them. The sun shone, gay parties passed him in cars—he could only see the vision in his mind of Alex's lovely face. . . .

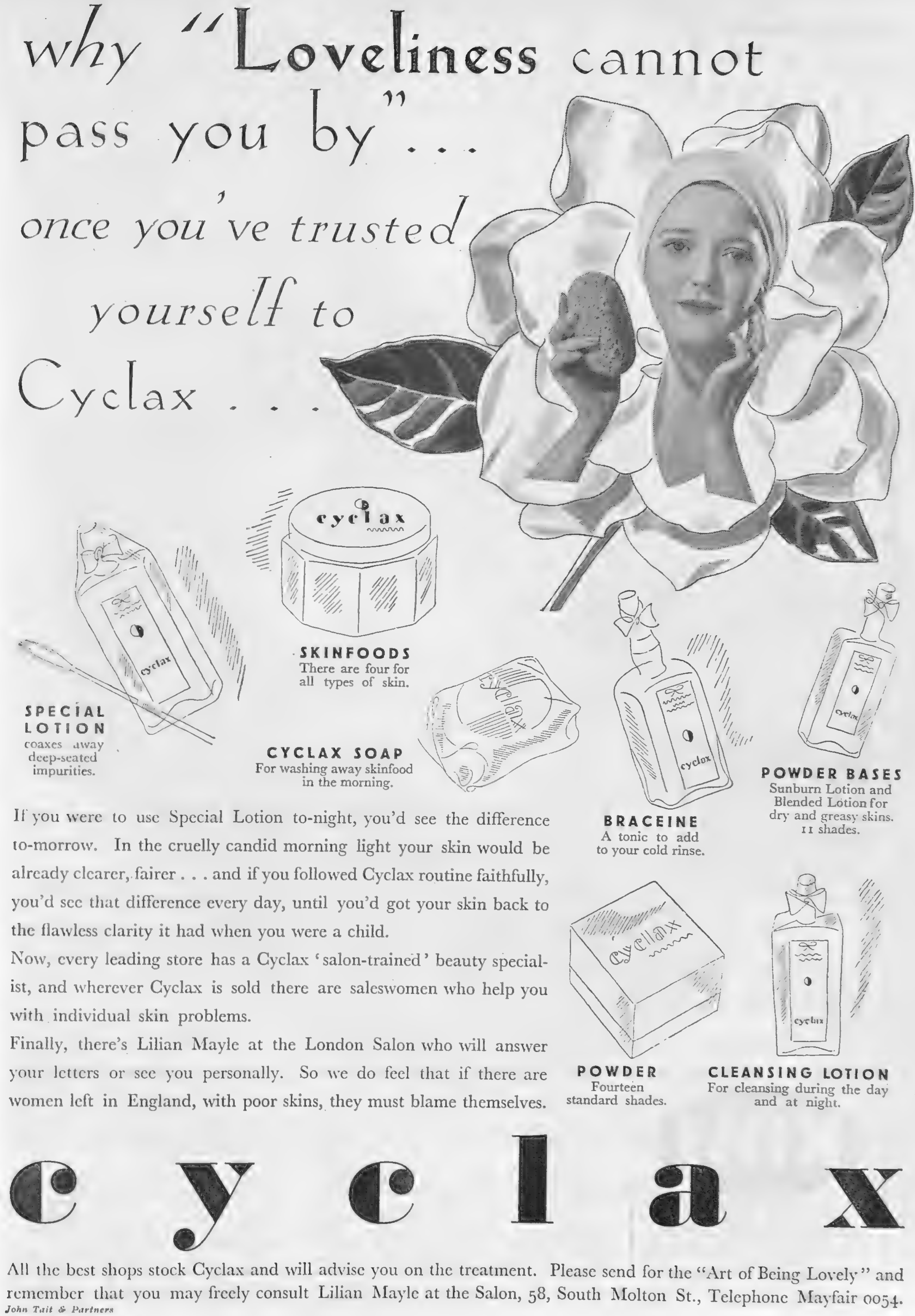
At last he woke up to the fact that he was tired. It was late, and he was in the hills miles from Juan les Pins. He started to run, but when he got back to the hotel, Alex had gone.

In the centre of their bedroom she had placed his suitcases neatly packed. On the top of them was a letter. Max caught it up quickly, only to be disappointed. It was not from her. An unfamiliar handwriting met his eyes. He tore it open, and gave a sharp exclamation of astonishment. Then, picking up his hat, he ran down the long shallow stairs of the hotel and, breathless and panting, flung himself into a row-boat.

Randall Hirst, from a comfortable chair on the deck, watched him row frantically up to the yacht. As soon as Max was within hailing distance he called out to him.

"Anything the matter, Max?"

Max stopped rowing. (*Continued on p.* 102)



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" Where's Alex ?—tell her I must see her."

" Alex ? " Randall Hirst looked surprised. " She's not on board."

" Not on board ! " Max looked blank. " She must be."

Randall Hirst smiled. Max looked so distraught with his hair blowing untidily over his forehead, and his flannels dirty and wet. The old man felt a sudden sympathy for him.

" I assure you she isn't here, Max," he said kindly. " Why—what's happened ? "

" We've got sacked," Max explained. " Alex went off on her own——"

" Then she'll come back," Randall Hirst consoled him.

" You don't understand—she took her things with her. . . ." Max called out over his shoulder. He started rowing strenuously towards the shore.

If Alex was not on the yacht, where was she ? Suppose she had gone away—anywhere. Just disappeared and he never saw her again. . . . He sickened at the idea.

Beaching the little boat, he jumped out on to the sand and raced up to the hotel. She might have returned. Hopefully he opened the door of their room, but his luggage was still there undisturbed. She had not come back.

Ellen van Drutten tried to stop him as he went past her in the hall. When she tried to catch hold of his arm he walked past unseeingly, intent on finding Alex.

It must have been the sharpness of his love that brought him back to the " Villa Rosa." It had taken on a deepened tinge of depression. The paint was peeling off, the hinges of doors and windows were rusted and insecure. Right up at the top of the house was the window of the room they had shared

They had been happy then. Afraid, and a bit hungry most of the time. But Alex had been with him.

He was staring up at that window when Alex saw him. " Oh," she cried, " Max——"

She never knew how he got up to her. It seemed just a second before she was in his arms.

" I couldn't go——" she cried. " Oh, Max, I loved you too much. I felt I couldn't—ever—love anyone else. . . ."

Max pressed her tightly to him. " You'd rather be poor, then——? "

" With you," Alex told him.

The letter fluttered from his hand on to the floor face upwards. Two lines, in Randall Hirst's handwriting, burnt themselves into his consciousness.

" Alex loves you—she won't be happy without you—I know that. But I *can* do something to add to her happiness—and yours."

Max laughed.

Alex stirred. " What is it, Max ? "

Max kissed her forehead. " Only that we shan't be poor again, my sweet. Hirst has just made me joint manager to his timber forests. Sweden—darling ! You loved Sweden. We go there next month. . ."

END

A Cottage in the Country

(*Continued from page* 60)

we can command in towns do not apply to the country. There we must select from many excellent types of slow combustion or oil fired cookers. The " Aga " commends itself and the Valor Perfection people cater for nearly every type of kitchen need.

The problem of central heating is one that many people worry about : a cottage will be so cold . . a perfectly true prophesy.

There are various types of oil stove and radiator : one that has stood tests is the " Latona " oil radiator which has the advantages of being safely left alight by night and day and needing only once-a-week attention for quick cleaning. It is movable and runs easily on wheels. This, and other designs, comes from the Interoven people, and is worth exploring.

These are a few of the points that arise for solution, and that need solution before, not after, the more amusing business of decoration is decided upon.

The ideal *newly-built* cottage must not be a fake period affair ; that is unforgivable. But it need not be ; among the many styles there is, for instance, the really inexpensive " Colt " timber house which attracts me, personally, more than any I know.

One of these, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, is of British Columbian red cedar tiled with red cedar shingles. A four-bedroomed affair, it is in what we may describe as classic modern style, simple and effective and costs round about £1,300.

But there are timber houses costing as little as £300, ideally suited to the English countryside as occasionally used cottages, bone dry from their birth, quiet and durable.

Beyond this, we get architects like Clough Williams Ellis designing sturdy modern cottages : Alan Fortescue, studio cottages with the garage as an integral part of the building . . . and so on.

Hunting Orchids in the Philippines

(*Continued from page* 23)

to son. Some of these flowers are venerated by them. There are " orchid rites " performed by a people, inhabitants of a distant island, who supposedly are Christians.

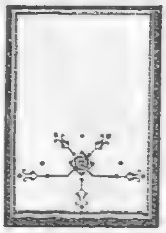
The family of flowering plants to which orchids belong is perhaps the fourth largest group. It is represented by 450 *genera* and about 7,000 *species* scattered all over the world, but chiefly in the tropics. In the Philippine Islands alone, where most of my orchid hunting has been done, there are 950 species. The colour of orchids ranges from a very pure white to the darkest purple. The rarest colour is the blue one, but there are only a few known to collectors. In the Philippines there is one that almost approaches blue and is found only among the hills in the northern part of Luzon Island. This orchid was named after Queen Victoria (*Dendrobium Victoria Reginae*).

As I have said before, an orchid hunt is fraught with hardships and dangers. Weeks are spent far from civilisation by the real orchid hunter with his guides and *cargadores* (carriers). There are torrential rivers to cross, one must hike through almost impenetrable forests thousands of feet above sea level, and frequently days are spent without encountering any specimens. Inexperienced guides and lack of proper food also make up a large part of the difficulties to be overcome.

Then you have the people of the jungle to take into consideration. It is essential that you make friends with them—nowadays, in the Philippines, it is not so easy. Gold has been found in the Luzon hills and the country has been swamped with prospectors. The hill tribes (all more or less possessed by the head-hunting instinct) object to the white men penetrating their territory and ravaging among their sacred groves. Lately there have been serious clashes between prospectors and tribesmen and blood has flown on both sides.

Orchid collectors all over the world look to the Philippines for some of their choicest species. British, Japanese, French and Italian collectors are the best buyers. To the British orchid collecting is a hobby, to the Japanese it is pure business.

It is almost impossible to import foreign orchids into the United States and consequently the American market is no gold mine to the orchid hunter. (*Contined on page* 104)



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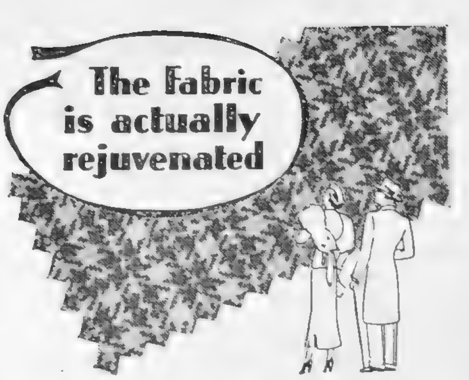

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The prices one can obtain for orchids are varied. They all depend on the condition of the plants, their size and looks. Captain O. Burdett mentions in his interesting book *Odyssey of An Orchid Hunter* a single plant, a *Vanda Sanderiana*, which was sold to a British collector for ten thousand dollars. That, however, happened years ago. The price of a *Vanda Sanderiana* nowadays has come down considerably. One can buy in Manila a good, healthy plant for twenty-five pesos. In Mindanao, the home of this plant, one can get it for a few pesos. Then there are the *Phalænopsis*, of the butterfly type, for which the Philippine Islands are famous, and the rarest of them command high prices. Lately a blue *Phalænopsis* was found which is probably the only one in the world.

I have had the experience of discovering perhaps one of the rarest plants in the world—the second one in existence. It is known to science as *Aerides Farmerii* of which forty years ago one specimen was found—now it is probably dead. My own plant was acquired by the Bureau of Science of the Philippine Government.

Searching for the lost American aviator, Glen Brophy, rumoured to have been held captive by natives somewhere among the islands between Formosa and Luzon, I too was marooned on an island, Calayan. Here, I stumbled over a quasi-Christian people that venerated an orchid—it proved to be this rare *Aerides* mentioned. By using a lot of diplomacy I made them agree to let me take half of it away: the other half still grows on the tree where I found it—and I am going there to bring back the rest of it. It is worth a small fortune.

BAGUIO, the summer capital of the Philippine Islands, located 175 miles north of Manila, and at an altitude of 6,500 feet is the gathering place of both gold prospectors and orchid hunters. Here, at the Mecca Café, one can find them sitting in small groups talking shop over their whisky and beer; grizzled, weather-beaten characters, with a world of experience behind them. Their language is rough, but at heart they are all true sportsmen—and, therefore, gentlemen. If one has the rare fortune to know them intimately one is welcomed in their midst, and, perhaps, they will open up and tell one of their adventures, some of them hair-raising some humorous.

Harry C. Briggs is an old-timer—particularly in the orchid-hunting game. He and I have often made trips together in Mindanao, Samar and in Northern Luzon. The tales of his own adventures could easily fill volumes. He is all one can ask of a tropical trader.

A few years ago there was trouble a-plenty in Mindanao. Warlike Mohammedan Moros cannot understand why the authorities interfere with their peculiar custom of chopping up their enemies. Should one ever insult a Moro and he swears vengeance one's days are counted. He gets you sooner or later—unless you move out of the neighbourhood on the quick. Now it so happened that in Lanao, a region of Moro sultans, rajahs or maharajahs, some of them had refused to surrender their arms. So the constabulary went after them—with the result that before the day was over four soldiers were killed and many were wounded. The Moros escaped and entrenched themselves in a *cotta*, a fort built of bamboo and surrounded with trenches, spiked bamboo fences, etc. When a Moro locks himself up in this way he means business—and a messy business at that. He swears on the Koran not to leave his fort alive, and takes along his family, relatives and followers to die with him. Unless the authorities can make him surrender, or come to terms, much blood is usually spilled.

Briggs and I happened to arrive in Lanao searching for a particularly rare orchid which, according to the Moros, was to be found in the hills along Lake Lanao.—Of course the constabulary objected to our gallivanting in a hostile country full of bloodthirsty Moros. The constabulary officer in charge forbade us to go into the hills.

When Harry C. Briggs heard this his language became rather uncensored. Then he succumbed to a significant silence, all the while energetically puffing at his pipe. He was up to something. I could almost guess what it was: no constabulary officer or bloodthirsty Moro would stop Harry C. Briggs from getting a peep at those orchid hills once he set his mind to get there. Now to prevent anything untoward happening such as having my friend chopped up in customary Moro fashion, I told him that we would leave Lanao the next morning, so he had better pack.

"Uhum . . ." was Harry C. Briggs's only comment, and he continued furiously to puff at his pipe.

Sure enough, the next morning Harry C. Briggs had disappeared. I mentioned nothing about it to anyone that day, nor the next. Four days later I felt uneasy and confided in Captain Greenstead, the officer in charge of the Lanao constabulary, that something must have happened to Briggs. It was then decided that on the morrow a patrol would go out to find my stubborn partner, dead or alive. About noon that day I hired a motor launch to scout the shores of the lake. Lake Lanao is a comparatively large body of water about twenty-five kilometres long. High green hills surround it. On their slopes one can see Moro villages.

We had been out about two hours, jugging along the northern shore, when suddenly, around a promontory, I saw a black spot in the water that looked suspiciously like an up-turned boat with a man sitting on top of it. Beside him were several square crates or boxes. Getting closer, I at once recognised Harry C. Briggs, gleefully shouting to us to get him off. He was wet, cold and very hungry, he complained.

"And here are those orchids we were after," he said, and heaved the crates aboard the launch.

He had succeeded in getting into the back country right away, and made friends with a Moro and his family. They took him to the hills and he got the orchids we had come all the way from Manila to find. Then word came to his newly acquired Moro friend that an outlaw band headed by the feared Sultan Sa-Mamur had heard of an American roaming the woods and that bandits were after his body. So Harry C. Briggs hot-footed it directly for the beach, got hold of a boat, loaded it with orchids and set out for safer shores. The boat leaked. Bale as fast as he would, the boat soon filled and turned turtle. Briggs and his orchids were floating around the lake. Being a good swimmer, he first rescued the orchids and then climbed on top of the up-turned boat hoping that sooner or later somebody would see him—friendly elements preferred. Fortunately, we were the first to arrive.

Another time, Briggs and I were again orchid hunting among the hills of northern Luzon. He is not a handsome man and, as I said before, he usually leaves the native women alone. However, if he can elicit any information about orchids from the belles of the village he is usually willing to take a chance.

We had come to Bontoc, the largest village of the Bontoc Igorotes, who are still head-hunters at heart (although not officially). There we met "Dog-Teeth-Around-Her-Arm," which is about the equivalent of her native name. She was a witch. In the Igorotes's sacred groves, spirits or *anitos* are supposed to live. Mortal man is not to disturb their peace, and if he does, he must sacrifice a chicken, a pig, or, in extreme cases, a water-buffalo. These groves were often hundreds of years old. Those venerable, old giant trees—they have seen many strange pagan rites performed under their branches in the light of flickering fires—often harbour orchids a-plenty among their branches. In a case like this, we usually arranged with the elders of the tribe to hold a sacrifice feast, or *canao*, and the spirit having been appeased, we would get permission to take down the plants we so coveted.

Now, natives had told us of a whole "colony" of (*Continued on page* 106)

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Phalaenopsis completely covering a grove. We had little luck in our negotiations with the tribesmen; try as we would, those naked gents of the sacred *ato* fire would not allow us to go near this particular grove. To us, getting those orchids would perhaps be worth the price of a water-buffalo and I thought that giving the brown warriors another feast would surely make them change their mind. Briggs thought otherwise. He said that he knew of a way of getting them cheaper.

On a moonlit night Briggs went to talk the matter over with fair "Dog-Teeth-Around-Her-Arm," the witch. The next day I saw him in the village store buying beads and also a red flannel shirt. That evening "Dog-Teeth-Around-Her-Arm" was all dressed up in beads and flannel shirt.

A few days later, in the early morning hours, long before sunrise, Briggs walked into my room. Outside "Dog-Teeth-Around-Her-Arm" was waiting. She was to lead us to that sacred *Phalaenopsis* grove secreted somewhere in the valley behind the surrounding hills. The trinkets and flannel shirt had done the trick. We hiked in the dark and from the top of the hill we saw the sun climb over the ragged horizon of the hill country. Unfortunately, a lone Igorot hunter, naked except for a gee-string, spear in hand, spied us from a near-by hillock, but I thought nothing of it because certainly they were used to seeing Briggs or me in the woods. The Igorotes knew of my many wanderings.

It was high noon when we reached the spot. To say the least, the sight overwhelmed us. Snow-white *Phalænopsis* covered the whole place! We at once got busy carefully cutting down the plants and mounting them on wooden stumps, tying them with vines or strings. Then we hung them on poles. We soon realised that there were too many plants to take back on a single trip.

Later in the afternoon, while working, I suddenly heard a shout. Looking up, I saw something that made the hair rise on my head. About forty naked warriors armed with spears and axes surrounded us. Things looked ugly. Of course, I knew most of them, but they did not seem inclined to parley. Their spears were pointed towards the ground—always a bad sign. There was only one thing to do—to walk boldly to the chief and demand his price for the sacrilege. I went to him. But he shook his head. No price was big enough, apparently. Things looked bad. The men were out for blood; to them ours was the most hideous crime ever committed—or so it seemed.

"I give you one carabao (water buffalo)," I finally said.

The chief said nothing.

"I give you a carabao and a pig."

Still no response.

Finally, I took out my silver watch which I knew the chief had once admired, and said:

"I give you this."

Now, if he would not accept it, I knew that the game was up for Briggs and me. There was one penalty only for the crime: the flow of living blood of the culprit, the sacrifice of his spirit.

These were tense moments. I looked at Briggs. I saw that he understood the seriousness of the situation. I saw him cautiously backing towards his bowie knife which he had left stuck in a tree. In a case like this, although it would be of little use, one always tries to sell one's life as dearly as possible.

Then the unexpected happened. The chief stretched out his hands and took my watch.

"All right. The watch and one carabao."

I heard Briggs sigh with relief.

Thank goodness we had come to terms. Everything seemed to be all right. The tension was relieved. One by one the spear points were pointed upward.

In a few moments we were again like one happy family, and that night we returned to Bontoc.

When Dempsey was King

(*Continued from page 29*)

file to the improvised fighting pit, I could, in the riot of my brain, hear him say "If I am defeated, it will be only when I am killed."

Not a muscle did he allow to move when he took the hand of Carpentier in his own capacious mauler; it was an automatic thing for him to do. He was a stranger to graciousness. Kearns, equally dumb, supreme in his indifference to din and prattle, did not venture a glance at Dempsey; with dog-like affection he clutched the champion's jacket; they understood. It was "now or never"; they neither saw nor heard. Their detachment was complete, uncanny; they were without eyes and ears. A parade of old champions, under brass-voiced Joe Humphreys, the announcer, had no significance to them; it was part of the show.

"Bloodless, bowelless Dempsey," I was sore tempted to scream; and yet in the sun's dazzle I saw the man in Dempsey, proud, jealous of a recently found kingdom, with no mistaken notions, ready to hammer or be hammered, intolerant of niceties, with no sort of mind for Barnumesque preliminaries; perhaps, as are big men, almost invariably, girlishly shy. Only when bandages were affixed and gloves donned did the stone in him give way to flesh and blood; and burning fire came into his deep-sunk eyes. Kearns remained a sphinx.

The bell, time . . . a history-making battle had begun.

Carpentier, no laughing cavalier now, neither "frog," for which he had been twitted; he told of many demons as he shot his left hand to the face of Dempsey. For all the physical and mental effect that blow had upon the champion he might have been merely patted on his face of prickly wire: not an eyelash did he flicker; not even when, rat, tat, tat, three punches followed; he positively refused to blink, wince or retreat. With his right shoulder hunched, his right hand near to his hip, left stuck out in a manner peculiarly his own, chin tucked in his generous, hairy chest, he shifted to remind Jem Corbett, who looked on, of Bob Fitzsimmons, I am sure.

It was an imperceptible shift, and before the bending, willowy Frenchman appreciated the manœuvre Dempsey, crouching, weaving, rolling, rammed his fists into his ribs; they were dull, sickening, murderous blows. Carpentier dithered; by all the rules he should have been carried away helpless, to put an end to a fight when it was but little older than a minute. But the Frenchman, his sides daubed with crimson, fearful lest his ribs had been staved in, forced himself into an upright position. The only reward of his gallantry was a punch at the back of the head calculated to break any normal spine. He did not fall into a lifeless heap as he should have done; he grabbed the mahogany body of the fire-eating Dempsey so as to take a breather; and then, having wriggled free, darted, snipe-like, here and there.

Snorting, grunting Dempsey refused to make a race of it as he was invited; he left prancing to the Frenchman. A right-handed punch to the neighbourhood of his jaw was as nothing: he just shook his iron head, and, cunningly, stepped back on to the ropes, dropping his gorilla-like arms as he did so. Carpentier, mistakenly saw a wide-open, stationary target; but as he brought his right over the champion ducked and the punch beat the air to so lose his balance that he was in no position to escape the full force of the ramrods which Dempsey, his feet glued to the floor, so it seemed, brought into play. And Carpentier quivered and gasped; his knees bent to a common chorus of "He's out!"

"That's a mighty game kid," whispered Jem Corbett, my immediate companion. "The boy is out on his feet."

And that was the literal truth; but the

brain of Carpentier held; he knew and saw. Not even a punch that came near to sending him headlong through the ropes robbed him of his senses; he survived the round, though the odds against him were unnamably long.

Descamps, his moon-face puckered; Gustave Wilson, a prince among trainers, and little Charles Ledoux, the then European bantam champion, clutched Carpentier as he tottered to his corner and worked upon his battered, aching body with such fury and purpose that they not only brought him within more than measurable distance of normality, but when the bell called for the beginning of the second round Carpentier, as if some miracle had been performed, flew at Dempsey. Feinting with his left, he so bamboozled him as to carve a wide-open road for his right, which, as quick as lightning, he catapulted to the jaw.

Dempsey was as an ox poleaxed. Into his beady eyes there came an awful tell-tale twist; his legs twitched, and he swayed this and that way.

One hundred thousand folk jumped to their feet, for in a split second the Frenchman whom they had seen but a few moments before being bashed in a storm of affrighting ferocity had, so they decided, reached harbour: they screamed encouragement as he rode a raging sea.

Descamps, Wilson, Ledoux, were transfixed. For that which they saw could not be believed.

"Doc" Kearns held to his face of marble as he reached for smelling salts—the gambler *in excelsis.* "If," I imagined him saying, "my last card is trumped, it's all in the game."

Joe Benjamin, beside himself, his hair without its original sleekness, bawled "For the love of Mike, Jack, grab him!"

A rocking, mussy Dempsey heard, and, twining his arms around the Frenchman, hugged him as will a drowning man clutch at straws. Shaking himself like a Newfoundland puppy, Dempsey saw daylight through a wall of fog.

Standing off, Carpentier let go a right-hander that had behind it his heart, body and soul. He missed after the manner of a blind swiper at çricket.

Kearns took a wad of gum and chewed furiously.

Descamps tore his raven hair. For Carpentier had developed a wildness that was wholly foreign. Overboard he threw caution, and a rapidly recovering Dempsey, though still without a guard worthy of serious account, gave Carpentier the appearance of Don Quixote tilting at windmills; and what, without extravagance, was likened unto a million-dollar punch counted for nought. For when Dempsey strode into the third round he was a straight-seeing, clear-brained Dempsey, iron-jawed, unmarked, in the sharpest contrast to the Frenchman, upon whose ribs there were weals and into whose face had come deep lines to tell of apprehension.

Dempsey, the devil in him, unloaded all of his heaviest artillery. His freshness and enormous strength insisted upon his getting to close quarters. Carpentier side-stepped and ducked and dodged; but the champion would not be denied. Crash went first his left and then his right to the ribs of the Frenchman, to rob him of whatever bite and snap he had. Carpentier did not have it in him to skip and dash now—he was there to be pounded.

And the crowd roared "Dempsey, Dempsey, Dempsey . . .

Such the clatter and excitement that only the most alert ears heard the clang of the bell for the end of the round.

It was a tragically unsteady Carpentier that went to his corner, a sad and weary Carpentier. On his nose was a red daub; purple marks dotted his body. He tried to smile at his ever-faithful François, who, by way of answer (but with all his tongue in his cheek), lied: "You will win, *mon fils*; two more rounds, finis!"

But the light had gone out of Carpentier's eyes. So soon as he had struck a fighting attitude, Dempsey,

(*Continued on page 108*)

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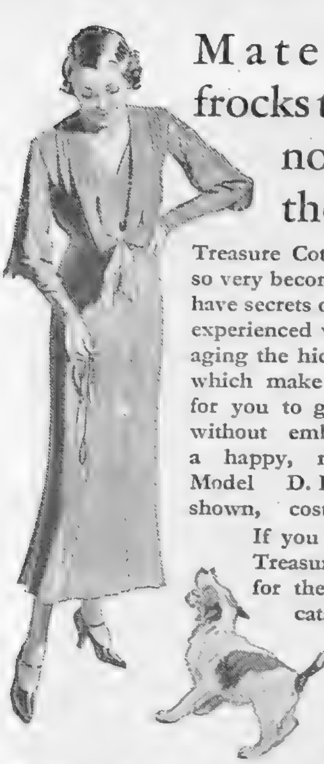

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having brushed away a left lead as if it were nothing more than a troublesome fly, buckled him up with a right hand that sank deep into his body. Carpentier fell back to the ropes; and Dempsey punched—one, two, three, four.

I looked for a towel to come hurtling into the ring. There was no such sign of surrender. Carpentier and Descamps before they left Mathews Farm, their headquarters at Manhasset, had agreed that if needs be it must be war to the death. They held to their pact. So it was that only when Carpentier had been beaten and battered into utter helplessness Dempsey held to the crown he had won from Jess Willard.

Dempsey had it believed that his victory was a matter of course, but the while Carpentier was being soothed and mended he stole into my room in New York and confessed, like the he-man that he was, that "In the second round the wonder was that I was not sent over the precipice by what, for sure, was the greatest right-hander that was ever sent along."

Dempsey, however, at his zenith was not only invincible, but he was a profound philosopher. "In this fight game," he often confided in me while yet champion, "there is sure to come along some guy who will sock me harder than I can sock him. A fighter is crowned to be uncrowned." But little did I think that the man to depose Dempsey would be Gene Tunney. For on the day that Dempsey smashed Carpentier to smithereens Tunney was but a curtain-raiser—"some stiff," to employ the vernacular of the American ring, "to fill up the bill."

Tunney had been scarce heard of when in Tex Rickard's stadium at Jersey City he fought Soldier Horace Jones, a strange, happy-go-lucky fellow who would have been

When Dempsey was King

more at home in some lumber camp of his native Canada than in the ring. There was, however, on this epoch-making occasion an impelling something about Tunney that warmed me to him—the uncommonness of his face, his seriousness, his aloofness, gripped me tight. He beat Soldier Jones, but in the process there was not a hand-clap for him. I remember Billy Gibson, who launched Benny Leonard, perhaps the greatest of all light-weights, coming to me a few hours after Tunney had fought Jones, saying, "Whether I am dreaming or not, it is in my blood that this guy, Tunney, can be made into a world beater. He is something different: he's weird: he thinks for himself. He is an enlarged edition of Leonard. He will never be as clever in a fighting sense as Leonard, but he has that which few fighters have got—the brain of a fighter. And what has impressed me most of all, he is prepared to go through all the fires." As I write a gallery of all the champions looks down upon me, and out of that gallery steps Gene Tunney as a truly astounding man. He came to be a monarch of the ring by his very own insistence. He did not love fighting for fighting's sake; in his heart he loathed fighting. Had circumstances ruled otherwise he would have been more in keeping with the cloister than the ring. He must have suffered the tortures of the damned so as to fit himself for his fight with Dempsey.

I would hold Gene Tunney up as a model to all the young and various giants who would conquer the world, just as I would have it put on record that, despite his physical limitations, Carpentier was a fighting phenomenon.

END

Death of a Book-Lover

(*Continued from page* 37)

be troubling you at all. She was at the time of her marriage a music-hall artist."

"Ha!"

"She is now, at a guess, 47 or 48. If she made her stage debut at the age of 17 or 18, we must look for the beginning of her career in the records of some thirty years ago. My hope is that her debut was made in her native town, Boulogne. That would be probable, would it not?"

"Yes; that is usual with our country-bred stars. Not essential, of course, but usual. What was the nature of her performance?"

"That is just what I want to find out. But first——"

The dining-room of the de la Cathédrale was now deserted. Morlew, leaning across the table, pursed up his lips and very softly and tunefully whistled a gay little air.

"That is familiar, that tune," said the Frenchman. "But I have not heard it for years—I wonder how long. Oh, I see; that is the point, is it not?"

Morlew made no answer, but continued with his whistling. But he changed the tune, and changed it again, again, and yet again; then stopped.

Legros pondered a moment.

"It fits," he said at length. "Four of those five tunes were all the rage just about thirty years ago. The other dates from some years later. I remember the year when the Outer Harbour was frozen and we made a great bonfire, and all the boys and girls of the town (he said '*les gars et les garces*') danced on the ice." He sighed. "But that is nothing to do with it at all. So you think that Madame Bondon, who still sings those delightful little songs, was a singer in music-halls who made her debut in this town about thirty years ago?"

"I did think so," said Morlew slowly. "Because she sings music-hall songs in the precise voice of a third-rate performer in cafés chantants I thought she was a singer originally. But it does not really follow. She may have been—some other kind of performer. And it comes to this. If Madame Bondon was a singer, then James McGrahan committed suicide. If she presented the other act I have in mind, then he was almost certainly murdered."

"And this other act?"

Morlew told him.

"H'm. That should be more easy to trace at any rate. One moment, Monsieur Morlew"—and Legros disappeared from the room to return in three minutes with a large volume of press-cuttings, which he placed on the table-cloth between them.

"Thirty years ago," he explained, "there were two music-halls in Boulogne—the Maritime and the Picardie. I often went there myself, and though I don't think I remember an act of the kind you describe, there must have been several of them from time to time. Let's see——"

He turned over the pages of his big book.

"There are a good many memorials of the Maritime and the Picardie here—some old programmes; press notices."

He stopped at a page. "Here's something—no, not quite, I think."

But twelve pages later he found it.

"Renée des Arcs—a girl from Portel. What about her, Monsieur Morlew? See, here's a paragraph describing her turn. It seems to have been rather unusual; and she got a good round of applause."

Morlew read the yellowing strip of paper that was an extract from a bygone copy of "Le Petit Boulonnais."

"It may be well," he said. "Indeed, there are some striking similarities between the act described here and what I had in mind. We must certainly investigate further. What do we do next?"

"We do nothing," replied Legros. "I do it all. You want to know if Renée des Arcs—an assumed name of course—whose debut is described here is the woman who married Paul Bondon, an Englishman, some ten years later. Well, I can probably find out. But that is for to-morrow. To-night, we will drink more of this admirable *fine*, for which you are so kindly paying; and I shall listen to the story of the murder of your Monsieur with the funny name."

Morlew spent (*Continued on page* 110)

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most of the following morning quietly on board the *Irna*. But he left his beloved ship once, to take a stroll along the Quay Gambetta, where the fishing fleet is moored.

He passed along the line of steam trawlers, then stopped at one which bore on the taffrail the legend "Oiseau Bleu—Boulogne." A member of the crew was swabbing the deck and, hailing him, Morlew asked if the skipper was aboard and could speak with him a moment.

"*Hé! Le patron!*" shouted the sailor down an open hatch; and a squat man with two or three days' growth of bristle on his chin emerged on the deck.

Morlew spoke a few words to him and was invited on board. The conversation appeared to take a turn that caused the *Oiseau Bleu's* captain a good deal of surprise and even consternation, and was continued while the two men leaned against the casing of a donkey-engine. It lasted for ten minutes, after which Morlew skipped nimbly from the vessel's side to the quay and sauntered back to the *Irna*.

At eight o'clock that night the message for which he had been waiting was delivered to him in his cabin. It consisted of a visiting card bearing on one side the words "Alphonse Legros," and on the other two pencilled lines. The first ran: "Bondon—des Arcs; Paris," and a date.

The second: "Remember your promise. If the provocation was what you suppose she must not hang."

Morlew smiled grimly and touched a bell at his side. A strident buzz sounded through the little craft; and Morlew, getting from his chair went rapidly on deck.

A quarter of an hour later the *Irna* was on her course for Packford.

MORLEW had breakfast in his yacht in Packford harbour, and after finishing the meal, made a call on Detective-Sergeant Jones.

"I want to borrow the keys of McGrahan's place for half an hour," he said. "May I?"

"Certainly, Mr. Morlew," replied the policeman. "I have them here. But——"

But Morlew, as soon as he had taken the proffered keys, had departed.

He returned within the promised time quite obviously disinclined for talk, though the Sergeant asked him whether he had secured any new light on the suicide.

"None whatever," was the reply. "I'll tell you, of course, if I can make any sort of suggestion as to why McGrahan should kill himself. But I expect you'll just have to stick to the evidence when the inquest comes on. We know that no one broke into the bungalow on Tuesday night and that would certainly seem to dispose of any possibility of murder."

Morlew drove to his home and did not leave it till half-past nine that evening. Lowell drove him at his request to Bondon's shop. The man could see that his master was perturbed, and wondered at this visit to the bookseller's after the shop would be shut.

A light was showing from an upper window when they arrived, and a woman's voice could be heard singing out in the still air.

"Oh, damn!" said Morlew wearily, and getting out of the car he ordered Lowell to drive on for twenty yards and wait for him.

The singing stopped and Mrs. Bondon put her head out of the window.

"It is Monsieur Morlew's car," he heard her say to her husband inside; and in a moment the bookseller himself joined his wife.

"May I come in?" Morlew called up.

"Certainly," replied Bondon. "I'll come down and unlock the door."

He did so; and ushered his visitor into the sitting-room above the shop.

"Well, this is a surprise—and an honour, too, if I may say so," he began, as he indicated a small armchair into which Morlew lowered himself. "In what way can I——"

But Morlew held up a hand to silence him.

"I have come on a grave matter," he said, "a very grave matter indeed. I know now how Mr. McGrahan died. I have come to ask you why he died—though perhaps I know that too."

It seemed to Morlew that the bookseller turned a shade paler, but his wife, who was sitting by her husband, showed no surprise.

"But how should we know why he died, monsieur?" she asked. "We all know that he killed himself; but that is all."

"You do not appreciate the gravity of your position, Madame," said Morlew. "I fear I must make you do so." He turned abruptly to Bondon. "That box of books that McGrahan took to his bungalow on the night of his death. What did you say it contained?"

The bookseller's agitation would now have been obvious to the most dull-witted, but he managed to control himself sufficiently to answer with some appearance of ease:

"Why, I told you that, Mr. Morlew. There was that Ovid *Metamorphoses*, you remember, and some other volumes. I can show you them if you like. I got the box back to-day."

"I saw them when they were at the bungalow."

Relief was clearly depicted on Bondon's face. "Well, then," he asked, "what is all the mystery about?"

But before Morlew could reply, Mrs. Bondon broke in vehemently.

"And I should like to ask what business all this is of Mr. Morlew's, in any case?"

"Not so much my business as yours, Madame," Morlew replied. "For I tell you that on what is said in this room within the next five minutes depends whether or not both you and your husband are hanging in an English prison before many months are over."

Bondon, now deathly pale, gave a groan.

"Do keep quiet, Marie," he stammered out. "Mr. Morlew has got some extraordinary idea in his head, and it is better we should find out what it is."

"Very well," said Morlew. "I'll help you to answer my questions. You say that when McGrahan left the shop on the night of his death the box that he carried on his shoulder contained the Ovid *Metamorphoses* and other books. It did not."

"But you've seen the books," protested Bondon desperately. "And Mr. McGrahan and Marie packed them together in the shop. I'm not allowed to stoop myself."

"I've no doubt that McGrahan helped your wife to pack the box," said Morlew. "And when the box was packed he probably locked it himself and put the key in his pocket. What interests me is what happened after that."

"Why, he took the box away with him, as I told you from the start," protested Bondon.

"That was, say, a quarter of an hour later," rejoined Morlew gravely. "I will continue: After the box was packed you had to get McGrahan out of the shop for some fifteen minutes. I don't suppose he'd ever refused the offer of a drink in his life. You took him somewhere—probably to this very room. And while you and he were away, your wife unlocked the box with a duplicate key, took out the books and put them somewhere out of sight."

Mrs. Bondon rose from her chair to her full height and stood under the gaslight looking down at Morlew.

"Then the box was empty when Monsieur McGrahan took it away?" she challenged him.

"Oh, no, it wasn't. There was something else in it."

"What was in it?"

"You," said Morlew. "And a loaded revolver. You got into the box before McGrahan came back and locked it again from the inside."

The woman burst into laughter.

"But you are mad!" she cried. "No one but a dwarf could have got inside that box."

"I have seen the box and I have measured it," Morlew answered, "and I tell you, Madame, that at least once in your life you were shut up in a chest a good half-inch smaller in all its dimensions."

"And when was this 'once' I should like to know?"

"On the stage of the Picardie music-hall, Boulogne, on the (*Continued on page 112*)

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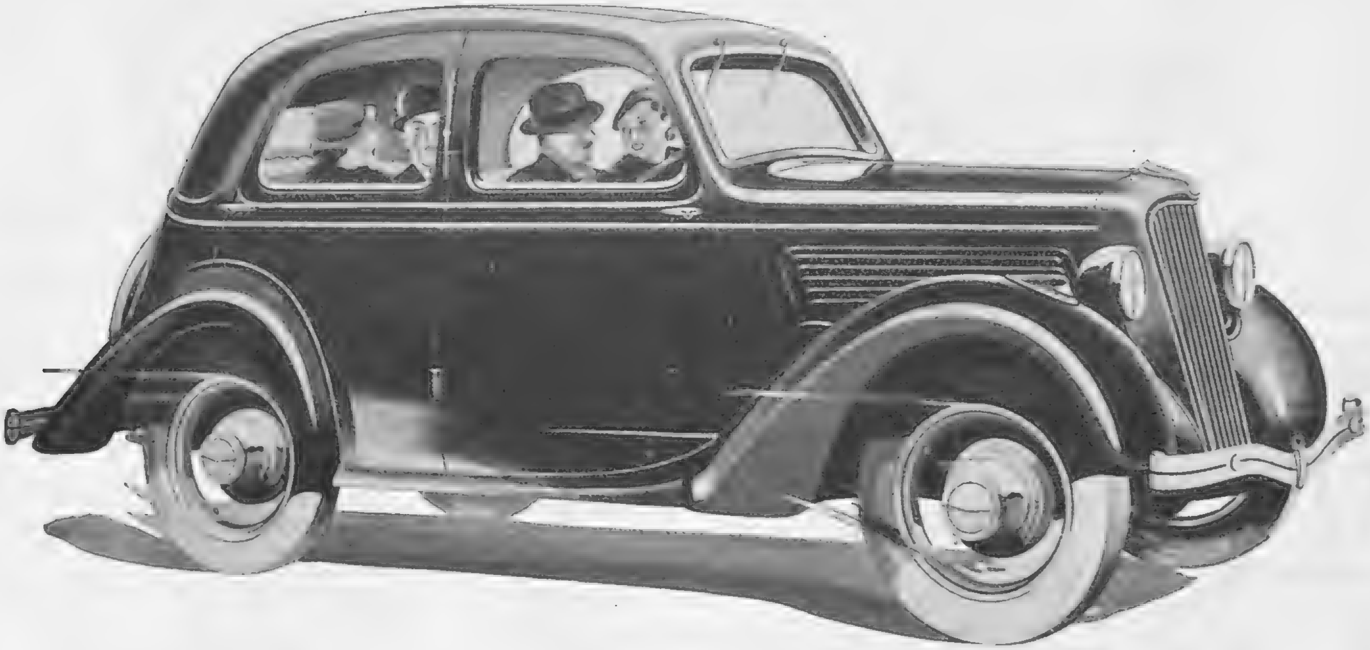

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night of your debut as a contortionist," snapped Morlew, and saw the woman sway before him and sit heavily down in her chair.

"Very good," he commented grimly. "And now, if you don't mind, we'll just settle the remaining details of the 'how' before touching briefly on the 'why.' I promised a certain Monsieur Alphonse Legros, whose name will be familiar to you, Madame, that I would let him know precisely how it was done. He said it looked like the almost perfect crime."

But Bondon sat, a figure of abject terror, while his wife's shoulders were now heaving in heavy sobs.

"Well, I must just tell the tale in my own way," said Morlew, "and you can correct me when I make a slip. Where was I? Oh, yes: McGrahan finished his drink and walked off with the box on his shoulder. It must have been a nasty moment for you, by the way, Bondon, when he refused your offer of a barrow. And nastier still for your wife a moment later. I wonder, incidentally, why you did not suffocate, Madame."

Suddenly and unexpectedly Mrs. Bondon sat up and looked Morlew full in the face.

"It was not pleasant," she said. "But one learned that, too, in my music-hall act—to manage with very little breathing for a time."

"Thank you, Madame," said Morlew gravely. "I am sure you will find that frankness is best. You were clothed, I think, in——"

"A black *maillot d'acrobate*. I was wearing it under my frock when we were packing the books."

"Yes, black silk tights covering the whole body; thank you, Madame. As a matter of fact, I found a minute piece of the material stuck on a splinter in the library at the bungalow this morning. But to resume: You wore gloves, probably of black rubber; and also, I should think, a black mask of some kind that covered all your face."

Mrs. Bondon nodded. "You are exactly right," she said, "but how you know all this is beyond my power to guess."

"Oh, simply because you took the steps I would have taken myself—given that I had once conceived, and could carry out, your basic plan. But let us continue. McGrahan arrived home with the box and put it on the library floor. After he had refreshed himself from the bottle of whisky that stood on the table, he unlocked the box and raised the lid. He must have been either stooping or kneeling, and you shot him at a few inches' range from where you lay before he had even time to realise properly what the box contained."

Morlew went steadily on.

"You got out of the box, Madame, and waited a minute or two to make sure that no one had heard the shot. But all remained quiet except for the howling of the gale outside. You could then proceed with the plan on which you had agreed with your husband—and which, of course, was based on the fact that he alone of the outside world had been in the dead man's library for many months at least.

"Your first care was to place the revolver you had used beside the dead man's hand. You even pressed his thumb against the butt to make an imprint. You knew from your husband that McGrahan kept a Webley in his table drawer of the type that you had used. This you eventually took away with you when you left—and also six bullets from the box that was also there.

"Then came the repacking of the box—with books taken from McGrahan's own collection. You had agreed with your husband that the Ovid in any case should be included so that he should have an answer to give if anyone asked him what exactly the box had contained. And since your husband was at pains to insist a few minutes ago that it was you who had helped McGrahan with the packing in the shop, I think you were even clever enough to take off your gloves for this one operation alone so that your finger-prints should be left on the books."

"You are right," said Mrs. Bondon.

"But nevertheless you made one fatal mistake," continued Morlew. "On the shelf from which you had taken the books there was, of course, virtually no dust next morning. On all the other empty shelves there was a trace of dust. You should have dusted every shelf in the room. From your failure to do so, and from this alone, it was possible to build up the whole case against you."

"But I did not know that a man guided by the devil himself would be on my track next day," interposed Mrs. Bondon.

"Well, well, one must think of everything when one takes to murder. Having relocked the box and made sure that everything was in order, you probably turned out the light towards midnight—or, at least, that is what I should have done. And then you waited some three or four hours yet.

"You stole out through the library door and the front door, the spring locks snapping behind you, and crept through the deserted alleys to the gate of your back garden there. Covered from head to foot in black as you were, and on such a night, you were practically certain to reach home unobserved—and what faint footmarks you may have made must instantly have been washed away by the rain. So that was the 'how,' Madame, of the most fantastic murder of which I have heard. And now for the 'why.'"

Mrs. Bondon remained sitting upright in her chair; but tears now coursed fast down her cheeks.

"My daughter—" she began, but Morlew stopped her at once.

"I thought so," he said, "that was one motive at least. McGrahan was the father of the child your daughter will bear?"

Madame bent her head in assent.

"All right, Madame. I will say no more of that. But I wonder if that was all."

It was Bondon who supplied the answer.

"He was a blackmailer."

Morlew turned fiercely on him.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I thought that too. That profitable little smuggling business you were running in connection with the *Oiseau Bleu* of Boulogne; those books that could never have passed the customs. A dirty business, Bondon—and I suppose McGrahan shared in it until he thought he could do better by putting the screw on you."

The bookseller nodded his head.

"Well," said Morlew, "he was a foul beast all round, and I am not disposed to allow two others to die for his death." He turned to Mrs. Bondon. "But you are too enterprising for us, Madame," he said. "I prefer to turn you over to the watchful eyes of your compatriots. You must leave England, both of you, and to-night."

"To-night!" stammered Bondon.

"Within the next six hours," said Morlew. "Jones is getting suspicious; do you think you're in any state to face an interview with him in the morning?"

"But how are we to leave all this?" asked Bondon desperately. "We'll be destitute, I tell you. Ruined!"

"And do you think you should commit murder, even given that the victim was a fiend, and go scot-free?" asked Morlew.

"But how do we get away?" said Mrs. Bondon.

"In five hours' time the *Oiseau Bleu* will be lying off—where she has been before. That is all I shall say, Madame; except that I must receive no communication from either of you after you have gone."

He rose from his chair and walked quickly to the door.

"Au revoir, Madame," he said, as his fingers touched the knob. "A mistake now would be fatal to you and highly uncomfortable to me. See that there are none."

"There will be no mistake," said Mrs. Bondon. "Au revoir, Monsieur Morlew."

BACK at his house he spoke to his butler:

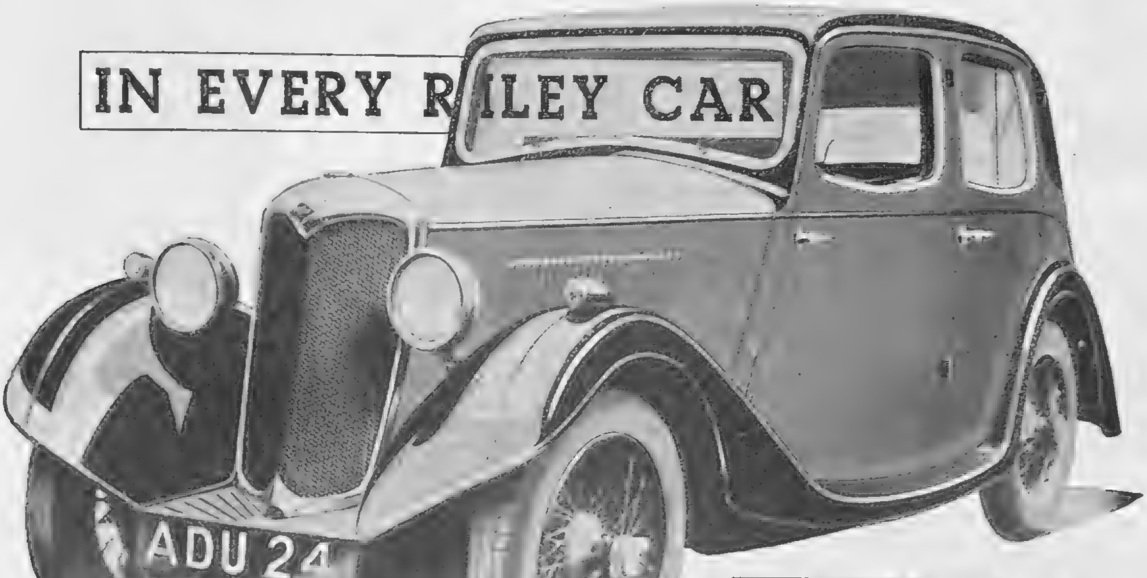
"Oh, by the way," he said, "Sergeant Jones will be round here some time during the morning. He'll be rather excited—but you can show him in."

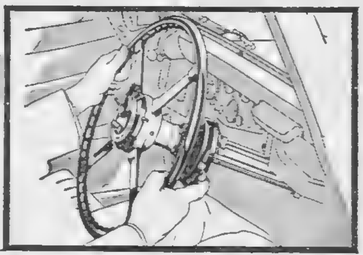
END

CONFIDENCE

THE UNSEEN PASSENGER

IN EVERY RILEY CAR





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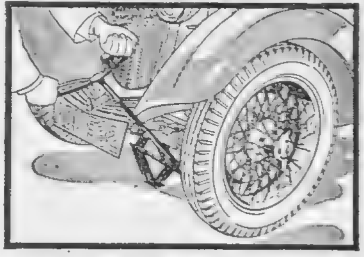

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Personal Column *(Continued from page 27)*

to have the most engaging effect on him. When these pleasantries were over, however, a frown settled on her brow, and Larry saw with some anxiety that she was considering the best way of broaching the reason why she had sought him.

"And now I suppose you'll want to know why I wanted to meet you," she was saying, examining her folded hands again. "It's not an easy thing to explain, and if I appear diffident, or even a little shy, about mentioning it, you must try to understand."

She hesitated.

"I suppose you've heard about women who are unhappy with their husbands?"

Larry said, yes, he had. They weren't unfamiliar phenomena these days.

"Ever seen one?"

"Quite a few," said Larry casually.

"Then it makes it so much easier," went on Mrs. Savile, "because you're looking at one now. I'm unhappy with my husband. We are living apart."

She shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly.

"I don't know whose fault it is that our relations should have come to such a pitch. I expect we blame each other equally; but, of course, there's nobody to judge between us. In the same way that we could not reconcile ourselves to each other when we were living together. Moreover, there are fundamental differences which do not enable us to agree about the present position. My husband is apparently quite content to remain married to me, although living apart from me, while I cannot tolerate a freedom which is only a quasi-freedom—the sort of freedom in which a silver cord is an integral part. Besides, I am too independent to take money from a man and, to be frank, give nothing in return."

"Quite," said Larry.

"The problem I am faced with, therefore, is how to make my freedom complete. My husband cannot give me grounds for divorce: he has too many principles, and they stand in the way, even in the way of my happiness. I am therefore faced with the rather disagreeable alternative of being the offending party, and with providing him with grounds that will enable him to divorce me. Naturally I don't relish the idea, but I want to be completely free, and this is the only way of doing it. Besides, I may want to marry again at some time in the future, and if that time comes I want to be ready."

"Quite," said Larry, upon whom none of this lucid exposition had been lost. "And what you want me to do is to act as your co-respondent."

"That is it precisely," she said.

"But why me?" said Larry.

Once more she shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. Some of the details of the conversation were obviously distasteful to her, and he could not help but admire the way in which she made herself face them.

"I was hoping you wouldn't ask that question," she said, "because I can't answer it—adequately."

"But there must be some reason why you had to choose me of all people," persisted Larry.

"There is none," she said. "To be honest, and since I prefer to be frank with you in everything, I wanted a complete stranger of the right type rather than some man I already know who might endow the purely theoretical essence of the contract with an aspect of the practical."

"I understand completely," said Larry gravely.

Then he burst out laughing.

"But," he expostulated, "and forgive me for saying so, this sounds so absurd. I mean, it doesn't sound real—rather like one of those crazy dreams I sometimes have."

"I suppose it has its humorous side," she answered. "And I'm glad you have a sense of humour. But to me, of course, it is of considerable importance."

"Quite," said Larry. "I'm sorry. Forgive me."

He saw by her smile that he had not offended her.

She continued without making any further comment. "There is only one other point I want to make and then I shall be done. I'll be brief about it. Are you married, Mr. Frogmore?"

Larry started. This was a completely unexpected turn.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "the gentleman I want to help me must be married. Don't ask me to tell you why. I know it sounds as crazy as the rest of this business. All I can tell you is that I want a gentleman who is married. It's a whim, if you like—only I feel that in these special circumstances, the special circumstances in which I want him to help me, a married man will be under, shall I say greater restraint than a gentleman who has no ties whatsoever. The fact that he spends a night with a lady will be just an ordinary experience, no different from all those others he spends with his wife, except, of course, in one particular."

They smiled at each other.

"Quite," said Larry. "I fully understand why you want a married man. What about *his* wife, though? Supposing he didn't tell her and she found out? Don't you think you would be placing him under a big disability?"

"I have foreseen all that. I am quite prepared to safeguard as best I can any damage he might suffer."

"A sop to his conscience?"

"If you choose to put it that way. There would be a financial arrangement. If it interests you, I am prepared to offer £500 and all expenses—providing the gentleman is married."

Her green eyes surveyed him coolly.

"Well, what do you say?"

Larry was silent.

"Perhaps you would like time to think it over?"

But Larry had made up his mind.

"I accept your offer," he said. "And I can fulfil your main condition. I am a married man, very much married, as a matter of fact, with two young children at present at school in the country. At the same time I feel I ought to tell you that I wouldn't dream of accepting your offer—while, of course, having every sympathy for you—if it weren't for the fact that I am temporarily hard up."

Mrs. Savile leaned towards him.

"We are sometimes forced into doing things we have no great liking for," she said.

"Another sop to the conscience," Larry grimaced.

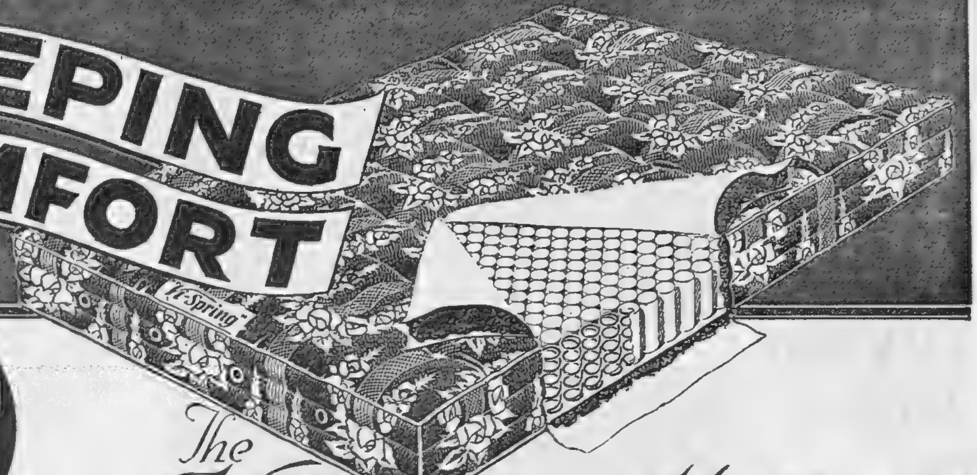
She shrugged her shoulders and stood up.

"As you please," she said. "Only I prefer to camouflage it under that convenient word philosophy."

Larry watched her as she started walking about the room, a tall, lissom, almost fragile figure, unremarkable in itself in these days, but made quite outstanding by her astonishing hair, turned a dead white now by the light streaming through the window.

"You will want to hear something of my plans, then," she continued, turning towards him. "They are quite simple. I have always had a horror of the usual sordid hotel masquerade in which the respondent sleeps comfortably in the bed and the ready-made co-respondent does as best as he or she can in the ante-room. I want to make the thing sound really spontaneous and true. Something really impressive. Accordingly, a week to-day I am travelling to Scotland on the Night Scot. I shall book a third-class sleeping compartment under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Savile—my husband's name—because the first-class compartments accommodate only one person. And, of course, room has to be found for you."

Larry stood up suddenly and as suddenly sat down again. *(Continued on page 116)*



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THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS.

"You aren't squeamish, are you?"

"No," he said, "not in the least. I've agreed to what you ask and that's all there is to it. There's only one thing I'd like to know—what's going to happen to me when the co-respondent has to be named?"

"He won't be named," she answered. "My journey in company with another gentleman in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Savile will be accidentally conveyed to my husband, and the co-respondent will just be a man unnamed—as so many hundreds of women co-respondents in divorce court cases are unnamed. You may even have the distinction of being the first male co-respondent to remain anonymous. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes," said Larry slowly, as if he was not quite convinced. "But I take it there will be a written agreement between us, and if that undertaking could be embodied in it I should be reassured beyond any possible doubt."

"Willingly," she agreed. "For the rest, our destination will be Glasgow. We shall both get off there and have breakfast together, when the agreement will automatically come to an end and you will be at liberty to return to London as and how you please. The Night Scot leaves at 11.45. If you will call here for me at 11 o'clock I'll have the matter put in proper order on paper, we'll sign it and go to the station together. Settlement, of course, will be at the conclusion of the contract."

"That seems a most businesslike arrangement," said Larry, and stood up. There seemed to be nothing left to discuss.

"A week to-night, then?"

"A week to-night," she repeated.

He held her hand for a moment, took up his hat and umbrella, and walked out of the room, down the stairs and into the street.

ON the following Tuesday, which was June 11th, 1934, Larry Frogmore hailed a cab outside his flat and after putting his week-end case inside told the driver to take him to 220, Maddox Street. After a week's reflection the sense of having had an uncertain wisdom in accepting Mrs. Savile's offer had disappeared, and while he was still apprehensive about the delicacy with which the coming evening was encompassed, he found the general prospect anything but unpleasant. As the cab picked its way slowly through Mayfair's expensive byways he told himself that it was, after all, a change, a break in a life that had started to become monotonous. Besides, there was the £500, which would be extremely welcome; and for what he had to do he couldn't get the thought out of his mind that it was money easily earned.

He arrived at the house punctually at 11 o'clock, and was shown immediately to the first-floor room. It was empty this time except for the fresh mountain of lilac piled in the fireplace and the faint, fresh smell it spilled into the atmosphere. In the way that small phenomena have of imprinting themselves on a person's mind, the sight and the smell of the flowers, reinforcing that earlier, that first impression, embodied for Larry something of what he conceived to be the spirit of this strange encounter. It was not romantic or even sentimental, just an inescapable nostalgia, a kind of aureole round the occasion, and in a flash of intuition he knew the thoughts he would have whenever he smelt lilac in the future.

A slight movement disturbed his thoughts, and, turning round, he beheld her framed in the doorway. As before, she was motionless, smiling and unspeaking, but this time she was dressed ready for the street in neat, tailor-made tweeds, and her hair was hidden by a hat that matched what Larry remembered of her eyes.

"Good evening," he said, bowing slightly. "It's a lovely evening."

"Yes," she replied. "Lovely. Autumn's coming. I love London in the autumn."

"The moon's out."

"Yes," she said. "And the stars. Are you ready?"

" Quite," said Larry.

He found himself suddenly impressed by the strange mixtures of the practical and the abstract within her.

" I have the agreement," she went on, and fumbled in a pocket of her little coat. " It's here."

She walked towards the table and put it there. Larry picked it up and for the next two minutes gave it all his attention. It seemed to be all in order, right down to her undertaking about the non-naming of the co-respondent. She watched him, still smiling, as he sat down and put his signature at the foot of the piece of paper. When it was done he looked up at her.

" And mine," he said, " don't you want my part of the bargain put in formal order ? "

" I'm satisfied," she said. " You are here, ready to make the journey—and after all, I am protected by your approval that settlement be made at the conclusion of the contract."

She took up the bit of paper he had signed, and once again he was struck by the business-like way she went about her affairs.

" You are an unusual person," he declared, standing up. " I admire people who know what they want and see that they get it."

" It's an attitude of mind." She was stuffing the paper into a little wallet. " One is either tidy-minded or sloppy-minded. One either sees things clearly or gets them all blurred. Appropriate behaviour is the result. Appropriate difficulties, too, sometimes. Your wife knows ? "

She asked the question so casually that Larry was nearly taken off his guard.

" Er—no," he said. " I thought it best that she should not."

" I agree. My bag's downstairs. Shall we go ? "

The moon was out and the stars were shining outside. The night was luminous with them, and dry, and a mist had arisen, diffusing the light of the street lamps into wandering sheets of gold. Mrs. Savile wrapped her fur a little closer round her neck as she stepped into Larry's waiting cab.

" This is the beginning," she said, so quietly that he scarcely heard.

" Of what ? " he asked after a while.

" Of freedom."

" That's a grand thing ! "

" Grand—what's the time ? "

He told her, thinking how relentlessly her sense of the practical caught up with and swamped her scarcely begun excursions into the abstract.

" We haven't got too much time."

" No," said Larry absentmindedly. " It's a waste to spend a night like this in a train."

She turned and looked at him, and in the light of a passing street lamp he saw the green of her eyes.

" Do you like to sleep with your back to the engine ? " she asked.

" I can't sleep in a train anyway," he answered. " So it doesn't matter."

She turned away.

" That's nice because I like to face the engine—although I suppose one does turn in one's sleep, even on trains. And I can sleep there as well as anywhere."

The cab turned into the Euston Road.

" We shall be there in a minute," she said. " Feeling brave ? "

" I feel quite normal," said Larry. "You can get used to most ideas if you really apply yourself."

" You'll be able to put your head out of the window to look at the moon and the stars now and again if you start feeling lonely."

" I haven't any feelings at all," said Larry.

She looked at him again.

" That's nice," she said. " I'm glad. We're here now."

It was true, and they were there, coming to a standstill in the dirty, slightly Roman, station square. Larry gave the two bags, his week-end one, hers a little bigger, to a porter and helped her to alight.

" Glasgow ? " Larry said to the porter.

" Platform 15," he answered. " Sleepers, sir ? "

" Yes," said Larry. " Third. Mr. and Mrs.——"

(Continued on page 118)

THE FELLOW NEXT DOOR
was taking my place!
DADDY, PLEASE COME AND MEND MY SWING AGAIN
RUN AWAY AND PLAY AT SOMETHING ELSE, PAMELA DEAR, I'M SO TIRED
WHAT'S MORRISON DOING IN OUR GARDEN?
PAMELA ASKED ME IF HE COULD MEND HER SWING
HUMPH! SHOWING ME UP TO THE NEIGHBOURS! WHY IS THAT MAN ALWAYS SO FULL OF LIFE WHEN I'M JUST A WET RAG?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU THESE DAYS, HOWARD. IT'S TIME YOU SAW THE DOCTOR—YOU'RE ALWAYS TIRED AND CROSS
AT THE DOCTOR'S
..... JUST WORN OUT
H'M, IT'S A CASE OF 'NIGHT-STARVATION.' HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF THE ENERGY YOU BURN UP DURING SLEEP? IT TAKES 20,000 MUSCULAR EFFORTS JUST TO BREATHE! IF THIS ENERGY IS NOT REPLACED, OF COURSE YOU FEEL TIRED I KNOW OF NOTHING THAT CORRECTS YOUR CONDITION SO QUICKLY AS HORLICK'S
YES, DADDY'S TAKING HORLICK'S TOO
8 WEEKS LATER
OO-OOH DADDY!
OH, PAMELA, IT'S MY TURN NEXT!

HUNDREDS of men like this father come home from the office fagged. And in nearly every case the trouble is the same — " Night-Starvation." As the doctor explained, you burn up energy even while you sleep. If this energy is not restored during the night, you wake tired — " Night-Starved." Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime prevents " Night-Starvation," replaces energy as it is burned up.

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Note: *If you value your time use* Stephenson's Floor Polish *on your floors . . . . . the better the polish the less the work.*

In Glass or Stone Bottles
4½d; 9d; 1/6; 3/-.

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WEAR A **Ladye Jayne** SLUMBER HELMET

"Savile," said Mrs. Savile.

"Yes, ma'am," the porter said politely, marching off.

They followed him, not in the sheep-like way that most passengers have in pursuit of their baggage, but slowly, as if gathering their thoughts.

Larry saw it was 11.35 when they reached the platform. The only people about were the porters, a silent paper-seller, the man letting out the rugs and the pillows, the girl with the peripatetic canteen and an odd passenger or so, sleepy-eyed and a little lost. Those who had taken sleeping berths had already burrowed away, while those who hadn't had staked claims in ordinary compartments and lay stretched upon the seats, sometimes in their shirt sleeves, sometimes lulling themselves to sleepiness with the aid of an evening paper, sometimes staring aggressively out of the windows. The porter was waiting for them on the platform opposite their reservations, and Larry tipped him. Then he turned enquiringly to Mrs. Savile.

"Let's go inside," she said.

He followed her into the carriage, and when they had entered their own compartment, closed the door. She sat down on one of the lower berths.

"Now," she said. "Let's be quite sensible about it. If you would like to take a walk on the platform until the whistle goes, or do anything else you like until midnight, and then come back, you'll find me in bed and probably asleep. After that, you can take your bag and go and change in one of the lavatories. Or you can change here if you like. I shan't mind. If I'm not asleep I promise to turn the other way."

Larry was amused at the way she was ordering him about, but he looked worried.

"You're quite sure it wouldn't be better if I moved out into another compartment?" he said. "You don't think your purpose would be served just as well?"

She shook her head emphatically.

"I'm determined to do the thing properly. If we were going to sleep apart we might have got first-class berths. It's true some of them have connecting doors," she reflected. "No. And you agreed to this, you know."

"I know," said Larry. "I'm not trying to get out of it. And please don't treat me as a child. I'm 37, fully-grown, and all my faculties are unimpaired."

He sat down on the other lower berth. She took off her hat and shook her astonishing hair. Larry thought it wasn't half as bad as it might have been. What if she had been stumpy and ugly with a turned-up nose and freckles covering a puckered little face?

She was smiling at him.

"I'm sorry," she was saying. "I didn't mean to. Only this is a very serious business for me. I've got to keep it very firmly in mind."

"Tidy-minded," said Larry, reminding her.

"Yes, that's it."

A whistle blew then, and in another moment the train began to move.

"Now it really has started!"

Her green eyes were bright and glistening with excitement. Larry grinned at her.

"Your enthusiasm is almost catching," he said. "I'm beginning to feel that I'm playing quite a big part."

He caught her eyes and she looked away.

"You are. Quite a big part."

Larry sighed, stood up and reached for his bag.

"Perhaps I'd better come back about a quarter-past twelve," he said.

She stood up, too, and took off her fur.

"I don't want to keep you out in the cold. Make it five-past. I'll be ready then. And mind you come back. I shall go looking for you if you haven't returned by half-past."

The tone in her voice was half-serious, half-humorous. Larry turned and grinned at her again.

"I'll be back," he said.

And when he did return, in his pyjamas and dressing-gown, his teeth brushed, washed as best he could, clothes thrown into his case, she was in bed, on the top berth, facing the engine.

"Is that you?" she said, as he opened the door. He looked up and saw her face was turned to the wall.

"Yes, it's me," he said.

"Are you changed?"

"I'm quite ready for bed."

"Oh."

It was a little round sound. Larry took off his dressing-gown, climbed up to the other top bunk and pulled the rugs over him.

"Shall I put the light out?"

"Please," she said. "We shall go to sleep better."

The light clicked and was out, and there was complete silence except for the even rhythm of the wheels on the rails, which would go monotonously on until the journey's end. Larry lay on his back, gazing up at the white expanse he knew was the ceiling, so very near his head.

"I think this is the oddest thing that has ever happened to me," he said suddenly, in the darkness.

She didn't answer for a minute. Then she said:

"I suppose it must be."

"Are you always as original as this? I mean, choosing a night train when an hotel would have done just as well and have been much more comfortable?"

"Not always. One can't be original in everything. But I dislike people who always do the obvious and say the obvious."

Her voice was quiet and a little muffled.

"Why do you like lilac so much?"

Larry found his thoughts wandering. Then, conscious that there had been no answer and that the wheels on the rails had once more taken possession of the night, he repeated, "I said, why do you like lilac so much?"

"Do you always talk in the dark just before you go to sleep?" she said.

"I think so."

"To your wife?"

"Of course."

"She must get very annoyed with you."

"She usually goes to sleep before I've finished. Sometimes, when I'm in the middle of a long speech, I stop and ask her if she's listening. Then if *I* listen, I can hear her snoring softly."

"That's what I shall do if you start making long speeches. I don't snore, though."

He heard a sigh and a faint rustling noise, as if she was turning over.

"You haven't told me why you like lilac so much," he went on.

"Do you snore?"

"Yes. But the lilac?"

"Why do you like spotted ties?"

Larry started, and then grinned at himself. He turned on his side and looked across to the other bunk, where he could see her hair, the only light in the darkness.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose it does come to the same thing."

He closed his eyes, and because he knew he was going to have trouble in getting to sleep, immediately started counting sheep. When he had reached 47 he recollected that he had not said good-night. He opened his eyes again and looked across.

"Good-night," he said.

But there was no answer, and he heard her breathing deeply.

IT was four o'clock by Larry's wrist-watch when he was awakened from a half-sleep by a knocking on the door. Looking over towards Mrs. Savile, he discovered that she had just awoke, too, and saying rather obviously, "There's someone knocking," he slipped to the floor and put on his dressing-gown. In the light of the corridor outside he saw a man, fully dressed, leaning against the window on the far side of the coach. Larry grimaced at him, trying to get used to the light.

"I'm sorry to worry you," said the man, "but are Mr. and Mrs. Savile in this compartment?"

Larry collected his thoughts.

"Yes," he said. (*Continued on page* 120)

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But who are you, anyway? This is an odd hour to pay calls."

"I'm aware of that," answered the other. "I just wanted a word with you both, that's all. It won't take long."

"Indeed . . ." began Larry.

"He'd better come inside." It was Mrs. Savile's voice.

"Thanks," said the man, and stepped inside.

Larry shut the door.

"Now," he said. "Perhaps you'll explain."

The visitor looked first at Larry and then at Mrs. Savile, still on the top bunk. She had pulled a little knitted coat round her shoulders.

"Mr. and Mrs. Savile, eh?"

An amused grin flickered round the man's mouth. Larry saw it and considered him carefully. He was about his own age, he should say. His clothes were well cut, his tie and collar neat, and altogether he appeared to be very well kept.

"What do you mean?" said Larry.

"Oh, nothing." The man smiled widely.

Mrs. Savile yawned and sat up.

"Come on, Henry," she said. "Let's get it over. No beating about the bush."

"As you like, my dear," said the man whose name was Henry. Then, turning to Larry, he added, "You see, my name's Savile, too. And I, also, am this lady's husband. In fact, we seem to have quite a lot in common."

Larry stared at him.

"Is this true?" he said, looking up.

"Quite true, I'm afraid," she replied.

"Then what do we do now?"

"That entirely depends on you," said Henry Savile.

"That's too bad," said Larry. "What am I expected to do?"

"Just to be sensible, that's all."

Savile suddenly became very friendly.

"Come," he said. "Let's sit down and talk this thing out."

And he sat down. Larry sat on the bunk underneath Mrs. Savile's.

"I suppose I ought to sock you on the jaw, really," he pursued, "but I have always had a horror of scenes. So ungentlemanly. Besides, in this case I consider the damage I have sustained cannot be met by the mere delivery of a blow. You will agree that I have been wronged now, won't you?"

"Morally," said Larry, fumbling, "I suppose, yes."

"After all, one can't travel about the country with other men's wives in such intimacy as this without being found out some time, without paying for it some time. Besides, what would your own wife say about it?"

"What has Mrs. Savile got to say?" said Larry pleasantly, directing the question to the compartment at large.

The lady in question, however, was slipping on her dressing-gown, and in the next moment had joined her husband on the bunk opposite Larry.

"Well?" went on Larry, looking at her.

"What is there for me to say?" she answered. "It is all most unexpected and very difficult."

"Quite, but, of course, there is an explanation. I should hate to appear to try to whitewash myself. Don't you think you should tell him?"

He was puzzled by her apathy.

"You tell him," she said laconically.

Larry did tell him, whereupon Mr. Savile looked very astonished.

"But, my dear sir," he expostulated, "my relations with my wife have always been of the most perfect. My dear Mr. Frogmore. . . ." The sentence broke off as Larry jumped to his feet and as suddenly sat down again, a trick he had when he was surprised.

"Mr. Frogmore!" he said. "How did you know my name?"

The other waved his hands deprecatingly.

"How does one know these things?" he asked blandly. "Now come, let us stop playing with this matter. What is your idea of the indignity you have brought on me?"

But Larry was staring at Vilma Savile. Her hands were folded in her lap, and she was gazing down at them, unaffected, it seemed, by the whole proceeding.

"After all, it would be unfortunate if your wife were to hear of this indiscretion," Savile added.

Larry turned towards him. There was no bitterness in his voice when he spoke.

"A little blackmail?"

"As you please. An unpleasant word, though, I think."

Larry dropped his chin into the palm of his hand, and his brow furrowed. He was evidently thinking hard.

"Well," he declared at last, "it seems to me that I am fair game. I deserve what I get. One always does."

The other bowed.

"I should say £1,000."

Savile stirred a little uneasily.

"Make it £1,500," he suggested.

It was Larry's turn to bow.

"As you please; £1,500. I will deliver my cheque to 220 Maddox Street within a week. If not, perhaps you'll let me have a reminder?"

"I shall be charmed," said Savile.

Both men stood up, and Larry put out his hand. They shook hands.

"I am very grateful for the consideration you have shown me," said Larry. "And I am grateful, too, for the opportunity of meeting such a charming, tidy-minded person. I hope we shall see some more of each other."

Mrs. Savile stood up then and smiled at him out of her green eyes.

"Come again some time," she said.

"I will," said Larry. "And now I'll be going. And if I get lonely, I'll just put my head out of the window and have a look at the moon and the stars."

And picking up his bag he went out in search of another berth.

LARRY Frogmore journeyed back to London from Glasgow by the next day's Royal Scot and on arrival went straight to his flat. Herbert opened the door to him.

"My!" he said, "but you're soon back."

"Yes," said Larry. "But there wasn't much to stay for, you know."

"No," said the old sailor, "I s'pose not." But in the sitting room he cast covert looks at his master.

"Looking kind of pleased with yourself," he commented. "Have a good time?"

"Very," said Larry. "I was blackmailed."

A startled look jumped into Herbert's eyes, and then he sucked his thumb reflectively.

"What for?" he asked briefly.

"Being found in a sleeping compartment with a lady who wasn't my wife, of course."

"By her old man, I s'pose?"

"Precisely," said Larry.

Herbert grunted.

"How much?" He might have been asking how much a cabbage was in Shepherd's Market.

"£1,500, that's all."

"Or else?"

"He's going to tell my wife."

Herbert took his thumb from his mouth, which opened wide.

"But you ain't got no wife," he said.

"Exactly," said Larry. "That's why I'm so pleased with myself."

"And what now? You'll be telling the police, of course."

Larry shook his head slowly.

"No," he said. "But naturally I must go and explain."

"Who to, I'd like to know?"

Larry frowned.

"You want to know too much, Herbert," he said. "But I'll tell you: Mrs. Savile, of course."

"And you'll be taking the £1,500 with you, I s'pose?"

"No," said Larry, lost in thought. "Quite wrong. Just some lilac."

END

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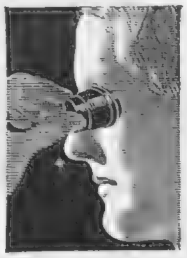

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Remarkable letter from Coventry

A letter does not have to be long to tell a wonderful story. And this is a wonderful story for you if you know what it is to suffer from stomach trouble. It is from Mr. J. E. Richards, of 84, Shakespeare Street, Stoke, Coventry.

"Thank you very much for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After suffering great pain I was surprised that 5 minutes after taking the first dose the pain was less severe. I have since purchased 2 bottles and am pleased to say that I am quite well again. I shall always keep a bottle by me. I have also recommended it to other sufferers and shall continue to do so. You can make any use you like of this letter."

If you too have suffered agonies from indigestion for years why not try the way Mr. Richards found so effective?

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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Keep it Clean

An Old Firm explains its New Methods

LISTEN to any women talking near you. What are they discussing? Servants, income-tax, the car, Mary's progress at school, John's chances to make good, the weather? Not at all. Or hardly at all. Mostly, it will be *clothes, clothes, clothes.*

Through the talk there runs the motif, colour. Material and form decided upon, colour becomes the really important thing. There are women who remain faithful to one colour, knowing it is their colour, not caring two hoots what dress designers say. They have their own wisdom.

But most of us like experiment, change, like to be wearing the colours that make us "in the fashion."

This year, for instance, the pastels. Reading the fashion news and watching the new fabrics and colours appear in the shop windows, we know we are going to have our heads turned by the charm of pale spring-like shades.

They are so lovely, and such a relief after the dark, dim, practical things we have been carrying around on our backs through the winter.

Then we take fright, think of cleaning bills, lament that nothing ever looks the same after the second cleaning, and fall back, for the twentieth time, on to black, brown or good serviceable navy.

Now, black and brown and navy are always good and smart, but if you've lived in them for years, not exhilarating. They don't always give that tonic quality you expect of new clothes.

Well, this year, be a little rash and stick to your first carefree choice. If you yearn for pale blue or pale grey, have it. It will do you a whole lot of good. You'll feel smarter and more attractive for your extravagance. And if you look after it carefully it won't be so extravagant, anyway.

I know a smart Frenchwoman who wears either very dark colours or very light. She seldom has more than two outfits at once to her name.

Directly she comes in from the street she whips off her suit—however much of a hurry she is in, whatever she is about to do—envelops it in a muslin, and pops it in the cupboard. She never sits around the house in it. It's a good rule.

Another good rule is to keep your clothes always well brushed and pressed.

A third is to go to a good cleaner's.

During the last year hundreds of dry cleaners' shops have sprung up all over the country. Tempted by their startlingly low prices, many women tried them, repented, went back to dark clothes, bitter against all cleaners.

Bur why condemn all cleaners on that count? Instead of trying out some mushroom growth, learn to rely always on an old firm that uses new methods.

Clark's, of Retford, for instance. They have been in the dyeing and cleaning business for a hundred and forty years, so they have had plenty of time to learn their job.

They keep their own staff of experts to invent and investigate new cleaning and dyeing methods. Their latest discovery is Vita-Cleaning, which is exclusive to them.

Vita-Cleaning not only takes out the dirt but by a special process it rejuvenates the cloth, so that your frock or suit or coat comes back to you not only clean, but with the life and spring of new material. It costs surprisingly little. Four shillings is the average price for day frocks, suits or coats. This is because Clark's works are centralised, and you post your things direct to them. By avoiding the rents and wages of collecting offices and vans, Clark's can give you really good work at amazingly low prices.

But let's get back to your spring clothes. The disadvantage of having bright colours is that you and your friends get bored with them long before they are worn out.

Yet most people are still curiously suspicious and unenterprising about dyeing. Perhaps here, again, they have had bitter experience.

And here, again, Clark's come to the rescue. Their new Plus-Dyeing, which includes Vita-Cleaning, makes your clothes look shop new. You can choose the smartest, most subtle colour, and Clark's will achieve perfect results.

So if you do fall for pale blue, don't think you need be faithful to it all its life. Change it first to warm red, then to navy. If you choose navy accessories in the first place, you won't have to spend any more money when you change the colour of your frock.

Which means you get two new outfits for the mere cost of dyeing . . . and Clark's prices for Plus-Dyeing are moderate.

Have you been hankering after pastel tinted bed-linen or towels or table-napery, and moaning about your great stock of white household stuff?

Get Clark's to dye your sheets and towels to glamorous tints. The colours, fixed by a special process, are absolutely fast to sunlight and washing.

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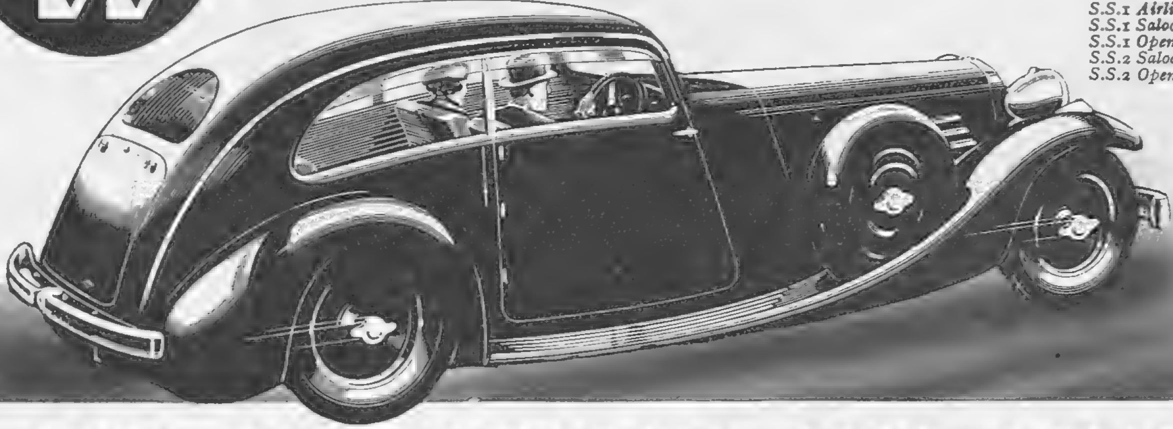

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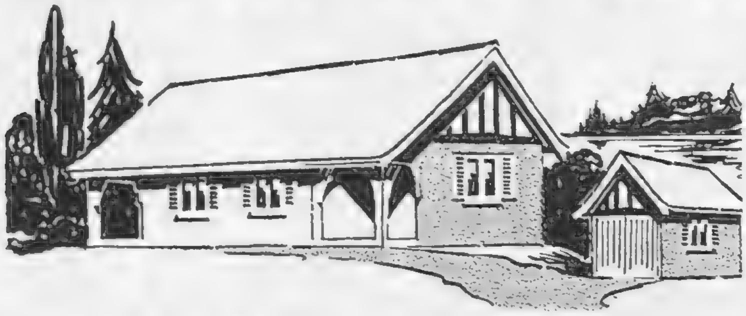

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Snowdrop

(*Continued from page* 13)

way that should have shown a sharp woman like Jane Gerrard that this friendship, always precarious, must end ?

She advanced, her white-gloved hand outstretched, her greeting carefully cold ; there was fear under her unpleasant manners ; the Gerrard family were certainly formidable, so tall, handsome, well-bred and correctly turned out, the two magnificent women, the three impressive men—a pity that they had no money, were, it was whispered, in difficulties, and in fact no better than fortune hunters. Besides, Mrs. Bathine assured herself, the family was not nearly good enough.

The Gerrards stood like a battalion, close inside the door, by the red-plush rout seats and the bowls of hothouse ferns ; against her younger brother's ornate uniform Lydia's white gown glimmered speckless ; among so many ordinary people her vivid beauty was embarrassing and roused dislike in the women, a faint hostility in the men ; she was a nobody and had no right to look like that.

She danced the first waltz with Henry, without waiting for a possible partner ; as they slowly circled on the polished floor they talked in low tones.

" Have you seen Philip, Henry ? "

" No, I shall look for him after this. That foolish Mrs. Bathine is trying to be rude."

" Yes, I am sorry for Philip. See, Mrs. Bathine is talking to mamma."

" I heard that Lord Glynn is expected later, Lydia."

" Oh, then I haven't much time."

" No."

Helena Bathine was giving Jane Gerrard her reserved smile.

" Lydia looks very pretty to-night—her first ball dress ! I must find her some partners."

" Do you think pretty is the word for Lydia ? " asked William courteously. " She is a beautiful woman."

" She certainly looks old for eighteen," smiled Mrs. Bathine. " She might be twenty-five."

" And at forty she will look the same," said Mr. Gerrard. " Where is Philip, Mrs. Bathine ? "

" Perhaps he wants to see Lydia," said William. " He rode over this morning, but Lydia would not receive him—she was with a sick dog."

This was a lie, but it served to inflame Helena Bathine, never very good at keeping her head ; she sank on the gilt chair beside her guest and said, waving her fan :

" I am expecting Lord Glynn to-night ; he wants to take Philip back with him to London. Philip is all he has now, and he has become quite absorbed in him—— "

" Has he seen him ? " asked Mr. Gerrard.

" Not since he was a boy—oh, he saw him at Oxford once—— " Mrs. Bathine felt she was losing ground and became spiteful. " He, Lord Glynn, is very anxious to settle Philip. Maria Sedley is spoken of—Lord Glynn wanted her for his eldest boy—he is a close friend of Lord Sedley. Why don't you take Lydia to town, Mrs. Gerrard ? — there are positively no eligible young men here—— "

" There won't be when Philip has gone to London," said Mrs. Gerrard, with a smile that made Helena Bathine feel uneasy and very angry.

Henry's sharp, handsome eyes spied Philip with a nondescript girl in the ante-chamber ; he gracefully guided his sister through the dancers, through the pink silk damask curtains, and taking her hand brought her up to Philip Bathine.

" Lydia was sorry that she couldn't see you this morning, Philip."

As the two stood face to face before the great mirror, Henry asked the pale Miss for the rest of the waltz and carried her off.

Philip Bathine did not show his defects of character in his person ; he was a dark, heavy, comely creature, but in everything he did there was a

(*Continued on page* 126)

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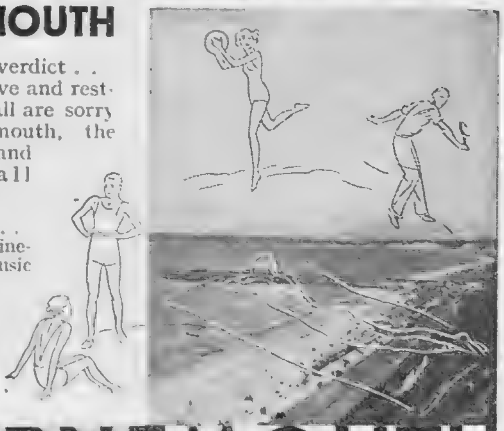

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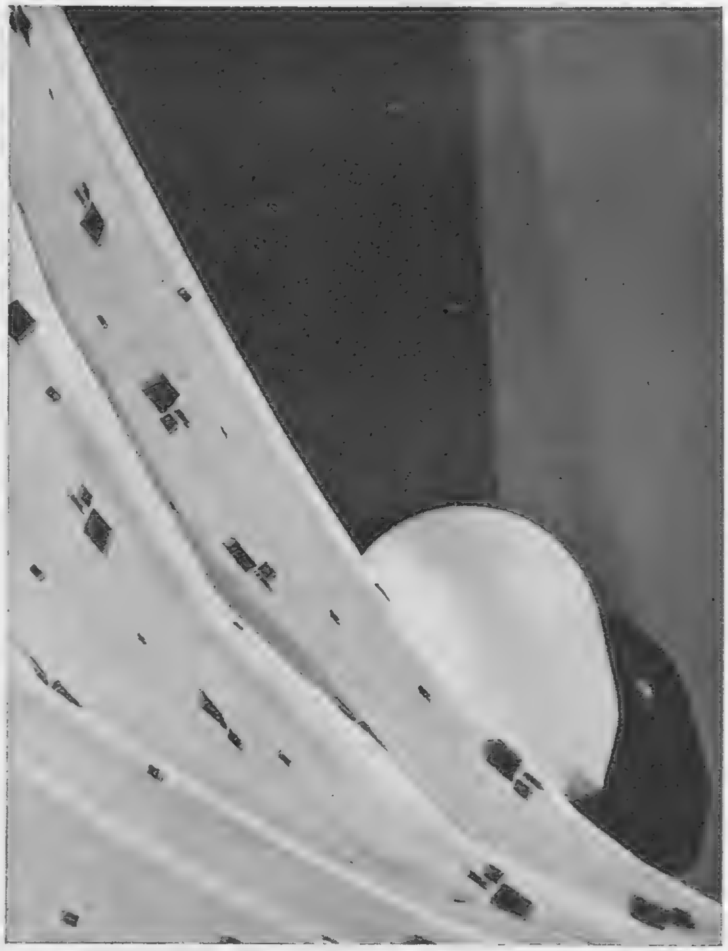

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trace of hesitation, a lack of zest that spoilt his attractiveness.

"Come into the glass-house," said Lydia.

He followed her into the conservatory, full of lush and exotic plants in pots on metal trays that rose in tiers to the roof, where the glass panes were misted by steam. A seat ran round a stone pedestal, on which was a lamp in an opal globe; the light was dim, everywhere moist, green leaves stood in clusters or swung in trails; there were a few stars of frail flowers. It was a dreary, uncomfortable place; Lydia had always disliked it, but now the odd setting, the pallid illumination gave an unearthly glow to her white gown, her bare arms and shoulders, her fair, glossy curls and clear eyes.

"It was awkward of you to avoid me, Philip," she said, smiling.

He stared at her, impressed by her dignity and power; she seemed suddenly very important, mature and bewildering.

"As if I should avoid you—Lydia!"

She laughed, ignoring the evasion.

"I suppose you had to obey your mother, Philip—isn't it rather like going back to the nursery?" She kept her voice sweet so as not to seem shrewish, but he stiffened.

"Mother has had to take it seriously, you know—it is important for us."

"What, the prospect of a viscountcy and the patronage of your uncle! You had everything you needed before——"

"I have now a certain responsibility, I owe uncle Dominick everything. I must go to London and learn his ways—I'm his heir, you know."

She smiled at him over the fringed edges of the ferns that drooped from below the lamp; she saw that he was forcing himself, she believed that he was acting on precise instructions from Helena Bathine; she pitied him.

"I expect—I'm sure—I've made a fool of myself, Lydia. I daresay you found me tiresome. It will be a relief to you when I've gone. You were quite right to let me see that I was rather in your way, Lydia."

These tactics interested her; she came a step nearer, lightly touching the snowdrops on her breast.

"You always despised me, Lydia. I could always feel that—and yet I couldn't help following you about. Lydia, I couldn't help wanting you, although I knew what you—and your brothers and your parents—were thinking of me. Now I shall have other things to think of. I'm glad that I have a good excuse to go away."

Lydia considered rapidly; was it possible that with all their care they had not been careful enough and that Philip had really sensed their secret disdain? She decided that it was not possible; why, she had had to hold him off several times just because she could not endure her freedom to come to an end.

"Philip, it is your mother who speaks, not you—she put all this into your head. She and Lord Glynn want you to marry some London girl—is it not so?"

He did not answer; blushing and frowning, he stared on the ground.

"It is my fault," thought Lydia, "I should have made him care more for me."

"Philip, you were about to ask me to marry you when that letter came. I know—it is cowardly of you to pretend otherwise."

"Oh, Lydia, I—upon my soul, I thought——"

"Neither you nor your mother need have been afraid—I should never have kept you to a promise."

"Lydia, you don't understand—you make me seem a scoundrel."

She looked over his bent head and saw her brothers casually by the door, guarding her from interruption.

"What do you make me seem? Everyone knew——."

"Oh, my God, did they?"

"And now everyone sees you avoid me."

"Lydia, I'll swear you never cared for me."

"Perhaps not. Perhaps I wanted to refuse you. Let us return to the ballroom."

But he stood sullen, distressed and baffled against that density of damp, green leaves that seemed to her so absurd a background; a waltz air from the salon sounded like a mockery to her ironic mind.

"Your mother, Philip, will be anxious at your long absence—with me."

"You can be as unkind as you please, Lydia—you seem to delight in putting me in the wrong. You know what I have always thought of you——."

"Do I, Philip?" She was moving towards the door where her brothers waited; he followed at once, defiant and humbled; he had never realised she was so beautiful, her smiling disdain made him anxious to assert fiercely his manhood; his mother had told him, with passionate emphasis, that he was a fool not to have seen that Lydia had always mocked him; now he wondered if it was not his mother who was the fool—supposing Lydia was, after all, within his grasp?

"Would you marry me," he asked clumsily, "if I asked you——."

"Have you asked me?"

"You know—you know."

He tried to catch her hand, but she was swiftly at Henry's side.

"I'll answer you presently."

On her brother's arm she moved across the ante-chamber and then into the rhythm of the waltz; their whispered voices were an undercurrent to the music.

"He asked me, Henry—it is as easy as that——"

"Did you take him?"

"No—I'll keep him waiting."

"Lydia, you can't do it. When one sees what Philip Bathine really is—it is not worth while——"

"What has made you change your mind?"

"Seeing you and Philip together, I suppose. I'll get some money somehow—William will contrive to take you to Paris——"

"No, it can't be done—papa said so."

"Oh, Lydia, you look fatigued!"

"Never mind, I'll go on with it."

"Helena Bathine will make a pretty hell for you——"

"I'll make a prettier one for her." With a flash of hard humour she added: "It's worth marrying Philip to have the power to do away with that horrible greenhouse."

When the waltz was over Lydia and Henry returned to their parents; William had already joined them, and again the family seemed a solid phalanx, an impressive entity composed of glittering individuals; Lydia nodded at her parents.

"We need not have disturbed ourselves—it was too easy."

She sat between her father and mother; the snowdrops drooped a little on her breast, but she was erect; the family was silent; it was a mute triumph, a victory that had been too facile; each thought—"We have kept what we had, but we have gained nothing." Their pride was salved, but their fastidiousness was disgusted; each Gerrard, in a different way, turned over how this distasteful success might be turned to advantage, and coolly studied the possibilities of revenge—subtle, long drawn out and satisfying.

Lydia was shocked by her own self-disdain, by the alarming loathing she had felt for Philip Bathine, cowed, beaten, half-fascinated by her, half-anxious to escape, standing awkwardly at a loss among that ridiculous greenery.

As she tried to master this disgust, which was like a physical nausea, she stared at the "to-and-fro" of the ballroom. Philip was not there. Helena Bathine, at the far end of the salon, was talking to a man whom Lydia had never seen before.

"Who is that?" she asked instantly.

"A stranger," said Mrs. Gerrard.

William sauntered away and soon returned with news.

"It is Lord Glynn."

"I did not know he was that type," remarked Mr. Gerrard. "He looks difficult."

"They are discussing us, of course," said Mrs. Gerrard.

They were; immediately on his entry into the ballroom Lord Glynn had remarked that impressive group in front of the large mirror; Helena Bathine had been quick to decry them.

"They keep together like that because they think it is more effective," she said spitefully. "Individually they are nothing much. Philip had an unfortunate acquaintance with the girl, but I never thought they would come here to-night—I was bound to ask them——"

"The girl?—you mean Snowdrop?"

"Snowdrop!" echoed Mrs. Bathine furiously; she hurried on, saying more than she meant to say; she described Lydia as an adventuress, her brothers as fortune-hunters, the parents as arrogant social climbers. "Indeed, I never liked them." She touched on their money difficulties: "All their means gone on keeping up forced social appearances—I shall be glad when Philip is out of their reach."

Lord Glynn listened without comment and never took his gaze from the group of the Gerrard family; they reconciled him to the vexation of arriving when there was a ball at Bathine Court; he had hurried from town with a vague hope that Helena Bathine lived quietly as a hermit, only to find this provincial society in its best feathers—a miserable imitation of what he had fled from in town; he was heartsick, weary, and his sense of profound disillusion touched despair, but his manners remained urbane. He was a handsome man of forty-five, of an impeccable elegance and a distinction that made any company in which he appeared look slightly ridiculous; he so overawed Helena Bathine that she plunged deeper into foolishness, explaining this, contradicting that, and all needlessly; he had understood her from the first moment she had opened her mouth to welcome him. He began to make excuses; he would not intrude on her festivities in his travelling dress; he would retire to the library until her guests had gone—perhaps he might, presently, see Philip.

Helena Bathine's terrified glance was on Philip; he was talking to Lydia, who was seated a few paces away from her parents. Lord Glynn smiled.

"Present me to the young lady, pray, Helena."

The anxious mother crossed the shining floor with her overwhelming brother-in-law beside her; Lydia looked straightly at them as they approached; Philip looked away; he had been saying: "Have pity, Lydia—what do you want me to do? Say you'll take me, and I'll speak to my mother at once——"

Lydia did not reply; she rose and dropped a little curtsey as Lord Glynn was presented, then in her turn, ignoring Mrs. Bathine, presented her mother, her father, her two brothers.

"This is a polka, Miss Gerrard," said Lord Glynn, offering his arm to Lydia. "I don't really dance, but if we might sit it out together—if you will allow me?"

He bowed to her parents and led her away; Philip Bathine, with anguish in his heart, cast a furious glance at his mother and, as she sank on the chair beside him, murmured, "You're making a complete fool of me—yes, and a scoundrel, too——"

"Be quiet, Philip! Your uncle will decide everything."

The Gerrard family remained passive; talking lightly among themselves and with anyone who came up to them.

"It is very crowded and noisy in here, Miss Gerrard—perhaps there is some quieter place where we could go——"

"The library—perhaps that is better," said Lydia. "I should like to speak to you, sir, if I may?"

They faced each other in the library, where the candles had been hastily lit.

Lydia's skirts spread about her like the petals of the snowdrops, opening from the warmth of her bosom above her heart; she gathered and held all the light in the room; she was all radiant white save for the green leaves on her breast and the auburn gold of her hair, but above the dead white of her gown the tint of

(*Continued on page 128*)

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her carnation had the warm white of a rose. Lord Glynn, leaning against the frigid splendour of the mantelpiece, looked at her narrowly.

"Sir," said Lydia, in a slightly fatigued voice, "I dare say Mrs. Bathine has spoken of me."

"She has."

"I think I can guess in what terms."

"No doubt, Miss Gerrard; you can guess most things."

"You think so? Perhaps, sir, you know that Philip, your nephew, and now, I believe, your heir, wants to marry me?"

"Yes."

"If he married me, it would upset your plans?"

"Yes—I never took you into my calculations, Miss Gerrard—until I had seen your personality——" He gave her a slow smile as he spoke, but Lydia was grave.

"I have neither money nor position, and I fear Mrs. Bathine thinks that we are all fortune-hunters."

"I always regretted my brother's marriage, Miss Gerrard—Helena Bathine has a common mind."

She rose at that, sparkling.

"These people! I feel insulted with every look they give me——"

"I can understand that."

"I thank you, Lord Glynn. You saw my family. What I wanted to tell you was that I shall refuse Philip."

"Ah, and why?"

"It is not worth while. I could not pass my life with such a man."

"But you were—a little tempted?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, with a careless smile. "I want power, position, advancement for my brothers. I am wasted here—but Philip—never!"

"I scarcely liked him myself," said Lord Glynn. "I saw him at school—at Oxford. But it seemed that I had no choice—you know my loss——"

His sensitive face was clouded by disgust; he did not know if his boys had disappointed him more by their deaths than their lives—stupid, sickly lads, inadequate like their mother.

"Yes," she replied, with that amazing candour that was yet so perfectly well-bred. "You, sir, must make the best of Philip—but I need not."

He eyed her curiously.

"Why did you come here to-night?"

She laughed boldly.

"I meant to marry him until I saw you."

He was amazed for the first time for many years, then warmly pleased for the first time for even more years.

"You showed me, sir, by your presence, how poor a creature Philip is—I realised at once that I could never endure him, however tricked up he might be. So you can be at ease, Lord Glynn, and do what you will with Philip—he will be like clay in your hands."

"And a perpetual disappointment."

"I'm very sorry for you, sir."

He could not remember when anyone had ever pitied him before—he, who was one of the most brilliant, the most envied and most successful of men; her words showed, as a light will show the emptiness of a dark room, his intense loneliness, and how futile an expedient to assuage that loneliness had been his desperate adoption of Philip.

"Please take me back to my parents, sir. I expect that they will begin to find this ball tedious."

"Just remain as you are for a moment, Miss Gerrard—it gives me great delight to look at you—you are a most exceptional young lady."

She remained standing, neither abashed nor brazen, but exquisitely at ease, and a deep pang shook her noble companion; when he had been a young man he had dreamed of a woman like this, while still a young man he had decided that such creatures did not exist; now he had met one under grotesque circumstances and it was too late—or almost too late.

With such a wife as this woman would make, every triumph, every success, every delight would be doubled, like a light doubles itself in a mirror; the thought of the Bathines, mother and son, became intolerable to him.

Lydia enjoyed his scrutiny, she exulted in her beauty and his admiration, but her demeanour was modest as if she was beyond the possibility of offence. It was, however, cruel that there was such a waste of years between them; she gave him an oblique glance—was he fifty?—as old as her father? Ah, well, never mind.

He caught that flashing scrutiny and understood her regret; he was famous for his quick decisions, his bold moves:

"They will give me Ireland next year," he said, as casually as if he offered her a glass of wine. "May I have your snowdrops?—they are the first that I have seen this winter."

She loosened the knot of white flowers.

"If I were you—Lord Glynn——"

"Well? You might very well be me. We are alike in much——"

"I should not trouble yourself with your nephew, Philip Bathine—he will never be worth any one's while."

"He is my heir."

"Perhaps you know how to remedy that——" She handed him the flowers. "They droop a little, but they are still fragrant."

"Of you," he said, bowing over her fingers as they touched his hand.

"Sir, I think I will return to the ballroom—and then go home. I am slightly fatigued."

He followed her into the ballroom as if she was a queen and he her minister; as he left her at her mother's side, he asked:

"May I drive over and see you to-morrow, Miss Gerrard?"

She curtsied without giving a more definite consent, then flashed a signal to her father; it was the moment for their departure; they left the room as they had entered it, five impressive personalities making a formidable whole; Helena Bathine hastened to her brother-in-law.

"So! I hope that there is an end of that!"

"Yes, Helena. You have nothing to fear from the Gerrards as regards Philip."

Lydia sat next her mother in the smart carriage, enfolded in her white wrap; William, seated opposite, remarked:

"You have lost your snowdrops, Lydia."

"Not lost—they are invested." She waited; she knew that she would not be questioned, she knew that she had their complete confidence; the yellow light of the carriage lamp showed her father's inscrutable dignity, her brother's handsome repose.

"I shall marry Lord Glynn," she said, and kissed her mother's cheek. "It is all we ever hoped for, is it not? Besides, I am a little in love with him."

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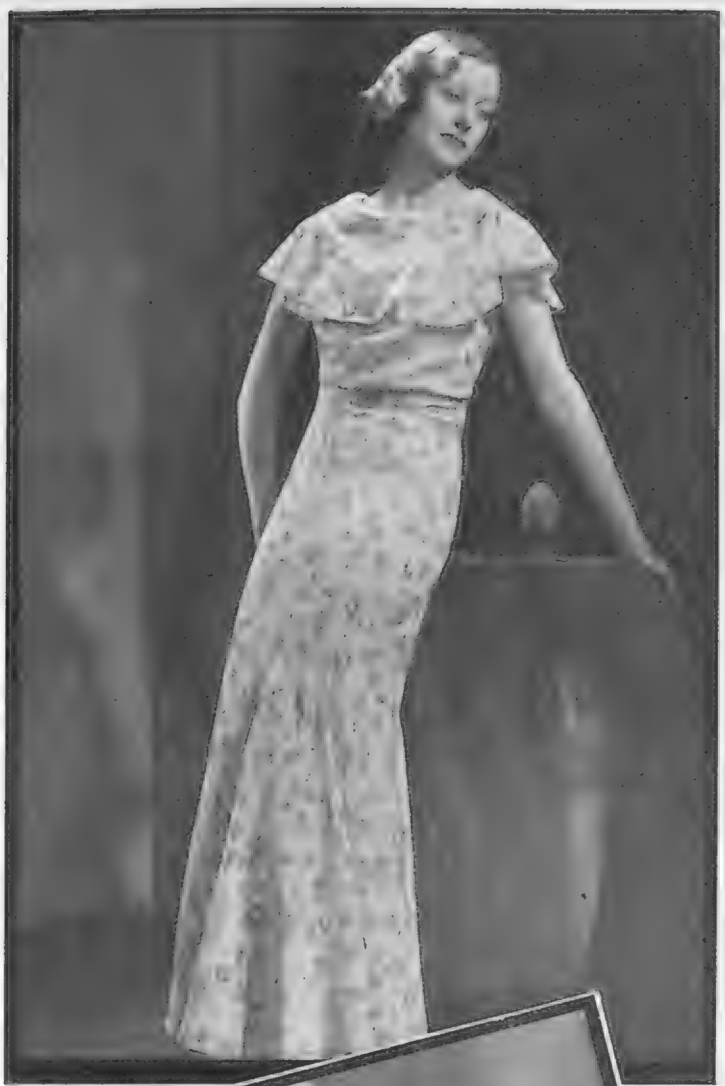

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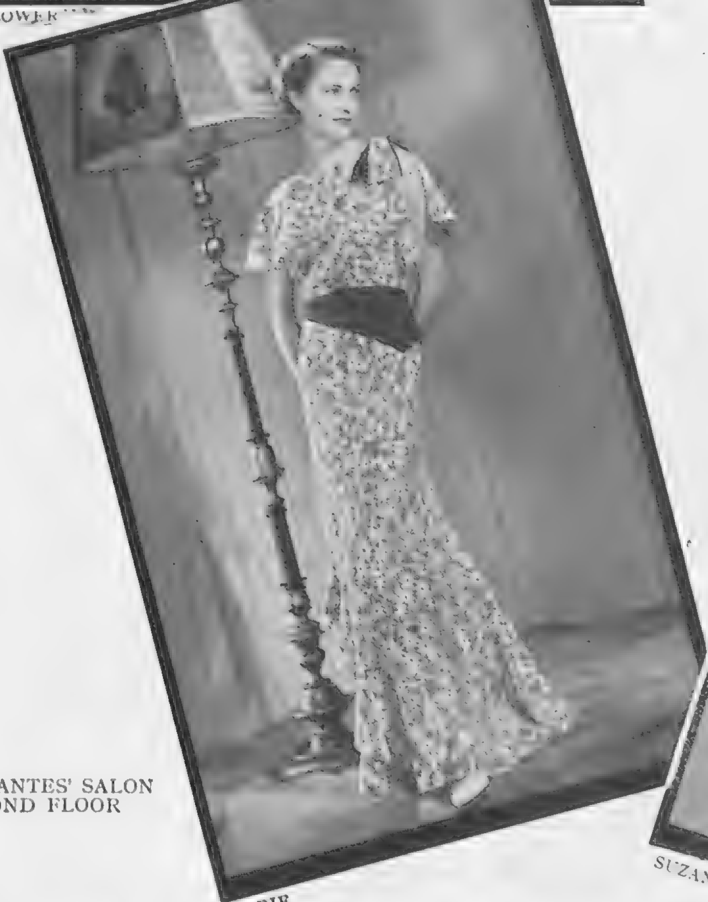

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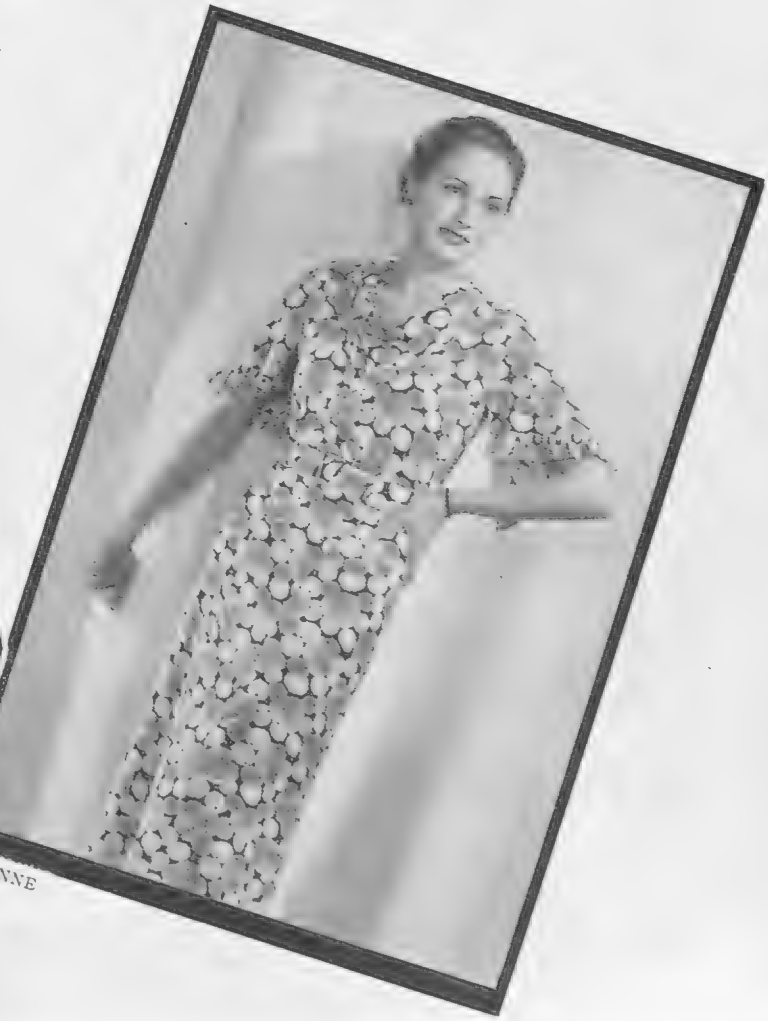

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Unemployable

(*Continued from page* 15)

a third more coal with the same number of men now they had put machines in.

Five years he had been without a job. And he wasn't the only one by a long chalk. Lately, it seemed, somebody in the world beyond his Cumberland hills had awakened up to this. Somebody was thinking about him. Investigators had come up from Manchester University and Whitehall. A Government man had talked to every man on the Frizington and Broughton register. He heard they had interviewed every man up to the age of 36 at Maryport. Why 36? Seems they thought they could do something with them up to 36. After 36, it wasn't much good. He was 38.

A man last summer had visited the village and asked him if he would transfer, go South or somewhere to a job. Was there a job going? Well, not exactly. He was only finding out what the men wanted, whether they would go away if jobs offered elsewhere. Well, John didn't know. He was getting on. Had his wife and family to think about. A few years ago it might have been easier. But now—leave Cumberland, leave his home? He had been here all his life, and his father and grandfather before him. Wife's folks, too. He knew younger men who had said they thought they could make a go of it. A good many had gone, some as far as London. But mostly they had all come back.

The man had gone. He heard there was a big report in the autumn, one of these Blue Books. But what he wanted, what he was waiting for, hadn't happened. What was he waiting for? He was waiting for the old ironworks to open up again. That had been his life, and he couldn't adapt himself now. He supposed that was what was the matter with those younger fellows from the coal mine who had been found jobs down in the new coal-field in Kent. Back they'd come, after a week or two, and some of them had been so desperate to get back, they'd walked all the way because they hadn't got the money for the fare. They were Cumberland men. They wanted to stay in their own county, and dig coal where they'd always dug it before. They didn't like the men of the South, and they didn't like the new-fangled ways in the mechanised mines. . . .

John Brown sits on, and broods, an industrial shell-shock case. There are tens of thousands of John Browns now in the four "depressed areas"—West Cumberland and Haltwhistle, Durham and Tyneside, Lanarkshire in the northern kingdom, and South Wales and Monmouthshire in the western kingdom. You will find them in back streets of cities like Jarrow, where the abandonment of shipyards and works has left 30,000 men high and dry; or leaning against a wall in one of those villages like Cleator Moor, Flimby, Dearham, Spennymoor, or Byers Green, where almost all the inhabitants are without work or the hope of getting it; or slumped in a decaying cottage on the edge of one of those huge grey heaps, which are the tombstones of dead coal mines, or one of those girder pylons which are the skeletons of extinct iron-ore workings. Investigators with scientific minds have examined them with interest. Their conclusions crop up in statistics and thrust bleakly through the formal language of official reports. ". . . the attitude of resignation, which must inevitably be taken up towards unemployment among older adults." ". . . rapidly becoming unemployable." ". . . 20 per cent. of these must be considered unemployable," ". . . . instances occur of men who have been out of employment for long periods being unable to stand the return to work. They find new conditions obtaining in the shops, they themselves are lacking in confidence and vitality, and as a result they throw up the job, often after only a few hours, although an increase in earnings means everything to them."

Sinister passages . . .

It is illuminating to glance at the high-lights of the phenomena in which the John Browns are entangled. In Durham, coal is the main trouble. The county has lost in four years 38 per cent. of its export trade and 30 per cent. of its inland sales. It is doubtful whether any of this lost trade will be recovered, but even if it is, jobs will not increase correspondingly, owing to mine mechanisation forced in by world competition.

It is estimated that there are between 30,000 and 50,000 workers *permanently* surplus to requirements in this one area. The last figures for Durham and Tyneside show that 63,000 have been jobless over two years, 41,000 over three years, 19,000 over four years and 10,000 over five years. A third of these are over 35 and married. The general condition of a worker of 35 upwards, who, accustomed for from 10 to 25 years to hard toil and regular wages, has been without either for over two years, affords an interesting subject for the neurologist, pathologist and social psychologist to study. For the accountant, such study is rendered easier by the Treasury and Labour Ministry interest in the financial end. It costs £7,500,000 a year out of public funds to keep these jobless men and their families alive.

MOVE up to Scotland's main devastated area, Lanarkshire, and one finds that the schools will be turning out, by 1937, some 13,000 juveniles who will be unable to find jobs. Think that over, and it looms up as a more menacing problem than an equal number of over-forties who are unemployable. In this northern devastated area they reckon that the *permanent* surplus amounts to 60,000. Of these, 40 per cent. might be trained to be useful elsewhere, but 20 per cent. are ranked as unemployable.

Drop down then to South Wales. In 1913 these famous coal fields produced and sold at good prices 58 million tons, and the miner was labour's aristocrat. But oil and hydro-electric power have cut into the market for coal, and science has shown industry how to use coal less wastefully; and so production has declined to 36 million tons, and the labour needed to produce that amount has contracted owing to the introduction of labour-saving machinery. The resultant demands of jobless workers on public assistance funds have sent local rates soaring. In Merthyr Tydfil they are 27s. 6d. in the £, 15s. 7d. of that being for public assistance.

So it goes. Broadly, one may say that the devastated areas are the result of a combination of economic nationalism, the application of scientific discovery to mining and power production, the reorganisation, and rationalisation of industry, mine exhaustion, and human folly. The newer industries—which avoid the devastated areas for a variety of reasons, two being the high rates and the general depressed psychology of the areas—can and do absorb many of the displaced men. But they cannot find a place for John Brown.

What is the remedy? A list of those proposed would fill this magazine. They range from revolution to ruralisation. But when you get down to the bone and sinew and marrow of the problem, you find there is no single large cure.

Transference is not practicable in a social democracy. It has been tried, and it rarely works. When an industrial area begins to die, the most enterprising element gets out. Over 150,000 people have migrated from the Durham area in the last decade. It sounds a lot, but it is only 10 per cent., and it leaves far too many behind. Those left are not easily shifted.

One hears much about putting them on the land. But you cannot plant industrial workers out like so many cabbages. It is, besides, one thing to raise a crop, and another to market it. In some areas the only solution would be large-scale commercial cultivation, financed by private capital, the field labour being provided by the jobless, who would not have to shift their homes or lose their life line to insurance benefit or unemployed assistance.

It was discovered by the Government investigator and included in the Report published as a Blue Book

(*Continued on page 132*)

RESTORE NATURAL WHITENESS AND SPARKLE TO YOUR TEETH BY USE OF ANTISEPTIC TOOTH PASTE

Clear, white teeth and a dazzling smile—which a clean, healthy mouth give—are not hopeless ambitions no matter how dull, dingy and unsightly your teeth may be, for modern science has developed a quick-cleansing way to give your teeth a sparkle and whiteness they have probably never had before.

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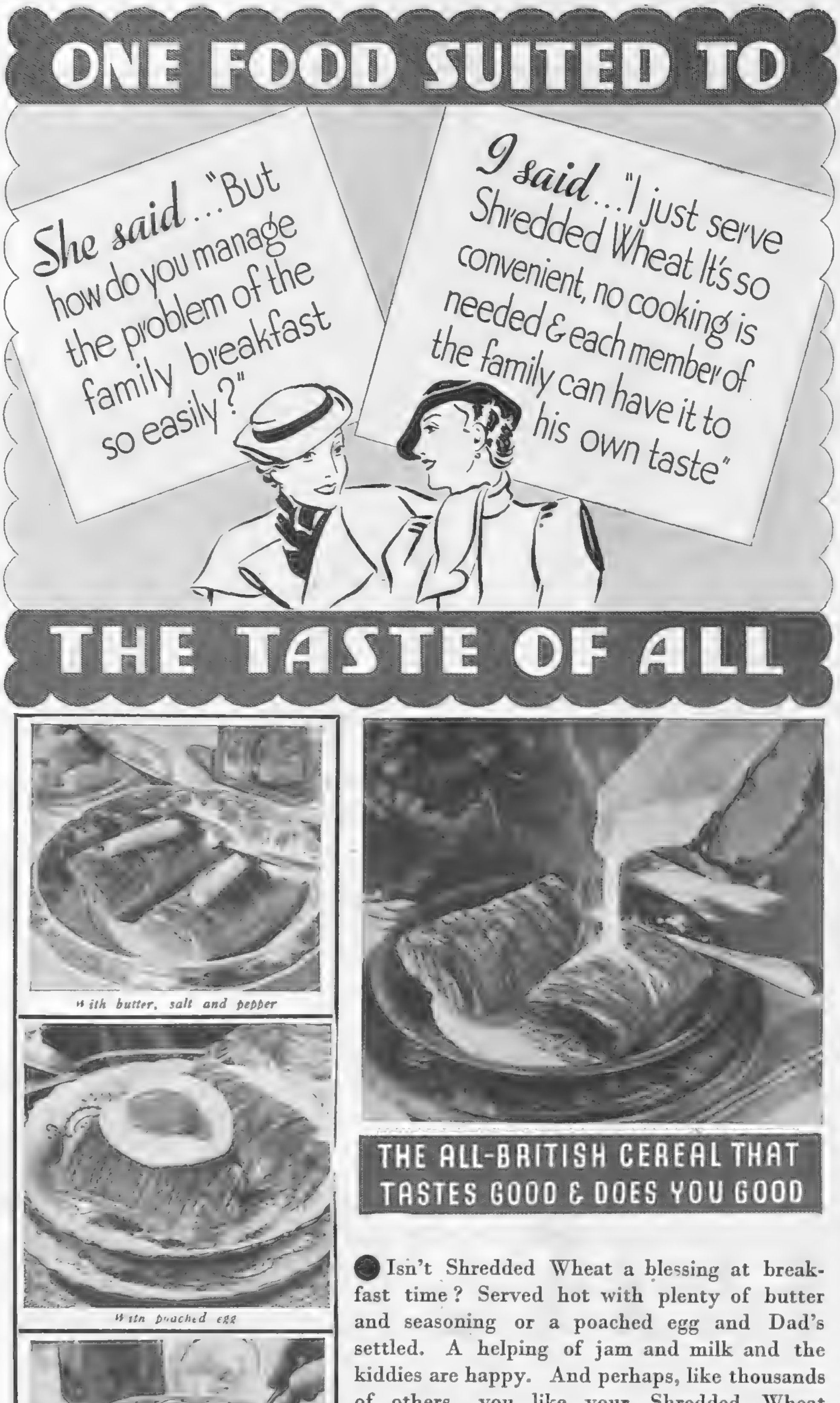
KEEP WOMEN ON THAT HIGHER PLANE


ONE FOOD SUITED TO
She said..."But how do you manage the problem of the family breakfast so easily?"
I said..."I just serve Shredded Wheat It's so convenient, no cooking is needed & each member of the family can have it to his own taste"
THE TASTE OF ALL
With butter, salt and pepper
With poached egg
With hot milk and jam
THE ALL-BRITISH CEREAL THAT TASTES GOOD & DOES YOU GOOD
SHREDDED WHEAT

● Isn't Shredded Wheat a blessing at breakfast time? Served hot with plenty of butter and seasoning or a poached egg and Dad's settled. A helping of jam and milk and the kiddies are happy. And perhaps, like thousands of others, you like your Shredded Wheat simply with hot milk. Then you feel satisfied —knowing they've all had a breakfast that will keep them going till lunch. And it's good to know that this convenient and economical family food is the right one for health, supplying all the rich nourishment, vitamins and regulating bran of whole sun-ripened wheat.

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. Pratt's

last autumn. Scotland buys around 300,000 tons of pig iron a year from English plants, although her own plants are unemployed or working at half capacity (the explanation being that the Scottish plants are obsolete and cannot compete). Two firms proposed to install new coke ovens in the Glasgow district. But to make the enterprise an economic proposition, they would need to sell their coke oven gas, as in England. That cuts pig iron production costs 10s. a ton. The Glasgow Corporation, however, is itself in the gas supply business. It refused to let private enterprise cut in on its monopoly, and sell more efficiently produced gas at lower rates. So, no new enterprise.

But if there is no royal road to resuscitation of the devasted areas, there are things which can be done to arrest the degeneration of the individual, through joblessness, into Mr. John Brown, the unemployable. Light industries can be developed in some places. Agricultural projects can be started in others. It may be possible to get home manufacturing launched—that is largely a problem of power and planning. Big industry should be encouraged to decentralise more. It is now always necessary, as industrialists and engineers are coming to realise, to concentrate industrial processes in vast and cumbersome masses planted down in one spot. Many things now made in immense factory establishments, around which grimy towns have grown up, could be fabricated equally well in small workshops in outlying villages, where the workmen could combine an industrial job with the cultivation of field, farm, and home vegetable gardens. It has been done, and is being done. Henry Ford has gone a long way along these lines.

But the larger problem propounded by these devastated areas, with their pools of unemployables, boils down to a question of philosophy and outlook. Orators may declaim; but we know that the history of life on earth teaches one lesson. It is that living things must adapt themselves to changed conditions, or perish. This applies equally to cabbages and kings, capital, labour, government and civilisations. There are severe limits to our power to change conditions to suit men. If we sought to keep obsolete industry alive, as some advocate, for no other reason than to provide men with work and wages, we should dig our own national grave.

The important thing is to change men to meet new conditions; and this means government men, money men, the *entrepreneurs* who take hold of new ideas and discoveries and build them into vast industries, the dealers, and the men who work with their hands. Government will have to keep tighter rein on industrial enterprise and the men back of it. At the same time, we must try to produce, by education and training, a more flexible and adaptable human being than the one who is unhappy and useless outside his native village and county.

It is possible that before we are through we shall have to revise our system of unemployment insurance administration. As it operates now, a family can live in comparative comfort with no one working, provided that several members receive insurance allowances. Or, again, sometimes the wife and one child work at sub-union wages, and their earnings, added to the dole coming to the head of the family, enables him to hold out indefinitely for a job to suit himself at the full union scale. American investigators who have been examining systems everywhere hold that it is economically impossible to re-employ the whole working population under such conditions. The American system, the latest addition to the forty odd devised by the various nations, therefore adopts two basic principles. One is that when the insurance is exhausted after fifteen weeks the worker will not then draw a dole, but will have instead the right to a job on public works. The other principle is that on the public works his wages will be lower than private enterprise pays.

(*Continued on page* 134)

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But that is not in itself a remedy. It is an attack on only one angle of the problem. It is equally vital to work towards a better regulation and organisation of industry. As things have run hitherto, we have left industries and businesses to start up where, when, and as they like, and create obviously dangerous situations; and then, when the industry or business has foundered, or moved away, the task of solving the problem of the human débris left behind has been unloaded on the State, and the cost on the community—or rather, that part of it which pays rates and taxes. We have allowed industrial communities to grow up with every appearance of permanency, around mines with limited lives; and nothing has been done to meet in advance the dislocation ensuing upon the partial or total abandonment of the natural resources upon which the area depends. The remedying of these defects in the capitalistic system and the democratic political order is not beyond the wit of man. The solution can be found within that system and within that order.

If the problem presented by the depressed areas and Mr. John Brown are tackled successfully by contemporary men, future generations will inhabit a much better organised Britain. This Britain-to-come will have smaller and more alert industrial communities, each with its large agricultural reservations for the factory workers; with its planned communications to facilitate easy movement to and fro; with its local council linked up with the scientific and research centres for the study of trade trends and industrial changes, so that ample warning of changing conditions can be given; and, above all, with its adaptable and mobile worker freed from the prison of the old one-man-one-job idea, and "the-local-industry-owes-me-a-living" complex.

The lamentable conditions we now confront, and tardily try to do something about, will not be possible in this future Britain, for the very simple reason that they could not develop—a routine system will give ample warning of any such danger, and action would immediately begin to break up and disperse the spores before they had time to grow and assume the proportions of a dangerous social and political problem.

One hopes that this will be the outcome, for if it is not, it will mean that the problem defied solution by the men of our time, and that in turn can mean only one thing: that the British, perhaps before the twentieth century was out, were overtaken by rival States served by superior intelligences and firmer wills.

The Modern Tyre from Within

(Continued from page 79)

something quite out of the ordinary, and gives long life and safety to the last mile.

The Duo-Tread is described as having two separate non-skid treads in its composition; but actually it has one very thick tread manufactured in a special manner. There is the usual pattern on the surface of the tread; but underneath, through the body of the tread, holes are moulded at regular intervals. Each hole extends right through the tread from wall to wall.

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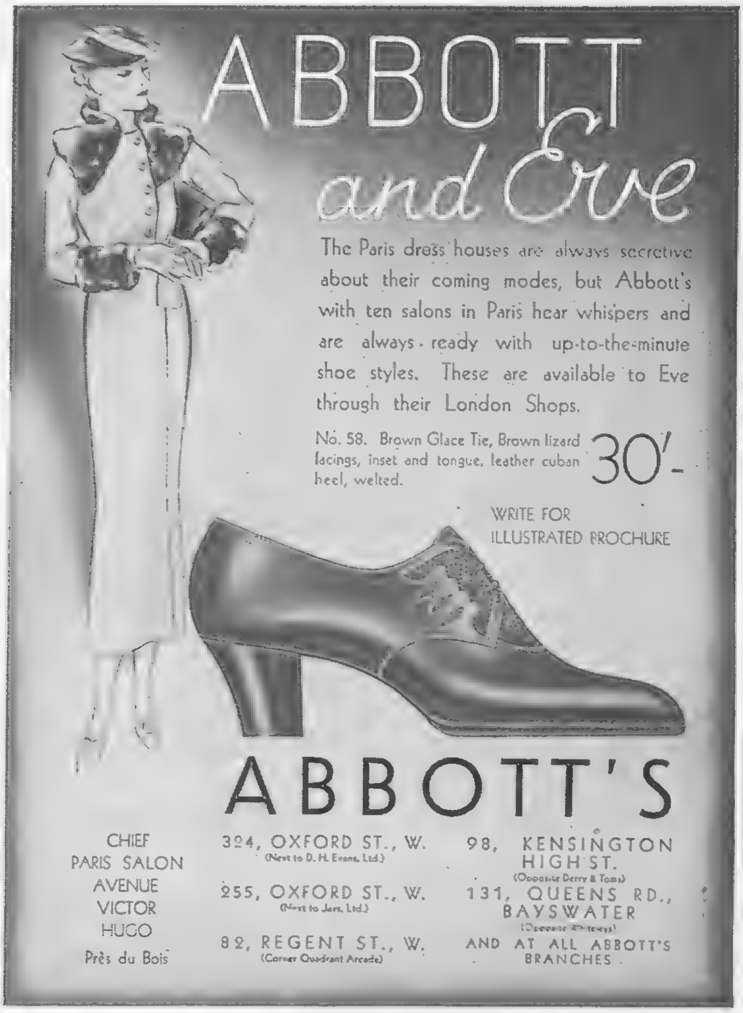

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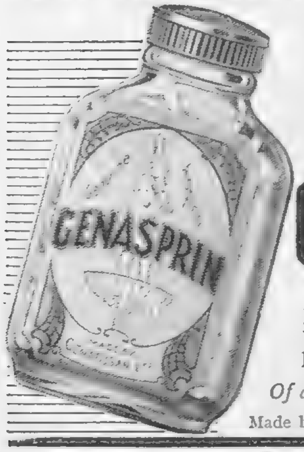

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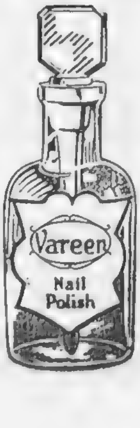

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Now that we can expect better weather, you will be tired of your heavy winter clothes and will be thinking about spring suits and dresses. For the former, blouses Nos. 465 and 466 will be just the very thing—No. 466 for the more sporting type of tweed suit, and No. 465 for more dressy occasions.

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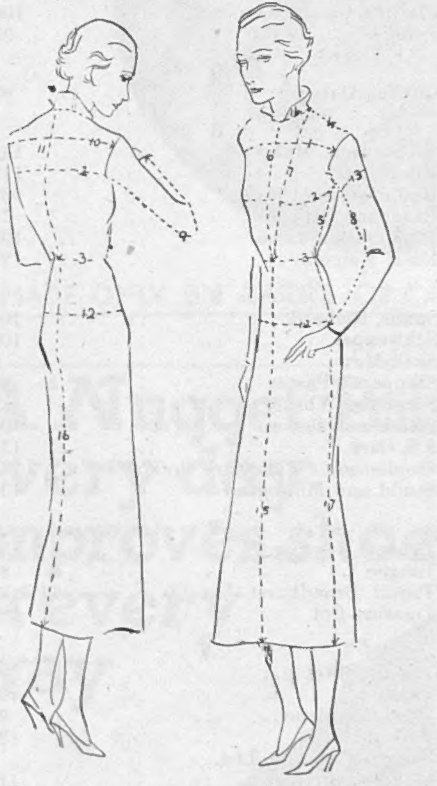

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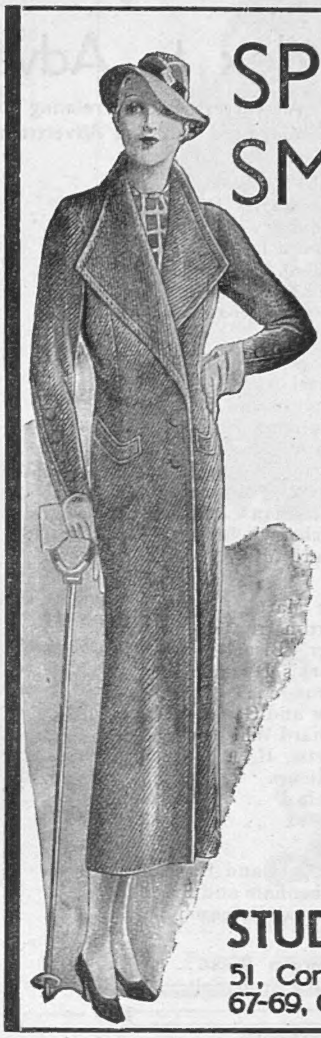
Look out for our April issue, in which we are showing some special, original designs for cruising wear.



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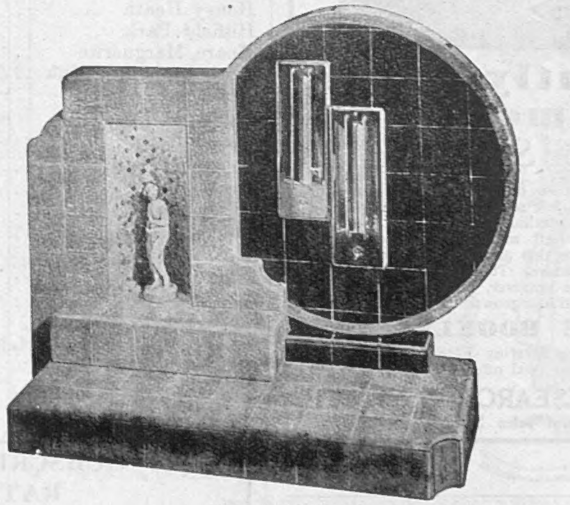

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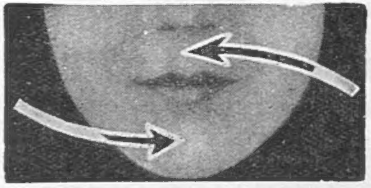

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MARCH, 1935

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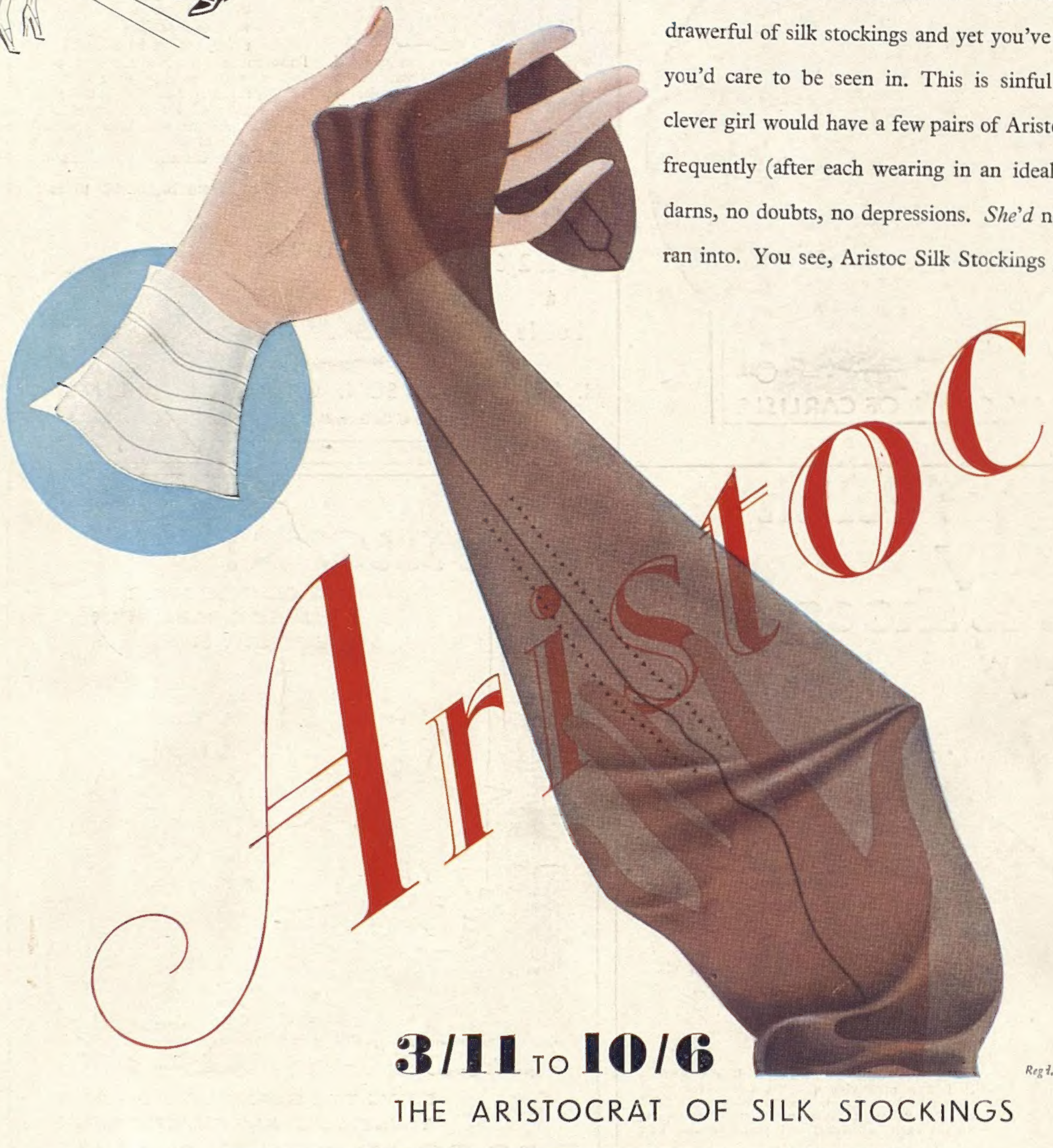

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